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Mentone, Cairo and Corfu

Constance Fenimore Woolson

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STREET IN THE NEW QUARTER OF CAIRO

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MENTONE, CAIRO, AND CORFU

BY

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON
AUTHOR OF
"ANNE" "EAST ANGELS" "HORACE CHASE" ETC.

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AT MENTONE

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AT MENTONE

I

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?"
—GOETHE.

IT is of no consequence why or how we came to Mentone. The vast subject of health and health resorts, of balancings between Torquay and Madeira, Algeria and Sicily, and, in a smaller sphere, between Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and San Remo, may as well be left at one side while we happily imitate the Happy-thought Man's trains in Bradshaw, which never "start," but "arrive." We therefore arrived. Our party, formed not by selection, or even by the survival of the fittest (after the ocean and Channel), but simply by chance aggregation, was now composed of Mrs. Trescott and her daughter Janet, Professor Mackenzie, Miss Graves, the two youths Inness and Baker, my niece, and myself, myself being Jane Jefferson, aged fifty, and my niece Margaret Severin, aged twenty-eight.

As I said above, we were an aggregation. The Trescotts had started alone, but had "accumulated" (so Mrs. Trescott informed me) the Professor. The Professor had started alone, and had accumulated the Trescotts. Inness and Baker had started singly, but had first accumulated each other, and then ourselves; while Margaret and I, having accumulated Miss Graves,

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found ourselves, with her, imbedded in the aggregation, partly by chance and partly by that powerful force propinquity. Arriving at Mentone, our aggregation went unbroken to the Hôtel des Anglais, in the East Bay—the East Bay, the Professor said, being warmer than the West: the Professor had been at Mentone before. "The East Bay," he explained, "is warmer because more closely encircled by the mountains, which rise directly behind the house. The West Bay has more level space, and there are several little valleys opening into it, through which currents of air can pass; it is therefore cooler, but only a matter of two or three degrees." It was evening, and our omnibus proceeded at a pace adapted to the "Dead March" from *Saul* through a street so narrow and walled in that it was like going through catacombs. Only, as Janet remarked, they did not crack whips in the catacombs, and here the atmosphere seemed to be principally cracks. But the Professor brought up the flagellants who might have been there, and they remained up until we reached our destination. We decided that the cracking of whips and the wash of the sea were the especial sounds of Mentone; but the whips ceased at nightfall, and the waves kept on, making a soft murmurous sound which lulled us all to restful slumber. We learned later that all vehicles are obliged, by orders from the town authorities, to proceed at a snail's pace through the narrow street of the "old town," the city treasury not being rich enough to pay for the number of wooden legs and arms which would be required were this rule disregarded.

The next morning when we opened our windows there entered the Mediterranean Sea. It is the bluest water in the world; not a clear cold blue like that of the Swiss lakes, but a soft warm tint like that of June sky, shading off on the horizon, not into darker blue or

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gray, but into the white of opal and mother-of-pearl. With the sea came in also the sunshine. The sunshine of Mentone is its glory, its riches, its especial endowment. Day follows day, month follows month, without a cloud; the air is pure and dry, fog is unknown. "The sun never stops shining;" and to show that this idea, which soon takes possession of one there, is not without some foundation, it can be stated that the average number of days upon which the sun does shine, as the phrase is, all day long is two hundred and fifty-nine; that is, almost nine months out of the twelve. "All the world is cheered by the sun," writes Shakespeare; and certainly "cheer" is the word that best expresses the effect of the constant sunshine of Mentone.

We all came to breakfast with unclouded foreheads; even the three fixed wrinkles which crossed Mrs. Trescott's brow (she always alluded to them as "midnight oil") were not so deep as usual, and her little countenance looked as though it had been, if not ironed, at least smoothed out by the long sleep in the soft air. She floated into the sunny breakfast-room in an aureola of white lace, with Janet beside her, and followed by Inness and Baker. Margaret and I had entered a moment before with Miss Graves, and presently Professor Mackenzie joined us, radiating intelligence through his shining spectacles to that extent that I immediately prepared myself for the "Indeeds?" "Is it possibles?" "You surprise me," with which I was accustomed to assist him, when, after going all around the circle in vain for an attentive eye, he came at last to mine, which are not beautiful, but always, I trust, friendly to the friendless. Yet so self-deceived is man that I have no doubt but that if at this moment interrogated as to his best listener during that journey and sojourn at Mentone, he would immediately reply, "Miss Trescott."

People were coming in and out of the room while

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we were there, the light Continental "first breakfast" of rolls and coffee or tea not detaining them long. Two, however, were evidently loitering, under a flimsy pretext of reading the unflimsy London *Times*, in order to have a longer look at Janet; these two were Englishmen. Was Janet, then, beautiful? That is a question hard to answer. She was a slender, graceful girl with a delicate American face, small, well-poised head, sweet voice, quiet manner, and eyes—well, yes, the expression in Janet's eyes was certainly a remarkable endowment. It could never be fixed in colors; it cannot be described in ink; it may perhaps be faintly indicated as each gazing man's ideal promised land. And this centre was surrounded by such a blue and childlike unconsciousness that every new-comer tumbled in immediately, as into a blue lake, and never emerged.

"You have been roaming, Professor," said Mrs. Trescott, as he took his seat; "you have a fine breezy look of the sea. I heard the wa-ash, wa-ash, upon the beach all night. But *you* have been out early, communing with Aurora. Do not deny it."

The Professor had no idea of denying it. "I have been as far as the West Bay," he said, taking a roll. "Mentone has two bays, the East, where we are, and the West, the two being separated by the port and the 'old town.' Behind us, on the north, extends the double chain of mountains, the first rising almost directly from the sea, the second and higher chain behind, so that the two together form a screen, which completely protects this coast. Thus sheltered, and opening only towards the south, the bays of Mentone are like a conservatory, and *we* like the plants growing within." (This, for the Professor, was quite poetical.)

"I have often thought that to be a flower in a conservatory would be a happy lot," observed Janet. "One

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could have of the perfumes, sit still all the time, and never be out in the rain."

"I trust, Miss Trescott, you have not often been exposed to inclement weather?" said the Professor, looking up.

He meant rain; but Mrs. Trescott, who took it upon herself to answer him, always meant metaphor. "Not yet," she answered; "no inclement weather yet for my child, because I have stood between. But the time may come when, *that* barrier removed—" Here she waved her little claw-like hand, heavy with gems, in a sort of sepulchral suggestiveness, and took refuge in coffee.

The Professor, who supposed the conversation still concerned the weather, said a word or two about the excellent English umbrella he had purchased in London, and then returned to his discourse. "The first mountains behind us," he remarked, "are between three and four thousand feet high; the second chain attains a height of eight and nine thousand feet, and, stretching back, mingles with the Swiss Alps. *Our* name is Alpes Maritimes; we run along the coast in this direction" (indicating it on the table-cloth with his spoon), "and at Genoa we become the Apennines. The winter climate of Mentone is due, therefore, to its protected situation; cold winds from the north and northeast, coming over these mountains behind us, pass far above our heads, and advance several miles over the sea before they fall into the water. The mistral, too, that scourge of Southern France, that wind, cold, dry, and sharp, bringing with it a yellow haze, is unknown here, kept off by a fortunately placed shoulder of mountain running down into the sea on the west."

"Indeed?" I said, seeing the search for a listener beginning.

"Yes," he replied, starting on anew, encouraged, but, as usual, not noticing from whom the encourage-

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ment came—"yes; and the sirocco is even pleasant here, because it comes to us over a wide expanse of water. The characteristics of a Mentone winter are therefore sunshine, protection from the winds, and dryness. It is, in truth, remarkably dry."

"Very," said Inness.

"I have scarcely ever seen it equalled," remarked Baker.

Margaret smiled, but I looked at the two youths reprovingly. Mrs. Trescott said, "Dry? Do you find it so? But you are young, whereas *I* have reminiscences. *Tears* are not dry."

They certainly are not; but why she should have alluded to them at that moment, no one but herself knew. There was a mystery about some of Mrs. Trescott's moods which made her society interesting: no one could ever tell what she would say next.

After breakfast we sat awhile in the garden, where there were palm, lemon, and orange trees, high woody bushes of heliotrope, grotesque growth of cactus, and the great gray-blue swords of the century-plant. Before us stretched the sea. Even if we had not known it, we should have felt sure that its waters laved tropical shores somewhere, and that it was the reflection of those far skies which we caught here.

Miss Graves now joined us, with an acquaintance she had discovered, a Mrs. Clary, who had "spent several winters at Mentone," and who adored "every stone of it." This phrase, which no doubt sounded well coming from Mrs. Clary, who was an impulsive person, with fine dark eyes and expressive mobile face, assumed a comical aspect when repeated by the sober voice of Miss Graves. Mrs. Clary, laughing, hastened to explain; and Miss Graves, noticing Mrs. Trescott on a bench in the shade, where she and her laces had floated down, said, warningly, "I should advise you to rise; I have

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A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN

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just learned that the shade of Mentone is of the most deadly nature, and to be avoided like a scorpion."

Mrs. Trescott and her laces floated up. "Is it damp?" she asked, alarmed.

"No," replied Miss Graves, "it is not damp. It does not know how to be damp at Mentone. But the shade is deadly, all the same. Now in Florida it was otherwise." And she went into the house to get a white umbrella.

"Matilda's temperament is really Alpine," said Mrs. Clary, smiling. "I have always felt that she would be cold even in heaven."

"In that case," said Baker, "she might try—" But he had the grace to stop.

"What is it about the shade?" I asked.

"Only this," said Mrs. Clary: "as the warmth is due to the heat of the sun, and not to the air, which is cool, there is more difference between the sunshine and shade here than we are accustomed to elsewhere. But surely it is a small thing to remember. The treasure of Mentone is its sunshine: in it, safety; out of it, danger."

"Like Mr. Micawber's income," said Margaret, smiling. "Amount, twenty shillings; you spend nineteen shillings and sixpence—riches; twenty shillings and sixpence—bankruptcy."

A little later we went down to the "old town," as the closely built village of the Middle Ages, clinging to the side hill, and hardly changed in the long lapse of centuries, is called. The "old town" lies between the East Bay and the West Bay, as the body of a bird lies between the two long, slender wings.

"The West Bay has its Promenade du Midi, and the East Bay has its sea-wall," said Mrs. Clary. "I like a sea-wall."

"This one does not *approach* that at St. Augustine," said Miss Graves.

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"Here is one of the fountains or wells," said Mrs. Clary. "You will soon see that going for water and gossiping at the well are two occupations of the women everywhere in this region. It comes, I suppose, from the scarcity of water, which is brought in pipes from long distances to these wells, to which the women must go for all the water needed by their households. Notice the classic shapes of the jugs and jars they bear on their heads. Those green ones might be majolica."

We now turned up a paved ascent, and passing under a broad stone archway, entered the "old town," through whose narrow, lane-like streets no vehicle could be driven, through some of them hardly a donkey. The principal avenue, the Rue Longue, but a few feet in width, was smoothly paved and clean; but walking there was like being at the bottom of a well, so far above and so narrow was the little ribbon of blue sky at the top. Unbroken stone walls rose on each side, directly upon the street, five and six stories in height, shutting out the sunshine; and these tall gray walls were often joined above our heads also by arches, "like uncelebrated bridges of sighs," Janet said. These closely built continuous blocks were the homes of the native population, "old Mentone," unspoiled by progress and strangers. The low doorways showed stone steps ascending somewhere in the darkness, showed low-ceilinged rooms, whose only light was from the door, where were mothers and babies, men mending shoes, women sewing and occupied with household tasks, as calmly as though daylight was not the natural atmosphere of mankind, but rather their own dusky gloom. Outside the doors little black-eyed children sat on the pavement, eating the dark sour bread of the country, and here and there old women in circular white hats like large dinner plates were spinning thread with distaff and spindle. Above were some bits of color:

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pots of flowers on high window-sills, bright-hued rags hung out to dry, or a dark-eyed girl, with red kerchief tied over her black braids, looking down.

"It is all like a scene from an opera," said Janet.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Clary; "say rather that it is like a scene from the Middle Ages."

"That is what I mean," said Janet. "The scenes in the operas are generally from the Middle Ages."

"The chorus *always*," said Baker.

"It is a pity you cannot see the old mansion of the Princes," said Mrs. Clary. "But I see the street is blockaded just now by the artist."

"By the artist?" said Janet.

"Yes; this one, a Frenchman, is rather broad-shouldered, and when he is at work he blockades the street. However, the mansion is not especially interesting; it was built by one of the later Princes with the stones of the ruined castle above, and has, I believe, only a vaulted hallway and one or two marble pillars. It is now a lodging-house. I saw dancing-dogs going up the stairway yesterday."

From the Rue Longue we had turned into a labyrinth of crooked, staircase-like lanes, winding here and there from side to side, but constantly ascending, the whole net-work, owing to the number of arches thrown across above, seeming to be half underground, but in reality a honey-combed erection clinging to the steep hill-side.

"Dancing-dogs!" said Janet, pausing in the darkest of these turnings. "Let us go back and see them."

But we all exclaimed against this; Mrs. Trescott's little old feet were wearied with curling over the round stones, and Margaret was tired. Inness and Baker offered to make dancing-dogs of themselves for the remainder of the morning, and dogs, too, of a very superior quality, if she would only go on.

The Professor, who, in his "winnowing progress,"

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as Mrs. Trescott called it, had fallen behind, now joined us, followed by Miss Graves.

"I have just witnessed a remarkably interesting little ceremony," he began, "quite mediæval—a herald, with his trumpet, making an announcement through the streets. I could not comprehend all he said, but no doubt it was something of importance to the community."

"It was," said Miss Graves's monotonous voice. "He was telling them that excellent sausage-meat was now to be obtained at a certain shop for a price much lower than before."

"Ah," said the Professor. Then, rallying, he added, "But the ceremony was the same."

"Certainly," I said, with my usual unappreciated benevolence.

"I wonder what induced these people to build their houses upon such a crag as this, when they had the whole sunny coast to choose from?" said Janet.

The Professor, charmed with this idle little speech (which he took for a thirst for knowledge), hastened by several of us as we walked in single file, in order to be nearer to the questioner.

"You may not be aware, Miss Trescott," he began (she was still in advance, but he hoped to make up the distance), "that this whole shore, called the Riviera—"

"Let us begin fairly," I said. "What *is* the Riviera?"

"It is heaven," said Mrs. Clary.

"It is the coast of the Gulf of Genoa," said the Professor, "extending both eastward and westward from the city of that name. On the west it extends geographically to Nice; but Cannes and Antibes are generally included. This shore-line, then, has been subject from a very early date to attacks from the pirates of the Mediterranean, who swept down upon the coast and

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RUE LONGUE BLOCKADED BY AN ARTIST

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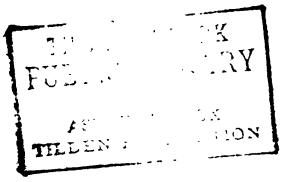

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carried off as slaves all who came in their way. To escape the horrors of this slavery the inhabitants chose situations like this steep hill-side, and crowded their stone dwellings closely together so that they formed continuous walls, which were often joined also by arched bridges, like these above us now, and connected by dark and winding passageways below, so that escape was easy and pursuit impossible. It was a veritable—"

"Rabbit-warren," suggested Baker.

Inness made no suggestions; he was next to the Professor, and fully occupied in blocking, with apparent entire unconsciousness, all his efforts to pass and join Janet.

The Professor, not accepting, however, the rabbit-warren, continued: "As recently as 1830, Miss Trescott, when the French took possession of Algiers, they found there thousands of miserable Christian slaves, natives of this northern shore, who had been seized on the coast or taken from their fishing-boats at sea. There are men now living in Mentone who in their youth spent years as slaves in Tunis and Algiers. These pirates, these scourges of the Mediterranean, were Saracens, and—"

"Saracens!" said Janet, with an accent of admiration; "what a lovely word it is! What visions of romance and adventure it brings up, especially when spelled with two r's, so as to be Sarrasins! It is even better than Paynim."

I could not see how the Professor took this, because we were now all entirely in the dark, groping our way along a passage which apparently led through cellars.

"We are in an *impasse*, or blind passage," called Mrs. Clary from behind; "we had better go back."

Hearing this, we all retraced our steps—at least, we supposed we did. But when we reached comparative daylight again we found that Janet, Inness, and Baker

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were not with us; they had found a way through that *impasse*, although we could not, and were sitting high above us on a white wall in the sunshine, when, breathless, we at last emerged from the labyrinth and discovered them.

"That looks like a cemetery," said Mrs. Trescott, disapprovingly, disentangling her lace shawl from a bush. "You *said* it was a castle." She addressed the Professor, and with some asperity; she did not like cemeteries.

"It was the castle," explained our learned guide; "the castle erected in 1502, by one of the Princes, upon the site of a still earlier one, built in 1250."

"That Prince used the ruins of his ancestors as his descendants afterwards used his," observed Margaret, referring to the mansion in the street below.

"Possibly," said the Professor. He never gave Margaret more than a possibility; although a man of hyphens and semicolons, he generally dismissed her with an early period. "These old arches and buttresses," he continued, turning to Mrs. Trescott, "were once part of the castle. Turreted walls extended from here down to the sea."

"What they did once, of course I do not know," said Mrs. Trescott, implacably, "but now they plainly enclose a cemetery. Janet! Janet! come down! we are going back." And she turned to descend.

"The cemetery is a lovely spot," said Mrs. Clary, as we lingered a moment looking at the white marble crosses gleaming above us, outlined against the blue sky.

"Some other time," I answered, following Mrs. Trescott. For the quiet, lovely gardens where we lay our dead had too strong an attraction for Margaret already. She was fond of lingering amid their perfume and their silence, and she sought this one the next day, and after-

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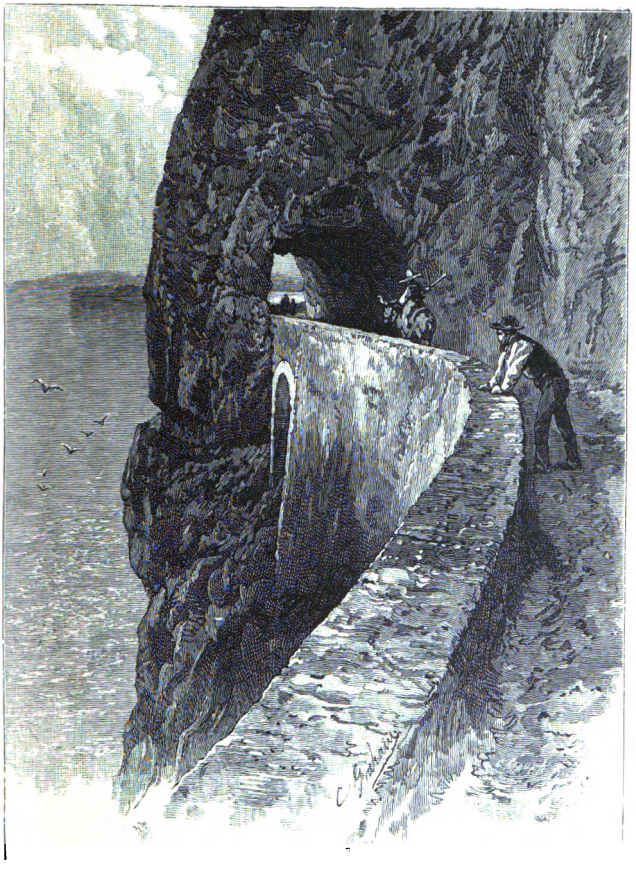

THE CORNICE ROAD, MENTONE

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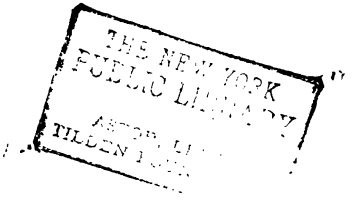

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wards often went there. It was a peculiar little cemetery, alone on the height, and walled like a fortress; but it was beautiful in its way, lifted up against the sky and overlooking the sea. On the eastern edge was a monument, the seated figure of a woman with her hands gently clasped, her eyes gazing over the water; the face was lovely, and not idealized—the face of a woman, not an angel. Margaret took a fancy to this white watcher on the height, and often stole away to look at the sunset, seated near it. I think she identified its loneliness somewhat with herself.

We went through the labyrinth again, but by another route, not quite so dark and piratical, although equally narrow. Miss Graves liked nothing she saw, but walked on unmoved, save that at intervals she observed that it was "deathly cold" in these "stony lanes," and "*must* be unhealthy." Mrs. Clary's assertion that the people looked remarkably vigorous only called out a shake of the head; Miss Graves was set upon "fever." It was amusing to see how carefully all the houses were numbered, up and down these break-neck little streets, through the narrowest burrows, and under the darkest arches. Here and there some citizen wealthier than his neighbors had painted his section of front in bright pink or yellow, and perhaps adorned his Madonna in her little shrine over the door with new robes, those broadly contrasted blues and reds of Italy, which American eyes must learn by gradual education to admire; or, if not by education, then by residence; for he will find himself liking them naturally after a while, as a relief from the unchanging white light of the Italian day. We came down by way of the square or piazza on the hill-side, to and from which broad flights of steps ascend and descend. Here are the two churches of St. Michael and the White Penitents, whose campaniles, with that of the Black Penitents beyond, make the "three spires

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of Mentone," which stand out so picturesquely one above the other, visible in profile far to the east and the west on the sharp angle of the hill.

"The different use of the same word in different languages is droll," said Margaret. "French writers almost always speak of these little country church-spires as 'coquettes.'"

"There is a Turkish lance here somewhere," said Inness, emerging unexpectedly from what I had thought was a cellar. "It is in one of these churches. It was taken at the battle of Lepanto, and is a 'glorious relic.' We must see it."

"No," said Janet, appearing with Baker at the top of a flight of steps which I had supposed was the back entrance of a private house, "we will not see it, but imagine it. I want to go homeward by the Rue Longue."

"Now, Janet, if you mean those dancing-dogs—" began Mrs. Trescott.

"I had forgotten their very existence, mamma. I was thinking of something quite different." Here she turned towards the Professor. "I was hoping that Professor Mackenzie would feel like telling me something of Mentone in the past, as we walk through that quaint old street."

"He feels like it—feels like it day and night," said Baker to Inness, behind me. "He's a perfect statistics Niagara."

"Look at him now, gorged with joy!" said Inness, indignantly. "But I'll floor him yet, and on his own ground, too. I'll study up, and *then* we'll see!"

But the Professor, not hearing this threat, had already begun, and begun (for him) quite gayly. "The origin of Mentone, Miss Trescott, has been attributed to the pirates, and also to Hercules."

"I have always been *so* interested in Hercules," replied that young person.

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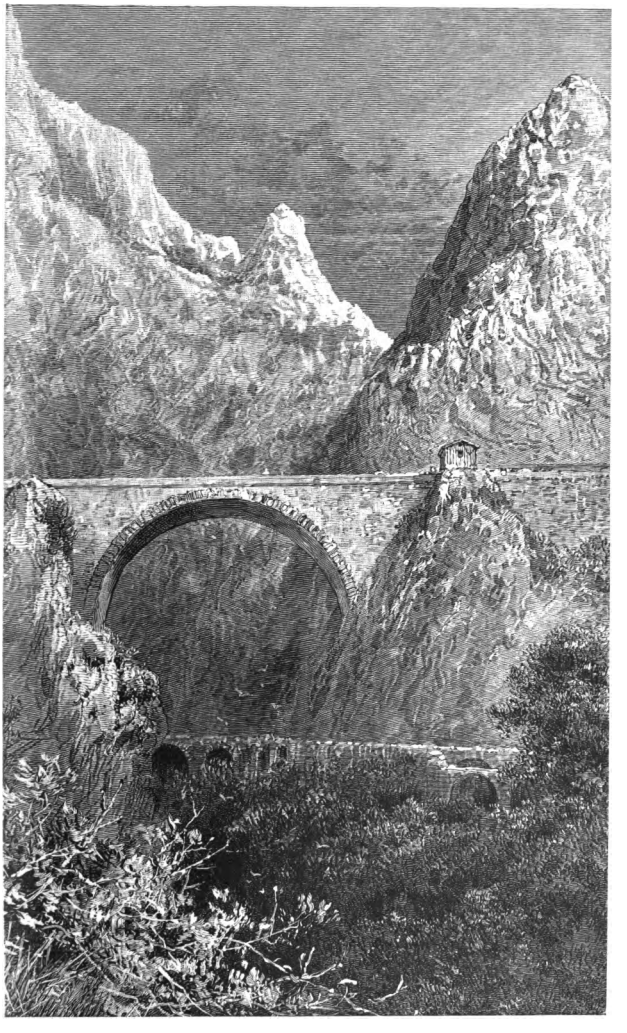

"TO ITALY"— PONT ST. LOUIS

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"Mythical—mythical," said the Professor. "I merely mentioned it as one of the legends. To come down to facts—always much more impressive to a rightly disposed mind—the first mention of Mentone, *per se*, on the authentic page of history, occurs in the eighth century. In A.D. 975 it belonged to the Lascaris, Counts of Ventimiglia, a family of royal origin and Greek descent."

"Are there any of them left?" inquired Janet.

"I really do not know," replied the Professor, who was not interested in that branch of the subject. "In the fourteenth century the village passed into the possession of the Grimaldi family, Princes of Monaco, and they held it, legally at least, until 1860, when it was attached to France."

"He is really quite Cyclopean in his information," murmured Mrs. Trescott.

But the Professor had now discovered Inness, who, with an expression of deepest interest on his face, was walking close at his heels, and writing as he walked in a note-book.

"What are you doing, sir?" said the Professor, in his college tone.

"Taking notes," replied Inness, respectfully. "Miss Trescott may feel willing to trust her memory, but *I* wish to preserve your remarks for future reference," and he went on with his writing.

The Professor looked at him sharply, but the youth's face remained immovable, and he went on.

"These three little towns, then, Mentone, Roccabruna, and Monaco, have belonged to the Princes of Monaco since the early Middle Ages."

"Those dear Middle Ages!" said Mrs. Clary.

The Professor gravely looked at her, and then repeated his phrase, as if linking together his remarks over her unimportant head. "As I observed—the early

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Middle Ages. But in 1848 Mentone and Roccabruna, unable longer to endure the tyranny of their rulers, revolted and declared their independence. The Prince at that time lived in Paris, knew little of his subjects, and apparently cared less, save to get from them through agents as much income as possible for his Parisian luxuries." (Impossible to describe the accent which our Puritan Professor gave to those two words.) "His little territory produced only olives, oranges, and lemons. By his order the oranges and lemons were taxed so heavily that the poor peasant owner made nothing from his toil; his olives, also, must be ground at the 'Prince's mill,' where a higher price was demanded than elsewhere. Finally an even more odious monopoly was established: all subjects were compelled to purchase the 'Prince's bread,' which, made from cheap grain bought on the docks of Marseilles and Genoa, was often unfit to eat. So severe were the laws that any traveller entering the principality must throw away at the boundary line all bread he might have with him, and the captain of a vessel having on board a single slice upon arrival in port was heavily fined. This state of things lasted twenty-five years, during which period the Prince in Paris spent annually his eighty thousand dollars, gained from this poor little domain of eight or nine thousand souls." The Professor in his heat stood still, and we all stood still with him. The Mentonnais, looking down from their high windows and up from their dark little doors, no doubt wondered what we were talking about; they little knew it was their own story.

"A revolution made by bread. And ours was made by tea," observed Janet, thoughtfully.

"We need now only one made by butter, to be complete," said Inness.

Again the Professor scrutinized him, but discovered nothing.

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THE PALMS OF BORDIGHERA

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I, however, discovered something, although not from Inness; I discovered why Janet had wished to pass a second time through that Rue Longue. For here was the French artist sketching the old mansion, and with him (she could not have known this, of course; but chance always favored Janet) were the two Englishmen, the respectful gazers of the breakfast-table, sketching also. There were therefore six artistic eyes instead of two to dwell upon her as she approached, passed, and went onward, her slender figure outlined against the light coming through the archway beyond, old St. Julian's Gate, a remnant of feudal fortification. Artists are not slack in the use of their eyes; an "artistic gaze" is not considered a stare. I was obliged to repeat this axiom to Baker, who did not appreciate it, but looked as though he would like to go back and artistically demolish those gazers. He contented himself, however, with the remark that water-color sketches were "weak, puling daubs," and then he went on through the old archway as majestically as he could.

"One of the features of Mentone seems to be the number of false windows carefully painted on the outside of the houses, windows adorned with blinds, muslin curtains, pots of flowers, and even gay rugs hanging over the sill," said Margaret.

"And then the frescos," I added — "landscapes, trees, gods and goddesses, in the most brilliant colors, on the side of the house."

"*I* like it," said Mrs. Clary; "it is so tropical."

"You commend falsity, then," said Miss Graves. "*What* can be more false than a false rug?"

We went homeward by the sea-wall, and saw some boys coming up from the beach with a basket of sea-urchins. "They eat them, you know," said Mrs. Clary.

"Is that tropical too?" said Janet, shuddering.

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"It is, after all, but a difference in custom," observed the Professor. "I myself have eaten puppies in China, and found them not unpalatable."

Janet surveyed him; then fell behind and joined Inness and Baker.

Some fishermen on the beach were talking to two women with red handkerchiefs on their heads, who were leaning over the sea-wall. "Their language is a strange patois," said the Professor; "it is composed of a mixture of Italian, French, Spanish, and even Arabic."

"But the people themselves are thoroughly Italian, I think, in spite of the French boundary line," said Margaret. "They are a handsome race, with their dark eyes, thick hair, and rich coloring."

"I have never bestowed much thought upon beauty *per se*," responded the Professor. "The imperishable mind has far more interest."

"How much of the imperishable M. do you possess, Miss Trescott?" I heard Inness murmur.

"Breakfast" was served at one o'clock in the large dining-room, and we found ourselves opposite the two English artists, and a young lady whom they called "Miss Elaine."

"Elaine is bad enough; but 'Miss Elaine'!" said Margaret aside to me.

However, Miss Elaine seemed very well satisfied with herself and her Tennysonian title. She was a short, plump blonde, with a high color, and I could see that she regarded Janet with pity as she noted her slender proportions and delicate complexion in the one exhaustive glance with which girls survey each other when they first meet. We were some time at the table, but during the first five minutes both of the artists succeeded in offering some slight service to Mrs. Trescott which gave an opportunity for opening a conversa-

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tion. The taller of the two, called "Verney" by his friend, advised for the afternoon an expedition up the Cornice Road to the "Pont St. Louis," and on "to Italy."

"But that will be too far, will it not?" said Mrs. Trescott.

"Oh no; to Italy! to Italy!" said Janet, with enthusiasm. Verney now explained that Italy was but ten minutes' walk from the hotel, and Janet was, of course, duly astonished. But not more astonished than the Professor, who, having told her the same fact not a half-hour before, could not comprehend how she should so soon have forgotten it.

"And if we *are* but 'ten minutes' walk from Italy' —a phrase so often repeated—what of it?" said Miss Graves to Margaret. "We are simply ten minutes' walk from a most uncleanly land." Miss Graves always wore a gray worsted shawl, and took no wine; in spite of the sunshine, therefore, she preserved a frosty appearance.

After breakfast Miss Elaine introduced herself to Mrs. Trescott. She had met some Americans the year before; they were charming; they were from Brazil; perhaps we knew them? She had always felt ever since that all Americans were her dear, dear friends. She had an invalid mother up-stairs (sharing her good opinion of Americans) who would be "very pleased" to make our acquaintance; and hearing Pont St. Louis mentioned, she assured Janet that it was a "very jolly place—very jolly indeed." It ended in our going to the "jolly place," accompanied by the two artists and Miss Elaine herself, who smiled upon us all, upon the rocks, the sky, and the sea, in the most amiable and continuous manner. This time we were not all on foot; one of the loose-jointed little Mentone phaetons, with a great deal of driver and whip and very little horse, had been engaged for Mrs. Trescott and Margaret. This

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left Mrs. Clary and myself together (Miss Graves having remained at home), and Inness, Baker, the Professor, Verney, and the other artist, whose name was Lloyd, all trying to walk with Janet, while Miss Elaine devoted herself in turn to the unsuccessful ones, and never from first to last perceived the real situation.

We went eastward. Presently we passed a small house bearing the following naïve inscription in French on the side towards the road: "The first villa built at Mentone, in 1855, to attract hither the strangers. The sun, the sea, and the soft air combined are benefactions bestowed upon us by the good God. Thanks be to Him, therefore, for His mercies in thus favoring us."

"Mentone is said to have been 'discovered by the English' in 1857," said Mrs. Clary. "Dr. Bennet, the London physician, may be called its real discoverer, as Lord Brougham was the discoverer of Cannes. From a sleepy, unknown little Riviera village it has grown into the winter resort we now see, with fifty hotels and two hundred villas full of strangers from all parts of the world."

The Professor was discoursing upon the climate. "It is very beneficial to all whose lungs are delicate," he said. "Also" (checking off the different classes on his fingers) "to the aged, to those who need general renovating, to the rheumatic, and to those afflicted with gout."

"Where, then, do I come in?" said Janet, sweetly, as he finished the left hand.

"Nowhere," answered the Professor, meaning to be gallant, but not quite succeeding. Perceiving this, he added, slowly, and with solemnity, "But the fair and healthy flower should be willing to shine upon the less endowed for the pure beneficence of the act."

Baker and Inness sat down on the sea-wall behind him to recover from this. The two Englishmen were

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THE BONE CAVERNS

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equally amused, although Miss Elaine, who was walking with them, did not discover it. However, Miss Elaine seldom discovered anything save herself. We now began to ascend, passing between the high walls of villa gardens along a smooth, broad, white road.

"This is the Cornice," said Mrs. Clary; "it winds along this coast from Marseilles to Genoa."

"From Nice to Genoa," said the Professor, turning to correct her. But by turning he lost his place. Inness slipped into it, and not only that, but into his information also. In the leisure hour or two before and after "breakfast," Inness had carried out his threat of "studying up," and we soon became aware of it.

"The genius of Napoleon, Miss Trescott," he began, "caused this wonderful road to spring from the bosom of the mighty rock."

"Before it there was no road, only a mule track," said the Professor from behind.

"I beg your pardon," said Inness, suavely, "but there was a road, the old Roman way, called Via Julia Augusta, traces of which are still to be seen at more than one point in this neighborhood."

"Ah!" said the Professor, surprised by this unexpected antiquity, "you are going back to the Roman period. I have omitted that."

"But I have not," replied Inness. "The Romans were a remarkable people, and all their relics are penetrated with the profoundest interest for me. I am aware, however, that other minds are more modern," he added, carelessly, with an air of patronage, which so delighted Baker that he fell behind to conceal it.

"The Cornichy, Miss Trescott, as we pronounce the Italian word (Corniche in French), is almost our own word cornice," pursued Inness, "meaning a shelf or ledge along the side of the mountain. It was begun by Napoleon, and has been finished by the energy of suc-

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cessive governments since the death of that wonderful man, who was all governments in one."

"You surprise me," said Janet, breaking into laughter.

"Not more than you do me," I said, joining her.

The Professor (who had rather neglected the Cornice in his Cyclopean information) gazed at us inquiringly, surprised at our merriment.

"The best description of the Cornice, I think, is the one in Ruffini's novel called *Doctor Antonio*," said Mrs. Clary. "The scene is laid at Bordighera, you know, that little white town on the eastern point so conspicuous from Mentone. Of course you all remember *Doctor Antonio?*"

Presently our road wound around a curve, and we came upon a wild gorge, spanned by a bridge with a sentinel's box at each end; one side was France and the other Italy. The bridge, the official boundary line between the two countries, is a single arch thrown across the gorge, which is singularly stern, great masses of bare gray rock rising perpendicularly hundreds of feet into the air, with a little rill of water trickling down on one side, trying to create a tiny line of verdure. Below was an old aqueduct on arches, which the Professor hastened to say was "Roman."

"The Romans must have been enormous drinkers of water," observed Baker, as we looked down. "The first thing they made in every conquered country was an aqueduct. What could have given the name to Roman punch?"

"Do you see that narrow track cut in the face of the rock?" said Mrs. Clary, pointing out a line crossing one side of the gorge at a dizzy height. "It is a little path beside a watercourse, and so narrow that in some places there is not room for one's two feet. The wall of rock rises, as you see, perpendicularly hundreds of feet on

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one side, and falls away hundreds of feet perpendicularly on the other; there is nothing to hold on by, and in addition the glancing motion of the little stream, running rapidly downhill along the edge, makes the path still more dizzy. Yet the peasants coming down from Ciotti—a village above us—use it, as it shortens the distance to town. And there are those among the strangers too who try it, generally, I must confess, of our race. The French and Italians say, with a shrug, 'It is only the English and Americans who enjoy such risks.'"

"It does not look so narrow," said Janet. Then, as we exclaimed, she added, "I mean, not wide enough for one's two feet."

"Feet," remarked Inness, in a general way, as if addressing the gorge, "are not all of the same size."

We happened to be standing in a row, with our backs against the southern parapet of the bridge, looking up at the little path; the result was that eighteen feet were plainly visible on the white dust of the bridge, and, naturally enough, at Inness's speech eighteen eyes looked downward and noted them. There were the Professor's boots, the laced shoes of the younger men, the comfortable foot-gear of Mrs. Clary and myself, the broad substantial soles of Miss Elaine, and a certain dainty little pair of high-arched, high-heeled boots, which, small as they were, were yet quite large enough for the pretty feet they contained. I thought Miss Elaine would be vexed; but no, not at all. It never occurred to Miss Elaine to doubt the perfection of any of her attributes. But now Mrs. Trescott's phaeton, which had started later, reached the bridge, and the gorge, path, and aqueduct had to be explained to her. Lloyd undertook this.

"I wonder how many girls have thrown themselves off that rock?" said Janet, gazing at an isolated peak,

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shaped like a sugar-loaf, which stood alone within the ravine.

"What a holocaust you imagine, Miss Trescott!" said Verney. "How could they climb up there, to begin with?"

"I do not know. But they always do. I have never known a rock of that kind which has succeeded in evading them," answered Janet. "They generally call them 'Lovers' Leaps.'"

After a while we went on "to Italy," passing the square Italian custom-house perched on its cliff, and following the road by the little Garibaldi inn, and on towards the point of Mortola.

"This is the Italian frontier," said Verney. "In old times, during the Prince's reign, no one could leave the domain without buying a passport; any one, therefore, who wished to take an afternoon walk was obliged to have one. But things are altered now in Menton."

"Are we to call the place Menton or Mentone?" asked Janet. "We might as well come to some decision."

"Menton is correct," said the Professor; "it is now a French town."

"Oh no! let us keep to the dear old names, and say Men-to-ne," said Mrs. Clary.

"*I* have even heard it pronounced to rhyme with bone," said Verney, smiling. Inness and Baker now looked at each other, and fell behind, but after a few minutes they came forward again, and, advancing to the front, faced us, and delivered the following epic:

Inness:

"What shall we call thee? Shall we give our own
Plain English vowels to thee, fair Mentone?"

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THE PROFESSOR DISCOURSES

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Baker:

"Or shall we yield thee back thy patrimony,
The lost Italian sweetness of Mentone?"

Inness:

"Or, with French accent, and the n's half gone,
Try the Parisian syllables—Men-ton?"

We all applauded their impromptu. The Professor, seeing that poetry held the field, walked apart musingly. I think he was trying to recall, but without success, an appropriate Latin quotation.

The view from the point above Mortola is very beautiful. On the west, Mentone with its three spires, the green of Cap Martin; and beyond, the bold dark forehead of the Dog's Head rising above Monaco.

"Do you see that blue line of coast?" said Verney. "That is the island where lived the Man with the Iron Mask."

"Bazaine was confined there also," said the Professor.

But none of us cared for Bazaine. We began to talk about the Mask, and then diverged to Kaspar Hauser, finally ending with Eleazer Williams, of "Have we a Bourbon among us?" who had to be explained to the Englishmen. It was some time before we came back to the view; but all the while there it was before us, and we were unconsciously enjoying it. On the east was, first, the little village of Mortola at our feet; then fortified Ventimiglia; and beyond, Bordighera, gleaming whitely on its low point out in the blue sea.

"Blanche Bordighera," said Mrs. Clary; "it is to me like paradise — always silvery and fair. No matter where you go, there it is; whether you look from Cap Martin or St. Agnese, from Ciotti or Roccabruna, you can always see Bordighera shining in the sunlight.

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Even when there is a mist, so that Mentone itself is veiled and Ventimiglia lost, Bordighera can be seen gleaming whitely through. And finally you end by not wanting to go there; you dread spoiling the vision by a less fair reality, and you go away, leaving it unvisited, but carrying with you the remembrance of its shining and its feathery palms."

"Is it palmy?" asked Janet.

"There are probably now more palms at Bordighera than in the Holy Land itself," said Verney, who had wound himself into a place beside her. I say "wound," because Verney was so long and lithe that he could slip gracefully into places which other men could not obtain. Lloyd was not with us. He had not left his post of duty beside the phaeton, which was coming slowly up the hill behind us; but I noticed that he had selected Margaret's side of it.

"Palms would grow at Mentone, or at any other sheltered spot on this coast," said the Professor, at last abandoning the obstinate quotation, and coming back to the present. "But the cultivation is not remunerative save at Bordighera, where they own the monopoly of supplying the palm branches used on Palm-Sunday at Rome."

"Excuse me," said Inness; "but I think you did not mention the origin of that monopoly?"

"A monkish legend," said the Professor, contemptuously.

"In those days everything was monkish," replied Inness; "architecture, knowledge, and religion. If we had lived then, no doubt we should all have been monks."

"Ah, yes!" said Miss Elaine, fervently. "Do tell us the legend, Mr. Inness. I adore legends, especially if ecclesiastical."

"Well," said Inness, "a good while ago—in 1586—

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the Pope decided to raise and place upon a pedestal an Egyptian obelisk, which, transported to Rome by Caligula, had been left lying neglected upon the ground. An apparatus was constructed to lift the huge block, and with the aid of one hundred and fifty horses and nine hundred men it was raised, poised, and then let down slowly towards its position, amid the breathless silence of a multitude, when suddenly it was seen that the ropes on one side failed to bring it into place. All, including the engineer in charge, stood stupefied with alarm, when a voice from the crowd called out, 'Wet the ropes!' It was done; the ropes shortened; the obelisk reached its place in safety. The Pope sent for the man whose timely advice had saved the lives of many, and asked him what reward would please him most. He was a simple countryman, and with much timidity he answered that he lived at Bordighera, and that if the palms of Bordighera could be used in Rome on Holy Palm-Sunday he should die happy. His wish was granted," concluded Inness, "and—he died."

"I hope not immediately," I said, laughing.

On our way back, Verney showed us a path leading up the cliff. "Let me give you a glimpse of a lovely garden," he said. We looked up, and there it was on the cliff above us, like the hanging gardens of Babylon, green terraces clothing the bare gray rock with beautiful verdure. Margaret left the phaeton and went up the winding path with us, Mrs. Trescott and Mrs. Clary remaining below. The gate of the garden, which bore the inscription "Salvete Amici," opened upon a long columned walk; from pillar to pillar over our heads ran climbing vines, and on each side were ranks of rare and curious plants, the lovely wild flowers of the country having their place also among the costlier blossoms. "Before you go farther turn and look at the tower," said Verney. "It has been made habitable

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within, but otherwise it is unchanged. It was built either as a lookout in which to keep watch for the Saracens, or else by the Saracens themselves when they held the coast."

"By the Sarrasins themselves, of course — always with two r's," said Janet. "Think of it — a Sarrasin tower! I would rather own it than anything else in the whole world."

Whereupon Verney, Inness, the Professor, Lloyd, and Baker all wished to know what she would do with it.

"Do with it?" repeated Janet. "Live in it, of course. I have always had the greatest desire to live in a tower; even light-houses tempt me."

"I shall tell Dr. Bennet," said Verney, laughing. "This is his garden, you know."

At the end of the columned walk we went around a curve by a smaller tower, and descended to a lower path bordered with miniature groves of hyacinth, whose dense sweetness, mingled with that of heliotrope, filled the air. Here Margaret seated herself to enjoy the fragrance and sunshine, while we went onward, coming to a magnificent array of primulas, rank upon rank, in every shade of delicate and gorgeous coloring, a pomp of tints against a background of ferns. Below was a little vine-covered terrace with thick, soft, English grass for its velvet flooring; here was another paradisiacal little seat, like the one where we had left Margaret, overlooking the blue sea. On terraces above were camellias, roses, and numberless other blossoms, mingled with tropical plants and curious growths of cacti; behind was a lemon grove rising a little higher; then the background of gray rocks from which all this beauty had been won inch by inch; then the great peaks of the mountain amphitheatre against the sky — in all, beauty enough for a thousand gardens here concentrated in one enchanting spot.

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THE WASHER-WOMEN

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"That picturesque village on the height is Grimaldi," said Verney.

"The original home of the clowns, I suppose," said Baker.

"English and Americans always say that; they can never think of anything but the great circus Hamlet," replied Verney. "In reality, however, Grimaldi is one of the oldest of the noble names on this coast — the family name of the Princes of Monaco."

"Who are worse than clowns," said the Professor, sternly. "The Grimaldi who was a clown at least honestly earned his bread, but the Grimaldis of the present day live by the worst dishonesty. Monaco, formerly called the Port of Hercules, may now well be called the Port of Hell."

"Well," said Inness, "if Monaco, on one side of us, represents l'Inferno, Bordighera, on the other, represents Paradiso, and so we are saved."

"It depends upon which way you go, young man," said the Professor, still sternly.

After a while we came back to the bench among the hyacinths where we had left Margaret, and found Lloyd with her, looking at the sea; the lovely garden overhangs the sea, whose beautiful near blue closes every blossoming vista. It had been decided that we were to go homeward by way of the Bone Caverns, and as Mrs. Trescott was fond of bones, and wished to see their abode, I offered to remain and drive home with Margaret.

"Let me accompany Miss Severin," said Lloyd. "I have seen the caverns, and do not care to see them again."

I looked at Margaret, thinking she would object; she seldom cared for the society of strangers. But in some way Mr. Lloyd no longer seemed a stranger; he had crossed the numerous little barriers which she kept

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erected between herself and the outside world, crossed them probably without even seeing them. But none the less were they crossed.

So we left them in the sunny garden to return homeward at their leisure, and, descending to the road, went eastward a short distance, and turned down a narrow path leading to the beach. It brought us under the enormous mass of the Red Rocks, rising perpendicularly three hundred feet from the water. Inness, who was in advance, had paused on a little bridge of one arch over a hollow, and was holding it, as it were, when we came up. "Behold a fragment of the ancient Roman way, Via Julia Augusta," he began, introducing the bridge with a wave of his cane. "When we think of this road in the past, what visions rise in the mind—visions like—like mists on the mountain-tops floating away, which—which merge in each other at dawning of day! In comparison with the ancient Romans, the builders of this bridge, Hercules, the Lascaris, even the Sarrasins (always with two r's), are *nowhere*. Roman feet touched this very archway upon which my own unworthy shoes now stand."

We looked at his shoes with respect, the Professor (who had gone onward to the Bone Caverns) not being there to contradict.

"The Romans," continued Inness, "never stayed long. They dropped here a tomb, there an aqueduct, and then moved on. They were the first great pedestrians. We cannot *see* them, but we can imagine them. As Pope well says,

> "'While fancy brings the vanished piles to view,
> And builds imaginary Rome anew.'"

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Trescott, "the Romans, the Romans, how dreamy they were! They always remind me of those lines:

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"'Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
The primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be!'"

This finished the bridge. As we had no idea what she meant, even Inness deserted it, and we all went onward to the Bone Caverns. The caverns were dark hollows in the cliff some distance above the road. From the entrance of one of them issued a cloud of dust; the Professor was in there digging.

"Let us ascend at once," said Mrs. Trescott, enthusiastically. "I wish to stand in the very abode of the primitive man."

But it was something of a task to get her up; there was always a great deal of loose drapery about Mrs. Trescott, which had a way of catching on everything far and near. With her veil, her plumes, her lace shawl, her long watch-chain, her dangling fan, her belt bag and scent bottle, her parasol and basket, it was difficult to get her safely through any narrow or bushy place. But to-day Verney gallantly undertook the feat: he knew the advantages of propitiating the higher powers.

Men were quarrying the face of the Red Rocks at a dizzy height, hanging suspended in mid-air by ropes in order to direct the blasting; below, the patient horses were waiting to convey the great blocks of stone to the town, and destroy, by their daily procession, the last traces of the Julia Augusta.

"I hope these rocks are porphyry," said Janet, gazing upward; "it is such a lovely name."

"Yes, they are," said the unblushing Inness. "The Troglodytes, whose homes are beneath, were fond of porphyry. They were very æsthetic, you know."

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We now reached the entrance of one of the caverns and looked in.

"The Troglodytes," continued Inness, "were the original, *really* original, proprietors of Mentone. They lived here, clad in bear-skins, and their voices are said to have been not sweet. See Pliny and Strabo. The bones of their dinners left here, and a few of their own (untimely deaths from fighting with each other for more), have now become the most precious treasures of the scientific world, equalling in richness the never-to-be-sufficiently-prized-and-investigated kitchen refuse of the Swiss lakes."

But the Professor, overhearing something of this frivolity at the sacred door, emerged from the hole in which he had been digging, and, covered with dust, but rich in the possession of a ball and socket joint of some primeval animal, came to the entrance, and forcibly, if not by force, addressed us:

"At a recent period it has been discovered that these five caverns in this limestone rock—"

"Alas, my porphyry!" murmured Janet.

"—contain bones of animals mixed with flint instruments imbedded in sand. The animals were the food and the flint instruments the weapons of a race of men who must have existed far back in prehistoric times. This was a rich discovery; but a richer was to come. In 1872 a human skeleton, all but perfect, a skeleton of a tall man, was discovered in the fourth cavern, surrounded by bones which prove its great antiquity—which prove, in fact, almost beyond a doubt, that it belonged to—the—*Paleolithic epoch!*" And the Professor paused, really overcome by the tremendous power of his own words.

But I am afraid we all gazed stupidly enough, first at him, then into the cave, then at him again, with only the vaguest idea of "Paleolithic's" importance. I

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must except Verney; he knew more. But he had gone inside, and was now digging in the hole in his turn to find flints for Janet.

Mrs. Trescott, who was our bone-master (she had studied anatomy, and highly admired "form"), asked if the skeleton had been "painted in oils."

Miss Elaine hoped that they buried it again "reverently," and "in consecrated ground."

The Professor gazed at them in turn; he literally could not find a word for reply.

Then I, coming to the rescue, said: "I am very dull, I know, but pity my dulness, and tell me why the skeleton was so important, and how they knew it was so old."

The poor man, overcome by such crass ignorance, gazed at his ball and socket joint and at our group in silence. Then, in a spiritless voice, he said, "The bones surrounding the skeleton were those of animals now extinct — animals that existed at a period heretofore supposed to have been before that of man; but by their presence here they prove a contemporary, and we therefore know that he existed at a much earlier age of the world's history than we had imagined."

Verney now gave Janet the treasures he had found —some pieces of flint about an inch long, rudely pointed at one end. "These," he said, "are the knives of the primitive man."

"They are very disappointing," said Janet, surveying them as they lay in the palm of her slender gray glove, buttoned half-way to the elbow.

"Did you expect carved handles and steel blades?" I said, smiling.

"And here are some nummulites," pursued Verney, taking a quantity of the round coin-like shells from his pocket. "You might have a necklace made, with the nummulites above and the flints below as pendants."

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"And label it prehistoric; it would be quite as attractive as preraphaelite," said Inness. "I don't know what *you* think," he continued, turning to Verney, "but to me there is nothing so ugly as the way some of the girls—generally the tall ones—are getting themselves up nowadays in what they call the preraphaelite style—a general effect of awkward lankness as to shape and gown, a classic fillet, hair to the eyebrows, and a gait not unlike that which would be produced by having the arms tied together behind at the elbows. If your Botticelli is responsible for this, his canvases should be demolished."

Verney laughed; he was at heart, I think, a strong preraphaelite both of the present and the past; but how could he avow it when a reality so charming and at the same time so unlike that type stood beside him? Janet's costumes were not at all preraphaelite; they were American-French.

We left the Red Rocks, and went slowly onward along the sea-shore towards home. Miss Elaine, having first taken me aside to ask if I thought it "quite proper," had challenged Inness to a rapid walk, and soon carried him away from us and out of sight. On our way we passed the St. Louis brook, where the laundresses were at work in two rows along the stream, each kneeling at the edge in a broad open basket like a boat, and bending over the low pool, alternately soaping and beating her clothes with a flat wooden mallet. It was a picturesque sight — the long rows of figures in baskets, the heads decked with bright-colored handkerchiefs. But to a housewifely mind like my own the idea which most forcibly presented itself was the small amount of water. Of a celebrated trout fisherman it was once said that all he required was a little damp spot, and forthwith he caught a trout; and the Mentone laundresses seem to consider that

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only a little damp spot is needed for their daily labors.

But in truth they cannot help themselves: the crying fault of Mentone is the want of water. A spring is more precious than the land itself, and is divided between different proprietors for stated periods of each day. The poor little rills do a dozen tasks before they reach the laundresses and the beach. The beautiful terrace vegetation which clothes the sides of the mountains is supported by an elaborate and costly system of tanks and watercourses which would dishearten an American proprietor at the outset. The Mentone laundresses work for wages which a New World laundress would scorn; but there is one marked difference between them and between all the French and Italian working-people and those of America, and that is that among these foreigners there seems to be not one too poor to have his daily bottle of wine. We saw the necks of these bottles peeping from the rough dinner-baskets of the laundresses, and afterwards from those also of the quarry-men, vine-dressers, olive-pickers, and lemon-gatherers. It was an inexpensive "wine of the country"; still, it was wine.

The sun was now sinking into the water, and exquisite hues were stealing over the soft sea. The picturesque Mediterranean boats with lateen-sails were coming towards home, and one whose little sail was crimson made a lovely picture on the water. At the sea-wall we met Miss Graves gloomily taking a walk, and presently the phaeton with Margaret and Lloyd stopped near us as we stood looking at the hues. Two ships in the distance sailed first on blue water, then on rose, on lilac, on purple, violet, and gold. Over the sea fell a pink flush, met on the horizon by salmon in a broad band, then next above it amber, then violet edged with rose, and higher still a zone of clear pale green bordered

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A MEDITERRANEAN BOAT

with gold. At the same moment the Red Rocks were flooded with rose light which extended in a lovely flush up the high gray peaks behind far in the sky, lingering there when all the lower splendor was gone, and the sea and shore veiled in dusky twilight gray.

"It is almost as beautiful at sunrise," said Mrs. Clary; "and then, too, you can see the Fairy Island."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Never mind what it is in reality," answered Mrs. Clary. "I consider it enchanted—the Fortunate Land, whose shores and mountain-peaks can be seen only between dawn and sunrise, when they loom up distinctly,

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soon fading away, however, mysteriously into the increasing daylight, and becoming entirely invisible when the sun appears."

"I saw it this morning," said Miss Graves, soberly. "It is only Corsica."

"Brigands and vendetta," said Inness.

"Napoleon," said all the rest of us.

"My idea of it is much the best," said Mrs. Clary; "it is Fairy-land, the lost Isles of the Blest."

After that each morning at breakfast the question always was, who had seen Corsica. And a vast amount of ingenious evasion was displayed in the answers. However, I did see it once. It rose from the water on the southeastern horizon, its line of purple mountain-peaks and low shore so distinctly visible that it seemed as if one could take the little boat with the crimson sail and be over there in an hour, although it was ninety miles away; but while I gazed it faded slowly, melted, as it were, into the gold of the awakening day.

The weeks passed, and we rode, drove, walked, and climbed hither and thither, looking at the carouba-trees, the stiff pyramidal cypresses, the euphorbias in woody bushes five feet high, the great planes, the grotesque naked figs, the aloes and oleanders growing wild, and the fantastic shapes of the cacti. We searched for ferns, finding the rusty ceterach, the little trichomanes, and *Adiantum nigrum*, but especially the exquisite maiden-hair of the delicate variety called *Capillus veneris*, which fringed every watercourse and bank and rock where there is the least moisture with its lovely green fretwork. There is a phrase current in Mentone and applied to this fern, as well as to the violets which grow wild in rich profusion, starring the ground with their blue; unthinking people say of them that they are "so common they become weeds." This phrase should be suppressed by a society for the cultivation

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of good taste and the prevention of cruelty to plants. Ivy was everywhere, growing wild, and heather in bloom.

Miss Graves was brought almost to tears one day by finding her old friend the wild climbing smilax of Florida on these Mediterranean rocks, and only recovered her self-possession because Lloyd would call it "sarsaparilla," and she felt herself called upon to do battle. But the profusion of the violets, the pomp of the red anemones, the perfume of the white narcissus, the hyacinths and sweet alyssum, all growing wild, who shall describe them? There were also tulips, orchids, English primroses, and daisies. Even when nothing else could grow there was always the demure rosemary. Of course, too, we made close acquaintance with the olive and lemon, the characteristic trees of Mentone, whose foliage forms its verdure, and whose fruit forms its commerce. The orange groves were insignificant and the oranges sour compared with those of Florida; but the olive and lemon groves were new to us, and in themselves beautiful and luxuriant. Our hotel stood on the edge of an old olive grove climbing the mountain-side slowly on broad terraces rising endlessly as one looked up. After some weeks' experience we found that we represented collectively various shades of opinion concerning olive groves in general, which may be given as follows:

Mrs. Clary: "These old trees are to me so sacred! When I walk under their great branches I always think of the dove bringing the leaf to the ark, of the olive boughs of the entry into Jerusalem, and of the Mount of Olives."

The Professor: "Olives are interesting because their manner of growth allows them to attain an almost indefinite age. The trunk decays and splits, but the bark, which still retains its vigor, grows around the

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BRINGING LEMONS FROM THE TERRACE

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dissevered portions, making, as it were, new trunks of them, although curved and distorted, so that three or four trees seem to be growing from the same root. It is this which gives the tree its characteristic knotted and gnarled appearance. This species of olive attains a very fine development in the neighborhood of Mentone; there are said to be trees still alive at Cap Martin which were coeval with the Roman Empire."

Verney: "The light in an old olive grove is beautiful and peculiar; it is like nothing but itself. It is quite impossible to give on canvas the gray shade of the long aisles without making them dim, and they are not in the least dim. I have noticed, too, that the sunshine never filters through sufficiently to touch the ground in a glancing beam, or even a single point of yellow light; and yet the leaves are small, and the foliage does not appear thick."

Baker: "Olives and olive oil, the groundwork of every good dinner! I wonder how much a grove would cost?"

Mrs. Trescott: "How they murmur to us—like doves! My one regret now is that I did not name my child Olive. She would then have been so Biblical."

Inness: "I should think more of the groves if I did not know that they were fertilized with woollen rags, old boots, and bones."

Janet: "The inside tint of the leaves would be lovely for a summer costume. I have never had just that shade."

Miss Graves: "Live-oak groves draped in long moss are much more imposing."

Miss Elaine: "It is so jolly, you know, to sit under the trees with one's embroidery, and have some one read aloud—something sweet, like Adelaide Procter."

Margaret: "Sitting here is like being in a great cathedral in Lent."

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Lloyd: "Shall we go quietly on, Miss Severin?"

And Lloyd, I think, had the best of it. I mean that he knew how to derive the most pleasure from the groves. This English use of "quietly," by-the-way, always amused Margaret and myself greatly. Lloyd and Verney were constantly suggesting that we should go here or there "quietly," as though otherwise we should be likely to go with banners, trumpets, and drums. The longer one remains in Mentone, the stronger grows attachment to the olive groves. But they do not seem fit places for the young, whose gay voices resound through their gray aisles; neither are they for the old, who need the cheer and warmth of the sun. But they are for the middle-aged, those who are beyond the joys and have not yet reached the peace of life, the poor, unremembered, hard-worked middle-aged. The olives of Mentone are small, and used only for making oil. We saw them gathered; men were beating the boughs with long poles, while old women and children collected the dark purple berries and placed them in sacks, which the patient donkeys bore to the mill. The oil mills are venerable and picturesque little buildings of stone, placed in the ravines where there is a stream of water. We visited one on the side hill; its only light came from the open door, and its interior made a picture which Gerard Douw might well have painted. The great oil jars, the old hearth and oven, the earthen jugs, hanging lamps with floating wicks, and the figures of the men moving about, made a picturesque scene. The fruit was first crushed by stone rollers, the wheel being turned by water-power; the pulp, saturated with warm water, was then placed in flat, round rope baskets, which were piled one upon the other, and the whole subjected to strong pressure, which caused the clear yellow oil to exude through the meshes of the baskets, and flow down into the little reservoir below.

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"Our manners would become charmingly suave if we lived here long," said Inness. "It would be impossible to resist the influence of so much oil."

The lemon terraces were as unlike the olive groves as a gay love song is unlike a Gregorian chant. The trees rose brightly and youthfully from the grassy hill-side steps, each leaf shining as though it was varnished, and the yellow globes of fruit gleaming like so much imprisoned sunshine. Here was no shade, no weird grayness, but everything was either vivid gold or vivid green. Janet said this.

"*I* am the latter, I think," said Baker, "to be caught here again on these terraces. I don't know what your experience has been, but for my part I detest them; I have been lost here again and again. You get into them and you think it all very easy, and you keep going on and on. You climb hopefully from one to the next by those narrow sidling little stone steps, only to find it the exact counterpart of the one you have left, with still another beyond. And you keep on plunging up and up until you are worn out. At last you meet a man, and you ask him something or other beginning with 'Purtorn'—"

"What in the world do you mean?" said Janet, breaking into laughter.

"I am sure I don't know; but that is what you all say."

"Perhaps you mean 'Peut-on,'" suggested Margaret.

"Well, whatever I mean, the man always answers 'Oui,' and so I am no better off than I was before, but keep plunging on," said Baker, ruefully.

But the Professor now opened a more instructive subject. "Lemons are the most important product of Mentone," he began. "As they can be kept better than those of Naples and Sicily, they command a large price. The tree flowers all the year through, and the fruit is

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gathered at four different periods. The annual production of lemons at Mentone is about thirty millions."

"Thirty millions of lemons!" I said, appalled. "What an acid idea!"

"The idea may be acid, but the air is not," said Margaret. "It is singularly delicious, almost intoxicating."

And in truth there was a subtle fragrance which had an influence upon me, although no doubt it had much more upon Margaret, who was peculiarly sensitive to perfumes.

"Have you heard the legend of the Mentone lemons?" said Verney.

"No; what is it? We should be *very* pleased to hear it," said Miss Elaine, throwing herself down upon the grass in what she considered a rural way. She was bestowing her smiles upon Verney that day; she had mentioned to me on the way up the hill that she did not approve of giving too much of one's attention "to one especial gentleman exclusively"—it was so "conspicuous." I was smiling inwardly at this, since the only "conspicuous" person among us, as far as attention to "the gentlemen" was concerned, was Miss Elaine herself, when I caught her glance directed towards Margaret and Lloyd. This set me to thinking. Could she be referring to them? They had been much together, without doubt, for Margaret liked him, and he was very kind to her. My poor Margaret, she was very precious, to me; but to others she was only a pale, careworn woman, silent, quiet, and no longer young. With the remembrance of Miss Elaine's words in my mind, I now looked around for Margaret as we sat down on the grass to hear Verney's legend; but she had strolled off down the long green and gold aisle with Lloyd.

"Miss Severin is so well informed that she does not care for our simple little amusements," said Miss Elaine, in her artless way.

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ON THE WAY TO L' ANNUNZIATA

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"Once upon a time, as we all know," began Verney, "Adam and Eve were banished from the garden of Paradise. Poor Eve, sobbing, put up her hand just before passing through the gate and plucked a lemon from the last tree beside the angel. The two then wandered through the world together, wandered far and wide, and at last, following the shores of the Mediterranean, they came to Mentone. Here the sea was so blue, the sunshine so bright, and the sky so cloudless, that Eve planted her treasured fruit. 'Go, little seed,' she said; 'grow and prosper. Make another Eden of this enchanting spot, so that those who come after may know at least something of the tastes and the perfumes of Paradise.'"

The Professor had not remained to hear the legend; he had gone up the mountain, and we now heard him shouting; that is, he was trying to shout, although he produced only a sort of long, thin hoot.

"What can that be?" I said, startled.

"It is the Professor," answered Mrs. Trescott. "It is his way of calling. He has his own methods of doing everything."

It turned out that he had found a path down which the lemon girls were coming from the terraces above. We went up to this point to see them pass. They were all strong and ruddy, and walked with wonderful erectness, balancing the immense weight of fruit on their heads without apparent effort; they were barefooted, and moved with a solid, broad step down the steep, stony road. The load of fruit for each one was one hundred and twenty pounds; they worked all day in this manner, and earned about thirty cents each! But they looked robust and cheerful, and some of them smiled at us under their great baskets as they passed.

One afternoon not long after this we went to the Capuchin monastery of the Annunziata. Some of us

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were on donkeys and some on foot, forming one of those processions so often seen winding through the streets of the little Mediterranean town. We passed the shops filled with the Mentone swallow, singing his "Je reviendrai" upon articles in wood, in glass, mosaic, silver, straw, canvas, china, and even letter-paper, with continuous perseverance; we passed the venders of hot chestnuts, which we not infrequently bought and ate ourselves. Then we came to the perfume distilleries, where thousands of violets yield their sweetness daily.

"They cultivate them for the purpose, you know," said Verney. "It's a poetical sort of agriculture, isn't it? Imagination can hardly go further, I think, than the idea of a violet farm."

We passed small chapels with their ever-burning lamps; the new villas described by the French newspapers as "ravishing constructions"; and then, turning from the road, we ascended a narrow path which wound upward, its progress marked here and there by stone shrines, some freshly repainted, others empty and ruined, pointing the way to the holy church of the Annunziata.

"The only way to appreciate Mentone is to take these excursions up the valleys and mountains," said Mrs. Clary. "Those who confine themselves to sitting in the gardens of the hotels or strolling along the Promenade du Midi have no more idea of its real beauty than a man born blind has of a painting. Descriptions are nothing; one must *see*. I think the mountain excursions may be called the shibboleth of Mentone; if you do not know them, you are no true Israelite."

Verney had a graceful way of gathering delicate little sprays and blossoms here and there and silently giving them to Janet. The Professor had noticed this, and to-day emulated him by gathering a bunch of mal-

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low with great care—a bunch nearly a yard in circumference—which he presented to Janet with much ceremony.

"Oh, thanks; I am *so* fond of flowers!" responded that young person. "Is it asphodel? I long to see asphodel."

Now asphodel was said to grow in that neighborhood, and Janet knew it; by expressing a wish to see the classic blossom she sent the poor Professor on a long search for it, climbing up and down and over the rocks, until I, looking on from my safe donkey's back, felt tired for him. And it was not long before our donkeys' steady pace left him far behind.

"With its pale, dusty leaves and weakly lavender flowers, it is, I think, about as depressing a flower as I have seen," said Inness, looking at the mammoth bouquet.

"I might fasten it to the saddle, and relieve your hands, Miss Trescott," suggested Verney. So the delicate gray gloves relinquished the pound of mallow, which was tied to the saddle, and there hung ignominiously all the remainder of the day.

The church and convent of L' Annunziata crown an isolated vine-clad hill between two of the lovely valleys behind Mentone. The church was at the end of a little plaza, surrounded by a stone-wall; in front there was an opening towards the south, where stood an iron cross twenty feet high, visible, owing to its situation, for many a mile. The stone monastery was on one side; and the whole looked like a little fortification on the point of the hill. We went into the church, and looked at the primitive ex-votos on the wall, principally the offerings of Mediterranean sailors in remembrance of escape from shipwreck—fragments of rope and chain, pictures of storms at sea, and little wooden models of ships. In addition to these marine souve-

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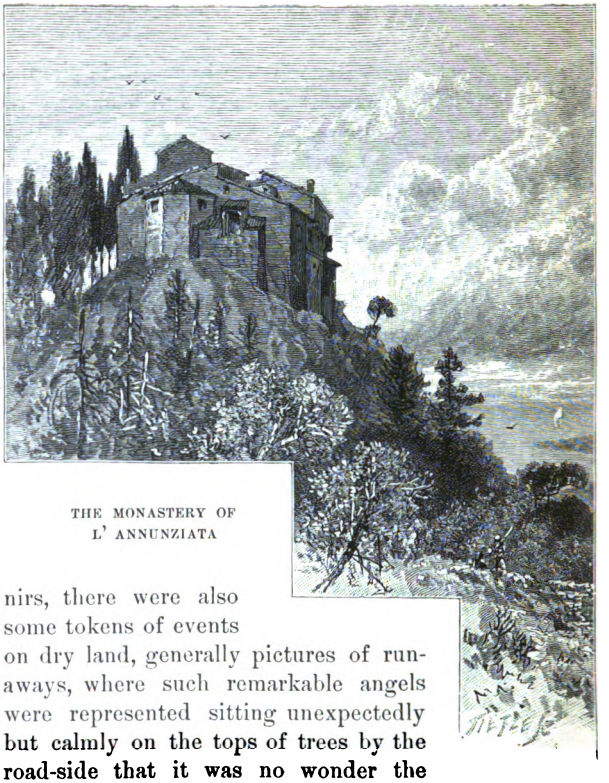

THE MONASTERY OF
L' ANNUNZIATA

nirs, there were also some tokens of events on dry land, generally pictures of runaways, where such remarkable angels were represented sitting unexpectedly but calmly on the tops of trees by the road-side that it was no wonder the horses ran. But the lovely view of sea and shore at the foot of the great cross in the sunshine was better than the dark, musty little church, and we soon went out and seated ourselves on the edge of the wall to look at it. While we were there one of the Capuchins, clad in his long brown gown, came out, crossed the plaza, gazed at us slowly, and then with equal slowness stooped and kissed the base of the cross, and returned, giving us another long gaze as he passed.

"Was that piety or curiosity?" I said.

"I think it was Miss Trescott," said Baker.

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Now as Miss Elaine was present, this was a little cruel; but I learned afterwards that Baker had been rendered violent that day by hearing that his American politeness regarding Miss Elaine's self-bestowed society had been construed by that young lady into a hidden attachment to herself—an attachment which she "deeply regretted," but could not "prevent." She had confided this to several persons, who kept the secret in that strict way in which such secrets are usually kept. Indeed, with all the strictness, it was quite remarkable that Baker heard it. But not remarkable that he writhed under it. However, his remarks and manners made no difference to Miss Elaine; she attributed them to despair.

While we were sitting on the wall the Professor came toiling up the hill; but he had not found the asphodel. However, when Janet had given him a few of her pretty phrases he revived, and told us that the plaza was the site of an ancient village called Podium-Pinum, and that the Lascaris once had a château there.

"The same Lascaris who lived in the old castle at Mentone?" said Janet.

"The same."

"These old monks have plenty of wine, I suppose," said Inness, looking at the vine terraces which covered the sunny hill-side.

"Very good wine was formerly made around Mentone," said the Professor; "but the vines were destroyed by a disease, and the peasants thought it the act of Providence, and for some time gave up the culture. But lately they have replanted them, and wine is now again produced which, I am told, is quite palatable."

"That is but a cold phrase to apply to the *bon petit vin blanc* of Sant' Agnese, for instance," said Verney, smiling.

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Soon we started homeward. While we were winding down the narrow path we met a Capuchin coming up, with his bag on his back; he was an old man with bent shoulders and a meek, dull face, to whom the task of patient daily begging would not be more of a burden than any other labor. But when we reached the narrow main street, and found a momentary block, another Capuchin happened to stand near us who gave me a very different impression. Among the carriages was a phaeton, with silken canopy, fine horses, and a driver in livery; upon the cushioned seat lounged a young man, one of Fortune's favorites and Nature's curled darlings, a little stout from excess of comfort, perhaps, but noticeably handsome and noticeably haughty —probably a Russian nobleman. The monk who stood near us with his bag of broken bread and meat over his back was of the same age, and equally handsome, as far as the coloring and outline bestowed by nature could go. His dark eyes were fixed immovably upon the occupant of the phaeton, and I wondered if he was noting the difference; it seemed as if he must be noting it. It was a striking tableau of life's utmost riches and utmost poverty.

That evening there was music in the garden; a band of Italian singers chanted one or two songs to the saints, and then ended with a gay Tarantella, which set all the house-maids dancing in the moonlight. We listened to the music, and looked off over the still sea.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Mrs. Clary. "I think loving Mentone is like loving your lady-love. To you she is all beautiful, and you describe her as such. But perhaps when others see her they say: 'She is by no means all beautiful; she has this or that fault. What do you mean?' Then you answer: 'I love her; therefore to me she is all beautiful. As for her faults, they may be there, but I do not see them: I am blind.'"

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CAPUCHIN MONKS

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That same evening Margaret gave me the following verses which she had written :

MENTONE.

"*And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward.*"

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Sad memory's haunting pain that would not cease,
Are left behind. It is not yet to-morrow.
To-day there falls the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping,
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious is it on the sunny shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest,
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow, one by one, the golden hours are given
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven.
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait: the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness.
The hour is thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait thy summons on the sunny shore.

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II

"Thy skies are blue, thy crags as wild,
Thine olive ripe, as when Minerva smiled."
—Byron.

"So having rung that bell once too often, they were all carried off," concluded Inness, as we came up.

"Who?" I asked.

"Look around you, and divine."

We were on Capo San Martino. This, being interpreted, is only Cape Martin; but as we had agreed to use the "dear old names," we could not leave out that of the poor cape only because it happened to have six syllables. We looked around. Before us were ruins —walls built of that unintelligible broken stone mixed at random with mortar, which confounds time, and may be, as a construction, five or five hundred years old.

"They—whoever they were—lived here?" I said.

"Yes."

"And it was from here that they were carried off?"

"It was."

"Were they those interesting Greek Lascaris?" said Mrs. Trescott.

"No."

"The Troglodytes?" suggested Mrs. Clary.

"No."

"The poor old ancient gods and goddesses of the coast?" said Margaret.

"No."

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"But who carried them off?" I said. "That is the point. It makes all the difference in the world."

"I know it does," replied Inness; "especially in the case of an elopement. In this case it happened to be Miss Trescott's friends (always with two r's), the Sarrasins. The story is but a Mediterranean version of the boy and the wolf. These ruins are the remains of an ancient convent built in — in the remote Past. The good nuns, after taking possession (perhaps they were inland nuns, and did not know what they were coming to when they came to a shore), began to be in great fear of the sea and Sarrasin sails. They therefore besought the men of Mentone and Roccabruna to fly to their aid if at any time they heard the bell of the chapel ringing rapidly. The men promised, and held themselves in readiness to fly. One night they heard the bell. Then westward ran the men of Mentone, and down the hill came those of Roccabruna, and together they flew out on Capo San Martino to this convent— only to find no Sarrasins at all, but only the nuns in a row upon their knees entreating pardon: they had rung the bell as a test. Not long afterwards the bell rang again, but no one went. This time it really was the Sarrasins, and the nuns were all carried off."

"Very dramatic. The slight discrepancy that this happened to be a monastery for monks makes no difference: who cares for details!" said Verney, who, under the pretence of sketching the ruins, was making his eighth portrait of Janet. He said of these little pencil portraits that he "threw them in." Janet was therefore thrown into the Red Rocks, the "old town," the Bone Caverns, the Pont St. Louis, Dr. Bennet's garden, the cemetery, Capo San Martino, and before we finished into Roccabruna, Castellare, Monaco, Dolce Acqua, Sant' Agnese, and the old Roman Trophy at Turbia.

Leaving the ruins, we went down to the point, where

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the cape juts out sharply into the sea, forming the western boundary of the Mentone bay. Opposite, on the eastern point, lay blanche Bordighera, fair and silvery as ever in the sunshine. We found the Professor on the point examining the rocks.

"This is a formation similar to that which we may see in process of construction at the present moment off the coast of Florida," he explained.

"Not *coquina?*" cried Miss Graves, instantly going down and selecting a large fragment.

"It is conglomerate," replied the Professor, disappearing around the cliff corner, walking on little knobs of rock, and almost into the Mediterranean in his eagerness.

"That word conglomerate is one of the most useful terms I know," said Inness. "It covers everything: like Renaissance."

"The rock is also called pudding-stone," said Verney.

"Away with pudding-stone! we will have none of it. We are nothing if not dignified, are we, Miss Elaine?" said Inness, turning to that young lady, who was bestowing upon him the boon of her society for the happy afternoon.

"I am sure I have always thought you had a *great* deal of dignity, Mr. Inness," replied Miss Elaine, with her sweetest smile.

We sat down on the rocks and looked at the blue sea. "It is commonplace to be continually calling it blue," I said; "but it is inevitable, for no one can look at it without thinking of its color."

"It has *seen* so much," said Mrs. Clary, in her earnest way; "it has carried the fleets of all antiquity. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans passed to and fro across it; the Apostles sailed over it; yet it looks as fresh and young and untraversed as though created yesterday."

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MONACO

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LENOX

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"It certainly is the fairest water in the world," said Janet. "It must be the reflection of heaven."

"It is the proportion of salt," said the Professor, who had come back around the rock corner on the knobs. "A larger amount of salt is held in solution in the Mediterranean than in the Atlantic. It is a very deep body of water, too, along this coast: at Nice it was found to be three thousand feet deep only a few yards from the shore."

"These Mediterranean sailors are such cowards," said Inness. "At the first sign of a storm they all come scudding in. If the Phœnicians were like them, another boyhood illusion is gone! However, since they demolished William Tell, I have not much cared."

"The Mediterranean sailors of the past were probably, like those of the present, obliged to come scudding in," said Verney, "because the winds were so uncertain and variable. They use lateen-sails for the same reason, because they can be let down by the run; all the coasting xebecs and feluccas use them."

"Xebecs and feluccas — delicious words!" said Janet.

"I still maintain that they are cowards," resumed Inness. "The other day, when there was that capful of wind, you know, twenty of these delicious xebecs came hurrying into our little port, running into each other in their haste, and crowding together in the little pool like frightened chickens under a hen's wings. And they were not all delicious xebecs, either; there were some good-sized sea-going vessels among them, brig-rigged in front with the seven or eight small square sails they string up one above the other, and a towel out to windward."

"The winds of Mentone are wizards," said Margaret; "they never come from the point they seem to come from. If they blow full in your face from the east,

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make up your mind that they come directly from the west. They are enchanted."

"They are turned aside by the slopes of the mountains," said Baker, practically.

"But the Mediterranean has not lived up to its reputation, after all," said Janet. "I expected to see fleets of nautilus, and I have not seen one. And not a porpoise!"

"For porpoises," said Miss Graves, who had knotted a handkerchief around her conglomerate, and was carrying it tied to a scarf like a shawl-strap—"for porpoises you must go to Florida."

We left the cape and went inland through the woods, looking for the old Roman tomb. We found it at last, appropriately placed in a gray old olive grove, some of whose trees, no doubt, saw its foundations laid. The fragment of old roadway near it was introduced by Inness as "the Julia Augusta, lifting up its head again." It had laid it down last at the Red Rocks. The tomb originally was as large as a small chapel; one of the side walls was gone, but the front remained almost perfect. This front was in three arches; traces of fresco decoration were still visible under the curves. Below were lines of stone in black and white alternately, and the same mosaic was repeated above, where there was also a cornice stretching from the sides to a central empty space, once filled by the square marble slab bearing the inscription. We found Lloyd here, sketching; but as we came up he closed his sketch-book, joined Margaret, and the two strolled off through the old wood, which had, as Inness remarked, "as many moving associations" as we chose to recall, "from the feet of the Roman legions to those of the armies of Napoleon."

"I wish we knew what the inscription was," said Janet, who was sitting on the grass in front of the old tomb. "I should like to know who it was who was laid here so long, long ago."

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"Some old Roman," said Baker.

"He might not have been old," said Verney, who was now sketching in his turn. "There is another Roman tomb, or fragment of one, above us on the side of the mountain, and the inscription on that one gives the name of a youth who died, 'aged eighteen years and ten months,' two thousand years ago, 'much sorrowed for by his father and his mother.'"

"Love then was the same as now, and will be the same after we are gone, I suppose," said Janet, thoughtfully, leaning her pretty head back against an old olive-tree.

"A reason why we should take it while we can," observed Inness.

The Professor and Miss Graves now appeared in sight, for we had come across from the cape in accidental little groups, and these two had found themselves one of them. As the Professor had his sack of specimens and Miss Graves her conglomerate, we thought they looked well together; but the Professor evidently did not think so, for he immediately joined Janet.

"I do not know that there is any surer sign of advancing age in a man than a growing preference for the society of very young girls—mere youth *per se*, as the Professor himself would say," said Mrs. Clary to me in an undertone.

Meanwhile the Professor, unconscious of this judgment, was telling Janet that she was standing upon the site of the old Roman station "Lumone," mentioned in Antony's Itinerary, and that the tomb was that of a patrician family.

Mrs. Trescott was impressed by this. She said it was "a pæan moment" for us all, if we would but realize it; and she plucked a fern in remembrance.

One bright day not long after this we went to Mentone's sister city, Roccabruna, a little town looking as

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if it were hooked on to the side of the mountain. As we passed through the "old town" on our donkeys we met a wedding-party, walking homeward from the church, in the middle of the street. The robust bride, calm and majestic, moved at the head of the procession with her father, her white muslin gown sweeping the pavement behind her. Probably it would have been considered undignified to lift it. The father, a small, wizened old man, looked timorous, and the bridegroom, next behind with the bride's mother, still more so, even the quantity of brave red satin cravat he wore failing to give him a martial air. Next came the relatives and friends, two and two, all the gowns of the women sweeping out with dignity. In truth this seemed to be the feature of the occasion, since at all other times their gowns were either short or carefully held above the dust. There was no music, no talking, hardly a smile. A christening party we had met the day before was much more joyous, for then the smiling father and mother threw from the carriage at intervals handfuls of sugar-plums and small copper coins, which were scrambled for by a crowd of children, while the gorgeously dressed baby was held up proudly at the window.

We were going first to Gorbio. The Gorbio Valley is charming. Of all the valleys, the narrow Val de Menton is the loveliest for an afternoon walk; but for longer excursions, and compared with the valleys of Carrei and Borrigo, that of Gorbio is the most beautiful, principally because there is more water in the stream, which comes sweeping and tumbling over its bed of flat rock like the streams of the White Mountains, whereas the so-called "torrents" of Carrei and Borrigo are generally but wide, arid torrents of stone. We passed olive and lemon groves, mills, vineyards, and millions upon millions of violets. Then the path, which

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constantly ascended, grew wilder, but not so wild as Inness. I could not imagine what possessed him. He sang, told stories, vaulted over Baker, and laughed until the valley rang again; but as his voice was good and his stories amusing, we enjoyed his merriment. Miss Elaine looked on, I thought, with an air of pity; but then Miss Elaine pitied everybody. She would have pitied Jenny Lind at the height of her fame, and no doubt when she was in Florence she pitied the Venus de' Medici.

We found Gorbio a little village of six hundred inhabitants, perched on the point of a rock, with the ground sloping away on all sides; the remains of its old wall and fortified gates were still to be seen. We entered and explored its two streets—narrow passageways between the old stone houses, whose one idea seemed to be to crowd as closely together and occupy as little of the ground space as possible. Above the clustered roofs towered the ruined walls of what was once the castle, the tower only remaining distinct. This tower bore armorial bearings, which I was trying to decipher, when Verney came up with Janet. "Nothing but those same arms of the Lascaris," he said.

"Why do you say 'nothing but'?" said Janet. "To be royal, and Greek, and have three castles—for this is the third we have seen — is not nothing, but something, and a great deal of something. How I wish *I* had lived in those days!"

As the Professor was not with us, we knew nothing of the story of Gorbio, and walked about rather uncomfortable and ill-informed in consequence. But it turned out that Gorbio, like the knife-grinder, had no story. "Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir." Inness, however, had reserved one fact, which he finally delivered to us under the great elm in the centre of the little plaza, where we had assembled to rest. "This

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peaceful village," he began, "whose idyllic children now form a gazing circle around us, was the scene of a sanguinary combat between the French and Spanish-Austrian armies in 1746."

"Oh, modern! modern!" said Verney from behind (where he was throwing Janet into Gorbio).

"Your pardon," said Inness, with majesty; "not modern at all. In 1746, as I beg to remind you, even the foundation-stones of our great republic were not laid, yet the man who ventures to say that it is not, as a construction, absolutely venerable, from exceeding merit, will be a rash one. In America, Time is not old or slow; he has given up his hour-glass, and travels by express. Each month of ours equals one of your years, each year a century. Therefore have we all a singularly mature air—as exemplified in myself. But to return. Upon this spot, then, my friends, there was once—carnage! The only positive and historical carnage in the neighborhood of Mentone. Therefore all warlike spirits should come to Gorbio, and breathe the inspiring air."

We did not stay long enough in the inspiring air to become belligerent, however, but, on the contrary, went peacefully past a quiet old shrine, and took the path to Roccabruna — one of the most beautiful paths in the neighborhood of Mentone. By-and-by we came to a tall cross on the top of a high ridge. We had seen it outlined against the sky while still in the streets of Gorbio. These mountain-side crosses were not uncommon. They are not locally commemorative, as we first supposed, but seem to be placed here and there, where there is a beautiful view, to remind the gazer of the hand that created it all. Some distance farther we found a still wider prospect; and then we came down into Roccabruna, and spread out our lunch on the battlements of the old castle. From this point our eyes

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STREET IN ROCCABRUNA

rested on the coast-line stretching east and west, the frowning Dog's Head at Monaco, and the white winding course of the Cornice Road. The castle was on the side of the mountain, eight hundred feet above the sea. Although forming part of the village, it was completely isolated by its position on a high pinnacle of rock, which rose far above the roofs on all sides.

"How these poor timid little towns clung close to and under their lords' walls!" said Baker, with the fine contempt of a young American. "They are all alike: the castle towering above; next the church and the priest; and the people—nowhere!"

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"The people were happy enough, living in this air," said Mrs. Clary. "How does it strike you? To me it seems delicious; but many persons find it too exciting."

"It certainly gives me an appetite," I said, taking another sandwich.

Miss Elaine found it "too warm." Miss Graves found it "too cold." Mrs. Trescott, having been made herself again by a glass of the "good little white wine" of Gorbio, said that it was "almost too idealizing." Lloyd remarked that it was not "too anything unless too delightful," and that, for his part, he wished that, with the present surroundings, he might "breathe it forever!" This was gallant. Janet looked at him: he was the only one who had not bowed at her shrine, and it made her pensive. Meanwhile Inness's gayety continued; he made a voyage of discovery through the narrow streets below, coming back with the legend that he had met the prettiest girl he had seen since his "pretty girl of Arles," whose eyes, "enshrined beside those of Miss Trescott" (with a grand bow), had remained ever since in his "heart's inmost treasury." This, like Baker's L' Annunziata speech, was both un-American and unnecessary in the presence of a second young lady, and I looked at Inness, surprised. But Miss Elaine only smiled on.

The Professor now appeared, having come out from Mentone on a donkey. We immediately became historical. It appeared that the castle upon whose old battlements we were idly loitering was one of the "homes" of the Lascaris, Counts of Ventimiglia, who in 1358 transferred it with its domains to the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco.

"These Lascaris and Grimaldis seem to have played at seesaw for the possession of this coast," said Baker. "Now one is up, and now the other, but never any one else."

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But Janet was impressed. "*Again* the Lascaris!" she murmured.

"What is your idea of them?" said Verney.

"I hardly know; but of course they were knights in armor; and of course, being Greeks, they had classic profiles. They were impulsive, and they were generous; but if any one seriously displeased them, they immediately ordered him cast into that terrible *oubliette* we saw below."

"That," said the Professor, mildly, "is only the well." Then, as if to strengthen her with something authentic, he added, "The village was sacked by the Duke of Guise towards the end of the sixteenth century, when this castle was reduced to the ruined condition in which we find it now."

"Happily it is not altogether ruined," said Mrs. Trescott, putting up her eye-glass; "one of the—the apartments seems to be roofed, and to possess doors."

"That," said the Professor, "is a donkey-stable, erected—or rather adapted—later."

"Do the donkeys come up all these stairs?" I said, amused.

"I believe they do," replied the Professor. "Indeed, I have seen them coming up after the day's work is over."

"I am sorry, Janet, but I shall never be able to think of this home of your Lascaris after this without seeing a procession of donkeys coming up-stairs on their way to their high apartments," I said, laughing.

"The *procession* might have been the same in the days of the Lascaris," suggested Baker.

Roccabruna — brown rock — is an appropriate name for the village, which is so brown and so mixed with and built into the cliff to which it clings that it is difficult to tell where man's work ends and that of nature begins.

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"The town was the companion of Mentone in its rebellion against the Princes of Monaco," said the Professor. "Mentone and Roccabruna freed themselves, but Monaco remained enslaved."

"They are all now in France," said Baker.

"Sir!" replied the Professor, with heat, "it is in a much worse place than France that wretched Monaco now finds herself!"

We went homeward down the mountain-side, passing the little chapel of the Madonna della Pausa—a pause being indeed necessary when one is ascending. Here, where the view was finest, there was another way-side cross. Farther on, as we entered the old olive wood below, Margaret dismounted; she always liked to walk through the silver-gray shade; and Lloyd seemed to have adopted an equal fondness for the same tint.

That evening, when we were alone, Margaret explained the secret of Inness's remarkable and unflagging gayety. It seemed that Miss Elaine had, during the day before, confided to Verney—as a fellow-countryman, I suppose—her self-reproach concerning "that poor young American gentleman, Mr. Inness." What *should* she do? Would he advise her? She must go to some one, and she did not feel like troubling her dear mamma. It was true that Mr. Inness had been with her a good deal, had helped her wind her worsteds in the evening, but *she* never meant anything—never dreamed of anything. And now, she could not but feel—there was something in his manner that forced her to see— In short, had not Mr. Verney noticed it?

Now I have no doubt but that Verney told her he had "seen" and had "noticed" everything she desired. But in the meanwhile he could not resist confiding the story to Baker, who having been already a victim, was overcome with glee, and in his turn hastened to repeat the tale to Inness.

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Inness raged, but hardly knew what to do. He finally decided to become a perfect Catharine-wheel of gayety, shooting off laughter and jokes in all directions to convince the world that he remained heart-whole.

"But it will be of no avail," I said to Margaret, laughing, as I recalled the look of soft pity on Miss Elaine's face all day; "she will think it but the gayety of desperation." Then, more soberly, I added: "Mr. Lloyd told you this, I suppose? You are with him a great deal, are you not?"

"You see that I am, aunt. But it is only because she has not come yet."

"Who?"

"The brighter and younger woman who will take my place." But I did not think she believed it.

On another day we went to Castellare, a little stone village much like Gorbio, perched on its ridge, and rejoicing in an especial resemblance to one of Cæsar's fortified camps. The castle here was not so much a castle as a château; its principal apartment was adorned with frescos representing the history of Adam and Eve. We should not have seen these frescos if it had not been for Miss Graves: I am afraid we should have (there is no other word) shirked them. But Miss Graves had heard of the presence of ancient works of art, and was bent upon finding them. In vain Lloyd conducted her in and out of half a dozen old houses, suggesting that each one was "probably" all that was left of the "château." Miss Graves remained inflexibly unconvinced, and in the end gained her point. We all saw Adam and Eve.

"Why did they want frescos away out here in this primitive little village to which no road led, hardly even a donkey path?" I said.

"That is the very reason," replied Margaret. "They

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had no society, nothing to do; so they looked at their frescos exhaustively."

"What do those eagles at the corners represent?" said Janet.

"They are the device of the Lascaris," replied the Professor.

"Do you mean to tell me that *this* was one of their homes also?" she exclaimed. "Let a chair be brought, and all of you leave me. I wish to remain here alone, and imagine that I am one of them."

"Couldn't you imagine two?" said Inness. And he gained his point.

On our way home we found another block in the main street, and paused. We were near what we called the umbrella place—an archway opening down towards the old port; here against the stone wall an umbrella-maker had established his open-air shop, and his scarlet and blue lined parasols and white umbrellas, hung up at the entrance, made a picturesque spot of color we had all admired. This afternoon we were late; it was nearly twilight, and, in this narrow, high-walled street, almost night. As we waited we heard chanting, and through the dusky archway came a procession. First a tall white crucifix borne between two swinging lamps; then the surpliced choir-boys, chanting; then the incense and the priests; then a coffin, draped, and carried in the old way on the shoulders of the bearers, who were men robed in long-hooded black gowns reaching to the feet, their faces covered, with only two holes for the eyes. These were members of the Society of Black Penitents, who, with the White Penitents, attend funerals by turn, and care for the sick and poor, from charitable motives alone, and without reward. Behind the Penitents walked the relatives and friends, each with a little lighted taper. As the procession came through the dark archway, crossed the street, and wound up the

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THE KING OF THE OLIVES

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hill into the "old town," its effect, with the glancing lights and chanting voices, was weirdly picturesque. It was on its way to the cemetery above.

"Did you ever read this, Mr. Lloyd?" I heard Margaret say behind me, as we went onward towards home:

> "'One day, in desolate wind-swept space,
> In twilight-land, in no-man's-land,
> Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
> And bade each other stand.
> "And who art thou?" cried one, agape,
> Shuddering in the gloaming light.
> "I do not know," said the second Shape:
> "I only died last night."'"

I turned. Lloyd was looking at her curiously, or rather with wonder.

"Come, Margaret," I said, falling behind so as to join them, "the English are not mystical, as some of us are. They are content with what they can definitely know, and they leave the rest."

During the next week, after a long discussion, we decided to go up the valley of the Nervia. The discussion was not inharmonious: we liked discussions.

"This is by no means one of the ordinary Mentone excursions," said Mrs. Clary, as our three carriages ascended the Cornice Road towards the east, on a beautiful morning after one of the rare showers. "Many explore all of the other valleys, and visit Monaco and Monte Carlo; but comparatively few go up the Nervia."

The scene of the instalment of our twelve selves in these three carriages, by-the-way, was amusing. Between the inward determination of Inness, Verney, Baker, and the Professor to be in the carriage which held Janet, and the equally firm determination of Miss Elaine to be in the carriage which held *them*, it seemed as if we should never be placed. But no one said what he

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or she wished; far from it. Everybody was very polite, wonderfully polite; everybody offered his or her place to everybody else. Lloyd, after waiting a few moments, calmly helped Margaret into one of the carriages, handed in her shawl, and then took a seat himself opposite. But the rest of us surged helplessly to and fro among the wheels, not quite knowing what to do, until the arrival of the hotel omnibus hurried us, when we took our places hastily, without any arrangement at all, and drove off as follows: in the first carriage, Mrs. Trescott, Janet, Miss Elaine, and myself; in the second, Miss Graves, Inness, Verney, and Baker; in the third, Mrs. Clary, Margaret, Lloyd, and the Professor. This assortment was so comical that I laughed inwardly all the way up the first hill. Miss Elaine looked as if she was on the point of shedding tears; and the Professor, who did not enjoy the conversation of either Margaret or Mrs. Clary, was equally discomfited. As for the faces of the three young men shut in with Miss Graves, they were a study. However, it did not last long. The young men soon preferred "to walk uphill." Then we stopped at Mortola to see the Hanbury garden, and took good care not to arrange ourselves in the same manner a second time. Still, as four persons cannot, at least in the present state of natural science, occupy at the same moment the space only large enough for one, there was all day more or less manœuvring. From Mortola to Ventimiglia I was in the carriage with Janet, Inness, and Verney.

"What ruin is that on the top of the hill?" said Janet. "It looks like a castle.

"It is a castle—Castel d'Appio," said Verney; "a position taken by the Genoese in 1221 from the Lascaris, who—"

"Stop the carriage!—I must go up," said Janet.

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"I assure you, Miss Trescott, that, Lascaris or no Lascaris, you will find yourself mummied in mud after this rain," said Inness. "*I* went up there in a dry time, and even then had to wade."

Now if there is anything which Janet especially cherishes, it is her pretty boots; so Castel d'Appio remained unvisited upon its height, in lonely majesty against the sky. The next object of interest was a square tower, standing on the side-hill not far above the road; it was not large on the ground, rather was it narrow, but it rose in the air to an imposing height. I could not imagine what its use had been: it stood too far from the sea for a lookout, and, from its shape, could hardly have been a residence; in its isolation, not a fortress. Inness said it looked like a steeple with the church blown away; and then, inspired by his own comparison, he began to chant an ancient ditty about

"'The next thing they saw was a barn on a hill:
One said 'twas a barn;
The other said "Na-ay;"
And t'other 'twas a church with its steeple blown away:
Look—a—there!'"

This extremely venerable ballad delighted Miss Graves in the carriage behind so that she waved her black parasol in applause. She asked if Inness could not sing "Springfield Mountain."

"There is nothing left now," I said, laughing, "but the 'Battle of the Nile.'"

Verney, who had sketched the tower early in the winter, explained that the old road to Ventimiglia passed directly through the lower story, which was built in the shape of an arch. All the carriages were now together, as we gazed at the relic.

"The road goes through?" said Miss Graves. "Probably, then, it was a toll-gate."

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FEUDAL TOWER NEAR VENTIMIGLIA

This was so probable, although unromantic, that thereafter the venerable structure was called by that name, or, as Inness suggested, "not to be too disrespectful, the mediæval T. G."

Ventimiglia, seven miles from Mentone, was "one of

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the most ancient towns in Liguria," the Professor remarked. Mrs. Trescott, Mrs. Clary, and I looked much wiser after this information, but carefully abstained from saying anything to each other of the cloudy nature of our ideas respecting the geographical word. However, we noticed, unaided, that its fortifications were extensive, for we rolled over a drawbridge to enter it, passing high stone-walls, bastions, and port-holes, while on the summit of the hill above us frowned a large Italian fort. The Roya, a broad river which divides the town into two parts, is crossed by a long bridge; and we were over this bridge and some distance beyond before we discovered that we had left the old quarter on the other side, its closely clustering roofs and spires having risen so directly over our heads on the steep side-hill that we had not observed them. Should we go back? The carriages drew up to consider. We had still "a long drive before us;" these "old Riviera villages" were "all alike;" the hill seemed "very steep;" and "we can come here, you know, at any time"—were some of the opinions given. The Professor, who really wished to stop, gallantly yielded. Miss Graves, alone in the opposition, was obliged to yield also; but she was deeply disappointed. The cathedral, formerly dedicated to Jupiter, possesses a white marble pulpit incrusted with mosaics, and an octagon font, very ancient,'" she read, mournfully, aloud, from her manuscript note-book. "'The Church of St. Michael, also, guards Roman antiquities of surpassing interest.'" This word "guards" had a fine effect.

But, "we can come here at any time, you know," carried the day; and we drove on. I may as well mention that, as usual in such cases, we never did "come here at any time," save on the one occasion of our departure for Florence—an occasion which no railway traveller going to Italy by this route is likely soon to

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forget, the Ventimiglia custom-house being modelled patriotically upon the circles of Dante's "Inferno."

When we were at a safe distance—"I suppose you know, Miss Trescott, that Ventimiglia was the principal home of your Lascaris?" said Verney. "First of all, they were Counts of Ventimiglia: that Italian port stands on the site of their old castle. I have been looking into their genealogy a little on your account; and I find that the first count of whom we have authentic record was a son of the King of Italy, A.D. 950. His son married the Princess Eudoxie, daughter of Theodore Lascaris, Emperor of Greece, and assumed the arms and name of his wife's family. Their descendants, besides being Counts of Ventimiglia, became Seigniors of Mentone, Castellare, Gorbio, Peille, Tende, and Briga, Roccabruna, and what is now L'Annunziata. They also had a château at Nice."

"Let us go back!" said Janet.

"To Nice?" I asked, smiling.

But Verney appeased her with an offering—nothing less than a sketch he had made. "The Lascaris," he said, as if introducing them. And there they were, indeed, a group of knights on horseback, dressed in velvet doublets and lace ruffles, with long white plumes, followed by a train of pages and squires with armor and led-horses. All had Greek profiles: in truth, they were but various views of the Apollo Belvedere. This splendid party was crossing the drawbridge of a castle, and, from a latticed casement above, two beautiful and equally Greek ladies, attired in ermine, with long veils and golden crowns, waved their scarfs in token of adieu.

"Charming!" said Janet, much pleased. (And in truth it was, if fanciful, a very pretty sketch.) "But who are those ladies above?"

"I suppose they had wives and sisters, did they not?" said Verney.

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"I suppose they did—of *some* sort," said Janet, disparagingly.

But Verney now produced a second sketch; "another study of the same subject," he called it. This was a picture of the same number of men, clad in clumsy armor, with rough, coarse faces, attacking a pass and compelling two miserable frightened peasants with loaded mules to yield up what they had, while, from a rude tower above, like our mediæval T. G., two or three swarthy women with children were watching the scene. The wrappings of the two sketches being now removed, we saw that one was labelled, "The Lascaris—her Idea of them;" and the other, "The Lascaris—as they were."

We all laughed. But I think Janet was not quite pleased. After the next change Verney found himself, by some mysterious chance, left to occupy the seat beside Miss Elaine, while Baker had his former place.

The Nervia, a clear rapid little snow-formed river, ran briskly down over its pebbles towards the sea. Our road followed the western bank, and before long brought us to Campo Rosso, a little village with a picturesque belfry, a church whose façade was decorated with old frescos, two marble sirens spouting water, and numberless "bits" in the way of vistas through narrow arched passages and crooked streets, which are the delight of artists. But Campo Rosso was not our destination, and entering the carriage again, we went onward through an olive wood whose broad terraces extended above, below, and on all sides as far as eye could reach. When we had stopped wondering over its endlessness, and had grown accustomed to the gray light, suddenly we came out under the open sky again, with Dolce Acqua before us, its castle above, its church tower below, and, far beyond, our first view of snow-capped peaks rising high and silvery against the deep

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blue sky. Inness and Baker threw up their hats and saluted the snow with an American hurrah. "What with those white peaks and this Italian sky, I feel like the Merry Swiss Boy and the Marble Faun rolled into one," said Baker.

We drove up to the Locanda Desiderio, or "Desired Inn," as Inness translated it. It was now noon, and in the brick-floored apartment below a number of peasants were eating sour bread and drinking wine. But the host, a handsome young Italian, hastened to show us an upper chamber, where, with the warm sunshine flooding through the open windows across the bare floor, we spread our luncheon on a table covered with coarse but snowy homespun, and decked with remarkable plates in brilliant hues and still more brilliant designs. The luncheon was accompanied by several bottles of "the good little white wine" of the neighborhood—an accompaniment we had learned to appreciate.

Upon the chimney-piece of a room adjoining ours, whose door stood open, there was an old brass lamp. In shape it was not unlike a high candlestick crowned with an oval reservoir for oil, which had three little curving tubes for wicks, and an upright handle above ending in a ring; it was about a foot and a half high, and from it hung three brass chains holding a brass lamp-scissors and little brass extinguishers. Mrs. Clary, Mrs. Trescott, Miss Graves, Miss Elaine, and myself all admired this lamp as we strolled about the rooms after luncheon before starting for the castle. It happened that Janet was not there; she had gone, by an unusual chance, with Lloyd, to look at some cinque-cento frescos in an old church somewhere, and was, I have no doubt, deeply interested in them. When she returned she too spied the old lamp, and admired it. "I wish I had it for my own room at home," she exclaimed. "I feel sure it is Aladdin's."

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DOLCE ACQUA

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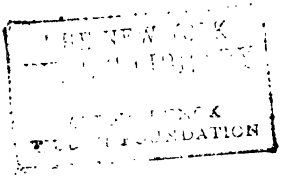
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"Come, come, Janet," called Mrs. Trescott from below. "The castle waits."

"It has waited some time already," said Inness—"a matter of six or seven centuries, I believe."

"And looks as though it would wait six or seven more," I said, as we stood on the arched bridge admiring the massive walls above.

"It has withstood numerous attacks," said the Professor. "Genoese armies came up this valley more than once to take it, and went back unsuccessful."

"To me it is more especially distinguished by *not* having been a home of the Lascaris," said Baker.

"To whom, then, did it belong?" said Janet, contemptuously.

We all, in a chorus, answered grandly, "To the Dorias!" (We were so glad to have reached a name we knew.)

The castle crowned the summit of a crag, ruined but imposing; in shape a parallelogram, it had in front square towers, five stories in height, pierced with round-arched windows. It was the finest as well as largest ruin we lately landed Americans had seen, and we went hither and thither with much animation, telling each other all we knew, and much that we did not know, about ruined towers, square towers, drawbridges, moats, donjon keeps, and the like; while Miss Elaine, who had placed herself beside Verney on the knoll where he was sketching, looked on in a kindly patronizing way, as much as to say: "Enjoy yourselves, primitive children of the New World. We of England are familiar with ruins."

Margaret and Lloyd found a seat in one of the ruined windows of the south tower; I stood beside them for a few moments looking at the view. On the north the narrow valley curved and went onward, while over its dark near green rose the glittering snowy peaks so far

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away. In the south, the blue of the Mediterranean stretched across the mouth of the valley, whose sides were bold and high; the little river gleamed out in spots of silver here and there, and the white belfry of Campo Rosso rose picturesquely against the dark olive forest. Directly under us were the roofs of the village, and the old stone bridge of one high arch. "Do you notice that many of these roofs are flat, with benches, and pots of flowers?" said Lloyd. "You do not see that in Mentone. It is thoroughly Italian."

Janet, Mrs. Trescott, Inness, Baker, and the Professor were up on the highest point of the crag, where the Professor was giving a succinct account of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. His words floated down to us, but to which of those celebrated and eternally quarrelling factions these Dorias belong I regret to say I cannot now remember. But it was evident that he was talking eloquently, and Inness, who was quite distanced, by way of diversion threw pebbles at the north tower.

We came down from the castle after a while, and strolled through the village streets—all of us save Margaret and Lloyd, who remained sitting in their window. Mrs. Trescott, seeing a vaulted entrance, stopped to examine it, and the broad doors being partly open, she peeped within. As there was more vaulting and no one to forbid, she stepped into the old hall, and we all followed her. We were looking at the massive, finely proportioned stairway, when a little girl appeared above gazing down curiously. She was a pretty child of seven or eight, and held some little thumbed school-books under her arm.

"Is this a school?" asked Verney, in Italian.

She nodded shyly, and ran away, but soon returned accompanied by a Sister, or nun, who, with a mixture of politeness and timidity, asked if we wished to see their schools. Of course we wished to see everything,

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and going up the broad stairway, we were ushered into an unexpected and remarkable apartment.

"We came to see an infant school, and we find a row of noblemen," said Baker. "They must be all the Dorias upon their native heath!"

The "heath" was the wall, upon which, in black frames, were ranged forty-two portraits in a long procession going around three sides of the great room, which must have been fifty feet in length. At the head of the apartment was a picture seven feet square, representing a full-blooming lady in a long-bodied white satin dress, with an extraordinary structure of plumes and pearls on her head, accompanied by a stately little heir in a pink satin court suit, and several younger children. One grim, dark old man in red, farther down the hall, was "Roberto: Seigneur Dolce Acqua. Anno 1270." A dame in yellow brocade, with hoop, ruff, and jewels, and a little curly dog under her arm, was "Brigida: Domina Dolce Acqua. 1290."

"So they carried dogs in that way then as well as now," observed Janet.

The Mother Superior now came in. She informed us that this was the château of the Dorias, built after their castle was destroyed, and occupied by descendants of the family until a comparatively recent period. Its plain exterior, extending across one end of the little square, we had not especially distinguished from the other buildings which joined it, forming the usual continuous wall of the Riviera towns. The château was now a convent and school. There were benches across one side of the large apartment where the village children were already assembled under the black-framed portraits, but there was not much studying that day, I think, save a study of strangers.

"Here is the real treasure," said Verney.

It was a chimney-piece of stone, extending across one

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end of the room, richly carved with various devices in relief, figures, and ornaments, and a row of heads on shields across the front, now the profile of an old bearded man looking out, and now that of a youth in armor. It was fifteen feet high, and a remarkably fine piece of work.

"Quite thrown away here," said Miss Graves.

"Oh, I don't know; the portraits can see it," replied Janet.

The Mother Superior conducted us all over the château, reserving only the corridor where were her own and the Sisters' apartments. The dignified stone stairway with its broad stone steps extended unchanged to the top of the house.

"In the matter of stairways," I said, "I must acknowledge that our New World ideas are deficient. We have spacious rooms, broad windows, high ceilings, but such a stairway as this is beyond us."

The empty sunny rooms above were gayly painted in fresco. At one end of the house a door opened into a little latticed balcony, into which we stepped, finding ourselves in an adjoining church, high up on the wall at one side of the altar. Here the Sisters came to pray, and as we departed, one of them glided in and knelt down in the dusky corner.

"Perhaps she is going to pray for us," said Inness.

"I am sure we need it," replied Janet, seriously.

In the garret was a Sedan-chair, once elaborately gilded.

"I suppose they went down to Ventimiglia in that," said Baker—"those fine old dames below."

From one of the rooms on the second floor opened a little cell or closet, part of whose flooring had been removed, showing a hollow space beneath following the massive exterior wall.

"Here," said the Mother Superior, "the papers of

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the family were concealed at the approach of the first Napoleon, and not taken out for a number of years. The flooring has never been replaced."

The Mother Superior spoke only Italian, which Verney translated, much to the envy of the younger men. The Professor was not with us, for as soon as he learned that the place was "papist" he departed, although Inness suggested that the street was papist also, and likewise the very air must be redolent of Rome. But the Professor was an example of "cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt," and quite determined to be as Protestant in Italy as he was in Connecticut. He would not desert his colors because under a foreign sky, as so many Americans desert them.

The Mother now conducted us to a little square parlor, with south windows opening upon a balcony full of pots of flowers; the walls and ceiling of this little room were glowing with color—paintings in fresco more suited to the Dorias, I fancy, than to the "Sisters of the Snow," for this was the poetical name of the little black-robed band. In this worldly little room we found wine waiting for us, and grapes which were almost raisins: we had never seen them in transition before. The wine was excellent, and Mrs. Trescott partook with much graciousness. After partaking, she employed Verney in translating to the Mother a number of her own characteristic sentences. But Verney must have altered them somewhat en route, for I hardly think the Mother would have remained so calmly placid if she had comprehended that "this whole scene—the grapes, the wine, and the frescos"—reminded Mrs. Trescott of "Cleopatra, and of Sardanapalus and his golden flagons." Presently two of the Sisters entered with coffee which they had prepared for us; after serving it, they retired to a corner, where they stood gently regarding us. Then another entered, and then another, unobtru-

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sively taking their places beside the others. It was interesting to notice the simplicity of their mild gaze; although brown and middle-aged, their expression was like that of little children. When they learned that some of us were from America they were much impressed, and looked at each other silently.

"I suppose it does not seem to them but a little while since Columbus discovered us," said Baker.

At last it was time for us to go: we bade the little group farewell, and left some coins "for their poor."

"Though we may not meet on earth, we shall see you all again in heaven," said the Mother, and all the Sisters bowed assent. They accompanied us down to the outer door, and waved their hands in adieu as we crossed the little square. When, at the other side, we turned to look back, we saw their black skirts retiring up the stairway to their little school.

"Farewell, Sisters of the Snow," said Janet. "May we all so live as to keep that rendezvous you have given us!"

The carriages were now ordered, and Margaret and Lloyd summoned from the castle tower. We were standing at the door of the Desired Inn, collecting our baskets and wraps, when the Professor appeared with a long narrow parcel in his hand. This he stowed away carefully in one of the carriages, changing its position several times, as if anxious it should be carried safely. While he was thus engaged in his absorbed, near-sighted way, Inness came down the stone stairs from the upper chamber, and going across to Janet, who was leaning on the parapet looking at the river, he was on the point of presenting something to her, when his little speech was stopped by the appearance of Baker coming around the corner from the front of the house, with a parcel exactly like his own.

"Two!" cried Inness, bursting into a peal of laugh-

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MONACO—THE PALACE AND PORT

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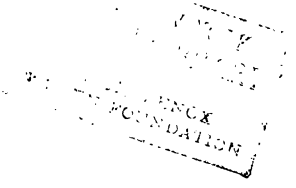

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ter; and then we saw, as he tore off the paper, that he had the old brass lamp which Janet had admired. Meanwhile Baker had another, the Desired Inn having been evidently equal to the occasion, and to driving a good bargain. Our laughter aroused the Professor, who turned and gazed at our group from the step of the carriage. But having no idea of losing the credit of his unusual gallantry simply because some one else had had the same thought, he now extracted his own parcel and silently extended it.

"A third!" cried Inness. And then we all gave way again.

"I am so much obliged to you," said Janet, sweetly, when there was a pause, "but I am sorry you took the trouble. Because—because Mr. Verney has already kindly given me one, which is packed in one of the baskets."

At this we laughed again, more irresistibly than before—all, I mean, save Miss Elaine, who merely said, in the most unamused voice, "How *very* amusing!" As we had all admired the ancient lamp (although no one thought of offering it to *us*), the superfluous gifts easily found places among us, and were not the less thankfully received because obtained in that roundabout way.

We now left the "Sweet Waters" behind us, and went down the valley towards the sea.

"There is another town as picturesque as Dolce Acqua some miles farther up the valley," said Verney. "I have a sketch of it. It is called Pigna."

"Oh, let us go there!" said Janet.

"We cannot, my daughter, spend the entire remainder of our earthly existence among the Maritime Alps," said Mrs. Trescott.

Inness had the place beside Janet all the way home.

On the Cornice, a few miles from Mentone, we came

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upon a boy and girl sitting by the road-side; they had a flageolet and a sort of bagpipe, and wore the costume of Italian peasants, their foot-coverings being the complicated bands and strings which are, in American eyes (the strings transmuted into ribbons), indelibly associated with bandits. "They are pifferari," said Verney; and we stopped the carriages and asked them to play for us. The boy played on his flageolet, and the girl sang. As she stood beside us in the dust, her brown hands clasped before her, her great dark eyes never once stopped gazing at Janet, who, clad that day in a soft cream-white walking costume, with gloves, round hat, and plume of the same tint, looked not unlike a lily on its stem. The Italian girl was of nearly the same age in years, and of fully the same age in womanhood, and it seemed as if she could not remove her fascinated gaze from the fair white stranger. Inness and Verney both tried to attract her attention; but the boy gathered up the coins they dropped, and the girl gazed on. As the Professor was tired, and did not care for music, we drove onward; but, as far as we could see, the Italian girl still stood in the centre of the road, gazing after the carriages.

"What do you suppose is in her mind?" I said. "Envy?"

"Hardly," said Verney. "To her, probably, Miss Trescott is like a being from another world—a saint or Madonna."

"Ah, Mr. Verney, what exaggerated comparisons!" said Miss Elaine, in soft reproach. "Besides, it is irreligious, and you *promised* me you would not be irreligious."

Verney looked somewhat aghast at this revelation, of course overheard by Mrs. Clary and myself. It was rather hard upon him to have his misdeeds brought up in this way — the little sentimental speeches he had

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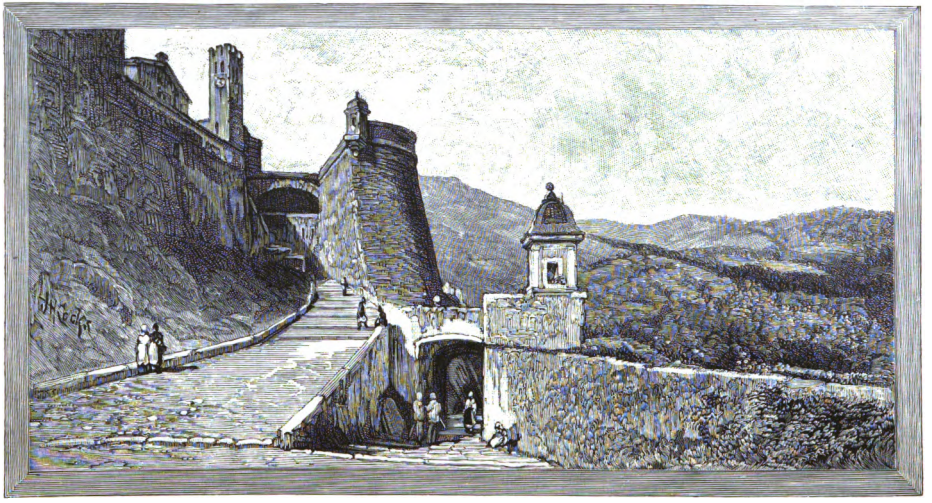

ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, MONACO

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made to Miss Elaine in the remote past—*i.e.*, before Janet arrived. But he was obliged to bear it.

"I suppose," said Inness, one morning, "that you are not all going away from Mentone without even *seeing* Mon—Monaco?"

"It can be *seen* from Turbia," answered the Professor, grimly. "And that view is near enough."

Inness made a grimace, and the subject was dropped. But it ended in our seeing Turbia from Monaco, and not Monaco from Turbia.

"There is no use in fighting against it," said Mrs. Clary, shrugging her shoulders. "You will have to go once. Every one does. There is a fate that drives you."

"And the joke is," said Baker, in high glee, "that the Professor is going too. It seems that the view from Turbia was not near enough for him, after all."

"I am not surprised," said Mrs. Clary. "I thought he would go: they all do. I have seen English deans, Swiss pastors, and American Presbyterian ministers looking on in the gambling-rooms, under the principle, I suppose, of knowing something of the evil they oppose. They do not go but once; but that once they are very apt to allow themselves."

The views along the Cornice west of Mentone are very beautiful. As we came in sight of Monaco, lying below in the blue sea, we caught its alleged resemblance to a vessel at anchor.

"Monaco, or Portus Herculis Monœci, was well known to the ancients," said the Professor. "Its name appears in Virgil, Tacitus, Pliny, Strabo, and other classical writers. Before the invention of gunpowder its situation made it impregnable. It was one of the places of refuge in the long struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibellines" (we were rather discouraged by the ap-

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pearance of these names so early in the day), "and it is mentioned by an Italian historian as having become in the fourteenth century a 'home for criminals' and a 'gathering-place for pirates'—terms equally applicable at the present day." The Professor's voice was very sonorous.

Inness, the Professor, Janet, and myself were in a carriage together. As Mrs. Clary and Miss Graves did not accompany us that day, we had two carriages and a phaeton, the latter occupied by Lloyd and Verney.

"As to Monaco history," remarked Inness, carelessly, when the Professor ceased, "I happen to remember a few items. The Grimaldis came next to Hercules, and have had possession here since A.D. 980. Marshal Boucicault, who was extremely devout, and never missed hearing two masses a day, besieged the place and took it before Columbus and the other Boucicault discovered America. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth a Prince of Monaco was sent as ambassador to Rome, and entered that city with horses shod in silver, the shoes held by one nail only, so that they might drop the sooner. Another Prince of Monaco went against the Turks with his galleys, and brought back to this shore the inestimable gift of the prickly-pear, for which we all bless his memory whenever we brush against its cheerful thorns. *Three* Princes of Monaco were murdered in their own palace, which of course was much more home-like than being murdered elsewhere. The Duke of York died there also: not murdered, I believe, although there is a ghost in the story. The principality is now three miles long, and the present prince retains authority under the jurisdiction of France. To preserve this authority he maintains a strictly disciplined standing army (they never sit down) of ten able-bodied men."

These sentences were rolled out by Inness with such

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rapidity that I was quite bewildered; as for the Professor, he was hopelessly stranded half-way down the list, and never came any farther.

Passing Monte Carlo, we drove over to the palace.

"Certainly there is no town on the Riviera so beautifully situated as Monaco," I said, as the road swept around the little port and ascended the opposite slope. "The high rock on which it stands, jutting out boldly into the sea, gives it all the isolation of an island, and yet protects by its peninsula this clear deep little harbor within."

The old town of Monaco proper is on the top of this rocky presqu'ile, three hundred feet above the sea, and west of Monte Carlo, the suburb of Condamine, and the chapel of St. Devote. Leaving the carriages, we entered the portal of the palace, conducted by a tenth of the standing army.

"My first living and roofed palace," said Janet, as we ascended the broad flight of marble steps leading to the "Court of Honor," which was glowing with recently renewed frescos. A solemn man in black received us, and conducted us with much dignity through thirteen broad, long rooms, with ceilings thirty feet high — a procession of stately apartments which left upon our minds a blurred general impression of gilded vases, crimson curtains, slippery floors, ormolu clocks, wreaths of painted roses, fat Cupids, and uninhabitableness. The only trace of home life in all the shining vista was a little picture of the present Prince, taken when he was a baby, a life-like, chubby little fellow, smiling unconcernedly out on all this cold splendor. It was amusing to see how we women gathered around this little face, with a sort of involuntary comfort.

In the Salle Grimaldi there was a vast chimney-piece of one block of marble covered with carved devices.

In the room where the Duke of York died there

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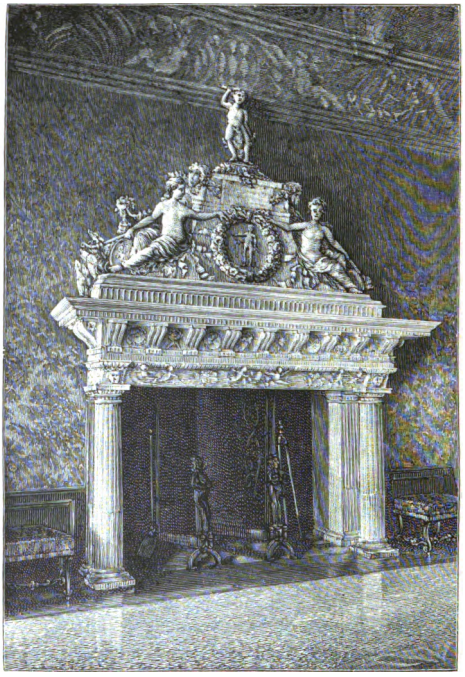
was a broad bed on a platform, curtained and canopied with heavy damask, and surrounded by a gilded railing. We stood looking at this structure in silence.

"It is very impressive," murmured Mrs. Trescott at last. Then, with a long reminiscent sigh, as if she had been present and chief mourner on the occasion, she added: "There is nothing more inscrutable than the feet of the flying hours: they are winged!—winged!"

"On the whole," said Janet, as we went down the



THE SALLE GRIMALDI, IN THE PALACE, MONACO

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marble steps towards the army—"on the whole, taking it as a *palace*, I am disappointed."

"What did you expect?" said Verney.

"Oh, all the age of chivalry," she answered, smiling.

"The so-called age of chivalry—" began the Professor; but he never finished; because, by some unexpected adjustment of places, he found himself in the phaeton with Baker, and that adventurous youth drove him over to Monte Carlo at such a speed that he could only close his eyes and hold on.

The Casino of Monte Carlo is now the most important part of the principality of Monaco; instead of being subordinate to the palace, the latter has become but an appendage to the modern splendor across the bay. Monte Carlo occupies a site as beautiful as any in the world. In front the blue sea laves its lovely garden; on the east the soft coast-line of Italy stretches away in the distance; on the west is the bold curving rock of Monaco, with its castle and port, and the great cliff of the Dog's Head. Behind rises the near mountain high above; and on its top, outlined against the sky, stands the old tower of Turbia in its lonely ruined majesty, looking towards Rome.

"That tower is nineteen hundred feet above the sea," said the Professor. "It was built by the Romans, on the boundary between Liguria and Gaul, to commemorate a victory gained by Augustus Cæsar over the Ligurians. It was called Tropæum Augusti, from which it has degenerated into Turbia. Fragments of the inscription it once bore have been found on stones built into the houses of the present village. The inscription itself is, fortunately, fully preserved in Pliny, as follows: 'To Cæsar, son of the divine Cæsar Augustus, Emperor for the fourteenth time, in the seventeenth year of his reign, the Senate and the Roman people have decreed this monument, in token that

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under his orders and auspices all the Alpine races have been subdued by Roman arms. Names of the vanquished:' and here follow the names of forty-five Alpine races."

At first we thought that the Professor was going to repeat them all; but although no doubt he knew them, he abstained.

"The village behind the tower — we cannot see it from here—seems to be principally built of fragments of the old Roman stone-work," said Lloyd. "I have been up there several times."

"Then we do not see the Trophy as it was?" I said.

"No; it is but a ruin, although it looks imposing from here. It was used as a fortress during the Middle Ages, and partially destroyed by the French at the beginning of the last century."

"It must have been majestic indeed, since, after all its dismemberment, it still remains so majestic now," said Margaret.

We were standing on the steps of the Casino during this conversation; I think we all rather made ourselves stand there, and talk about Turbia and the Middle Ages, because the evil and temptation we had come to see were so near us, and we knew that they were. We all had a sentence ready which we delivered impartially and carelessly; but none the less we knew that we were going in, and that nothing would induce us to remain without.

From a spacious, richly decorated entrance-hall, the gambling-rooms opened by noiseless swinging doors. Entering, we saw the tables surrounded by a close circle of seated players, with a second circle standing behind, playing over their shoulders, and sometimes even a third behind these. Although so many persons were present, it was very still, the only sounds being the chink, chink, of the gold and silver coins, and the dull,

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THE RIDE TO SANT' AGNESE

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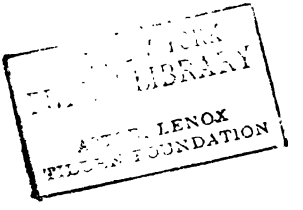

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mechanical voices of the officials announcing the winning numbers. There were tables for both roulette and trente et quarante, the playing beginning each day at eleven in the morning and continuing without intermission until eleven at night. Everywhere was lavished the luxury of flowers, paintings, marbles, and the costliest decoration of all kinds; beyond, in a superb hall, the finest orchestra on the Continent was playing the divine music of Beethoven; outside, one of the loveliest gardens in the world offered itself to those who wished to stroll awhile. And all of this was given freely, without restriction and without price, upon a site and under a sky as beautiful as earth can produce. But one sober look at the faces of the steady players around those tables betrayed, under all this luxury and beauty, the real horror of the place; for men and women, young and old alike, had the gambler's strange fever in the expression of the eye, all the more intense because, in almost every case, so governed, so stonily repressed, so deadly cold! After a half-hour of observation, we left the rooms, and I was glad to breathe the outside air once more. The place had so struck to my heart, with its intensity, its richness, its stillness, and its terror, that I had not been able even to smile at the Professor's demeanor; he had signified his disapprobation (while looking at everything quite closely, however) by buttoning his coat up to the chin and keeping his hat on. I almost expected to see him open his umbrella.

"To me, they seemed all mad," I said, with a shudder, looking up at the calm mountains with a sense of relief.

"It is a species of madness," said Verney. Miss Elaine was with him; she had taken his arm while in the gambling-room; she said she felt "so timid." Margaret and Lloyd meanwhile had only looked on for

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a moment or two, and had then disappeared; we learned afterwards that they had gone to the concert-room, where music beautiful enough for paradise was filling the perfumed air.

"For those who care nothing for gambling, that music is one of the baits," said Lloyd. "When you really love music, it is very hard to keep away from it; and here, where there is no other music to compete with it, it is offered to you in its divinest perfection, at an agreeable distance from Nice and Mentone, along one of the most beautiful driveways in the world, with a Parisian hotel at its best to give you, besides, what other refreshment you need. Hundreds of persons come here sincerely 'only to hear the music.' But few go away without 'one look' at the gambling tables; and it is upon that 'one look' that the proprietors of the Casino, knowing human nature, quietly and securely rely."

The Professor, having seen it all, had no words to express his feeling, but walked across to call the carriages with the air of a man who shook off perdition from every finger. And yet I felt sure, from what I knew of him, that he had appreciated the attractions of the place less than any one of us—had not, in fact, been reached by them at all. Those who do not feel the allurements of a temptation are not tempted. Not a grain in the Professor's composition responded to the invitation of the siren Chance; they were not allurements to him; they were but the fantastic phantasmagoria of a dream. The lovely garden he appreciated only botanically; the view he could not see; abstemious by nature, he cared nothing for the choice rarities of the hotel; while the music, the heavenly music, was to him no more than the housewife's clatter of tin pans. Yet I might have explained this to him all the way home, he would never have comprehended it, but

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would have gone on thinking that it was simply, on his part, superior virtue and self-control.

But I had no opportunity to explain, since I was not in the carriage with him, but with Janet, Inness, and Baker. Margaret and Lloyd drove homewards together in the phaeton; and as they did not reach the hotel until dusk—long after our own arrival—I asked Margaret where they had been.

"We stopped at the cemetery to watch the sunset beside my statue, aunt."

"Why do you care so much for that marble figure?"

"I do not think she is quite marble," answered Margaret, smiling. "When I look at her, after a while she becomes, in a certain sense, responsive. To me she is like a dear friend."

Another week passed, and another. And now the blossoms of the fruit-trees—a cloud of pink and snowy white — were gone, and the winter loiterers on the sunny shore began to talk of home; or, if they were travellers who had but stopped awhile on the way to Italy, they knew now that the winds of the Apennines no longer chilled the beautiful streets of Florence, and that all the lilies were out.

"Why could it not go on and on forever? Why must there always come that last good-bye?" quoted Mrs. Clary.

"Because life is so sad," said Margaret.

"But I like to look forward," said Janet.

"We shall meet again," said Lloyd.

"The world," I remarked, sagely, "is composed of three classes of persons—those who live in the present, those who live in the past, and those who live in the future. The first class is the wisest."

Our last excursion was to Sant' Agnese. This little mountain village was the highest point we attained on our donkeys, being two thousand two hundred feet

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VIEW FROM SANT' AGNESE

above the sea. Its one rugged little street, cut in the side of the cliff, had an ancient weather-beaten little church at one end and a lonely chapel at the other, with the village green in the centre—a "green" which was but a smooth rock amphitheatre, with a parapet protecting it from the precipice below. From this "green" there was a grand view of the mountains, with the sharp point of the Aiguille towering above them all. It was a village fête day, and we met the little procession at the church door. First came the priests and

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choir-boys, chanting; then the village girls, dressed in white, and bearing upon a little platform an image of Saint Agnes; then youths with streamers of colored ribbons on their arms; and, last, all the villagers, two and two, dressed in their best, and carrying bunches of flowers. Through the winding rocky street they marched, singing as they went. When they arrived at the lonely chapel, Saint Agnes was borne in, and prayers were offered, in which the village people joined, kneeling on the ground outside, since there was not place for them within. Then forth came Saint Agnes again, a hymn was started, in which all took part, the little church bell pealed, and an old man touched off small heaps of gunpowder placed at equal distances along the parapet, their nearest approach, I suppose, to cannon. When the saint had reached her shrine again in safety, her journeyings over until the next year, the procession dissolved, and feasting began, the simple feasting of Italy, in which we joined so far as to partake of a lunch in the little inn, which had a green bush as a sign over the narrow door—the "wine of the country" proving very good, however, in spite of the old proverb. Then, refreshed, we climbed up the steep path leading to the peak where was perched the ruin of the old castle which is so conspicuous from Mentone, high in the air. This castle, the so-called "Saracen stronghold" of Sant' Agnese, pronounced, as Baker said, "either Frenchy to rhyme with lace, or Italianly to rhyme with lazy," seemed to me higher up in the sky than I had ever expected to be in the flesh.

"As our interesting friend" (she meant the Professor) "is not here," said Mrs. Trescott, sinking in a breathless condition upon a Saracen block, "there is no one to tell us its history."

"There is no history," said Verney, "or, rather, no one knows it; and to me that is its chief attraction.

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There are, of course, legends in stacks, but nothing authentic. The Saracens undoubtedly occupied it for a time, and kept the whole coast below cowering under their cruel sway. But it is hardly probable that they built it; they did not build so far inland; they preferred the shore."

Our specified object, of course, in climbing that breathless path was "the view."

Now there are various ways of seeing views. I have known "views" which required long gazing at points where there was nothing earthly to be seen: in such cases there was probably something heavenly. Other "views" reveal themselves only to two persons at a time; if a third appears, immediately there is nothing to be seen. As to our own manner of looking at the Sant' Agnese view, I will mention that Mrs. Trescott looked at it from a snug corner, on a soft shawl, with her eyes closed. Mrs. Clary looked at it retrospectively, as it were; she began phrases like these: "When I was here three years ago—" pause, sigh, full stop. "Once I was here at sunset—" ditto. Janet, on a remote rock, looked at it, I think, amid a little tragedy from Inness, interrupted and made more tragic by the incursions of Baker, who would not be frowned away. Verney looked at it from a high niche in which he had incautiously seated himself for a moment, and now remained imprisoned, because Miss Elaine had placed herself across the entrance so that he could not emerge without asking her to rise; from this niche, like the tenor of *Trovatore* in his tower, he occasionally sent across a Miserere to Janet in the distance, like this: "Do you ob—serve, Miss Trescott, the col—ors of the lem—ons below?" And Janet would gesture an assent. Lloyd and Margaret had found a place on a little projecting plateau, where, with the warm sunshine flooding over them, they sat contentedly talking. Meanwhile

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FÊTE, VILLAGE OF SANT' AGNESE

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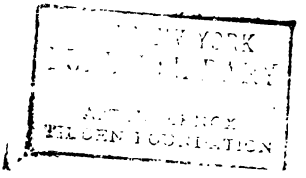

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having neither sleep, retrospect, tragedy, Miserere, nor conversation with which to entertain myself, I really looked at the view, and probably was the only person who did. I had time enough for it. We remained there nearly two hours.

At last our donkey-driver came up to tell us that dancing was going on below, and that there was not much time if we wished to see it, since the long homeward journey still lay before us. So we elders began to call: "Janet!" "Janet!" "Margaret!" "Mr. Verney!" And presently from the rock, the niche, and the plateau they came slowly in, Janet flushed, and Inness very pale, Baker like a thunder-cloud, Miss Elaine smiling and conscious, Verney annoyed, Lloyd just as usual, and Margaret with a younger look in her face than I had seen there for months. In the little rock amphitheatre below we found the villagers merrily dancing; and some strangers like ourselves, who had come out from Mentone later, were amusing themselves by dancing also. Janet joined the circle with Baker, and Inness, after leaning on the parapet awhile, with his back to the dancers, gazing into space, disappeared. I think he went homeward by another path across the mountains. Miss Elaine admired "so much" Miss Trescott's courage in dancing before "so many strangers." She (Miss Elaine) was far "too shy to attempt it." But I did not notice that she was violently urged to the attempt. In the meantime Lloyd was looking at an English girl belonging to the other party, who was dancing near us. She was tall and shapely, with the beautiful English rose-pink complexion, and abundant light hair which had the glint of bronze where the sun shone across it. After a while, as the others came near, he recognized in one of them an acquaintance, who turned out to be the brother of the young lady who had been dancing.

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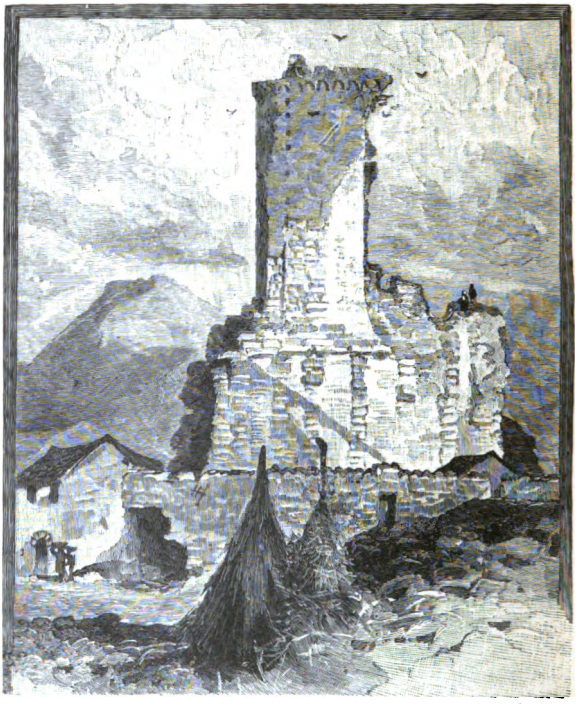
When, as we returned, we reached the main street of Mentone, Margaret and I, who were behind, stopped a moment and looked back. The far peak of Sant' Agnese was flushed with rose-light, although where we were it was already night.

"It does not seem as if we could have been there," I said. "It looks so far away."

"Yes, we have been there," said Margaret; "we *have* been there. But already it *is* far, far away."



VESTIGES OF ROMAN MONUMENTS

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Mrs. Trescott found a letter awaiting her which made her decide to go forward to Florence on the following day. A great deal can happen in a short time when there is the pressure of a near departure. That evening Janet, who was dressed in white, had a great bunch of the sweet wild narcissus at her belt. I do not know anything certainly, of course, but I *did* meet Inness in the hall, about eleven o'clock, with a radiant, happy face, and some of that same narcissus in his button-hole. He went with the Trescott's to Florence the next day. And Baker, with disgust, went to Nice. Soon afterwards Verney said that he felt that he required "a closer acquaintance with early art," and departed without saying exactly whither. "Etruscan art, I believe, is considered extremely 'early,'" remarked Mrs. Clary.

The Professor was to join the Trescotts later; at present he was much engaged with some cinerary urns. Miss Elaine, who was to remain a month longer with her mother, remarked to me, on one of the last mornings, that "really, for his age," he was a "very well preserved man."

Margaret and I remained for two weeks after Mrs. Trescott's departure. We saw Mr. Lloyd now and then; but he was more frequently off with the English party.

One afternoon I went with Margaret to watch the sunset from her favorite post beside the statue. She sought the place almost every evening now, and occasionally I went with her. We had never found any one there at that hour; but this evening we heard voices, and came upon Lloyd and the English girl of Sant' Agnese, strolling to and fro.

"I have brought Miss Read to see the view here, Miss Severin," he said; and then introductions followed, and we stood there together watching the beauti-

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ful tints of sky and sea. The English girl talked in her English voice with its little rising and falling inflections, so different from our monotonous American key. Margaret answered pleasantly, and, indeed, talked more than usual; I was glad to see her interested.

After a while Lloyd happened to stroll forward where he could see the face of the statue. Then, suddenly, "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Strange that I never thought of it before! Do come here, please, and see for yourselves. There is the most extraordinary resemblance between this statue and Miss Read."

Then, as we all went forward, "Wonderful!" he repeated.

Margaret said not a word. The English girl only laughed. "Surely you *see* it?" he said.

"There may be a little something about the mouth—" I began.

But he interrupted me. "Why, it is perfect! The statue is her portrait in marble. Miss Read, will you not let me place you in the same position, just for an instant?" And, leading her to a little mound, he placed her in the required pose; she had thrown off her hat to oblige him, and now clasped her hands and turned her eyes over the sea towards the eastern horizon. What was the result?

The only resemblance, as I had said, was about the mouth; for the beautifully cut lips of the statue turned downward at the corners, and the curve of Miss Read's sweet baby-like mouth was the same. But that was all. Above was the woman's face in marble, beautiful, sad, full of the knowledge and the grief of life; below was the face of a young girl, lovely, fresh, and bright, and knowing no more of sorrow than a blush-rose upon its stem.

"Exact!" said Lloyd.

Miss Read laughed, rose, and resumed her straw hat; presently they went away.

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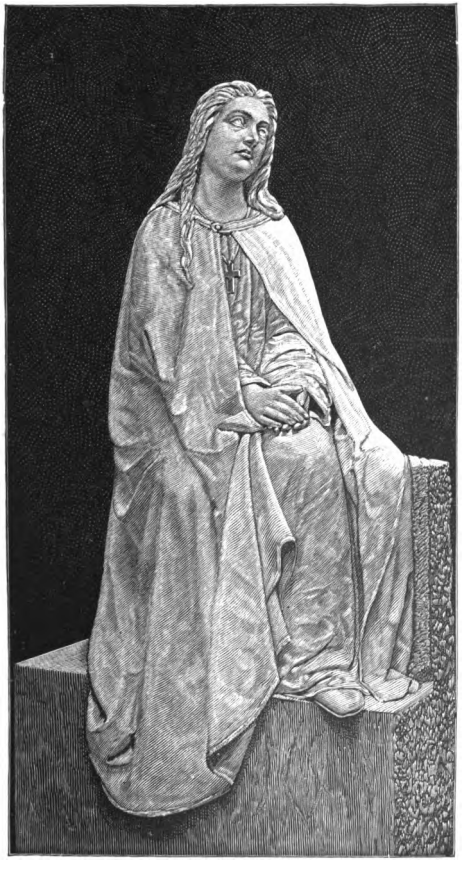

THE STATUE IN THE CEMETERY

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"There was not the slightest resemblance," I said, almost with indignation.

"People see resemblances differently," answered Margaret. Then, after a pause, she added, "She is, at least, much more like the statue than I am."

"Not in the spirit, dear," I said, much touched; for I saw that as she spoke the rare tears had filled her eyes. But they did not fall; Margaret had a great deal of self-control; perhaps too much.

Then there was a silence. "Shall we go now, aunt?" she said, after a time. And we never spoke of the subject again.

"Look, look, Margaret! the palms of Bordighera!" I said, as our train rushed past. It was our last of Mentone.

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CAIRO IN 1890

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CAIRO IN 1890

I

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF CLEOPATRA

On the wall of the Temple at Denderah.— From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

"THE way to Egypt is long and vexatious"—so Homer sings; and so also have sung other persons more modern. A chopping sea prevails off Crete, and whether one leaves Europe at Naples, Brindisi, or Athens, one's steamer soon reaches that beautiful island, and consumes in passing it an amount of time which is an ever-fresh surprise. Crete, with its long coast-line and soaring mountain-tops, appears to fill all that part of the sea. However, as the island is the half-way point between Europe and Africa, one can at least feel, after finally leaving it behind, that the Egyptian coast is not far distant. This coast is as indolent as that of Crete is aggressive; it does not raise its head. You are there before you see it or know it; and then, if you like, in something over three hours more you can be in Cairo.

The Cairo street of the last Paris Exhibition, familiar

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to many Americans, was a clever imitation. But imitations of the Orient are melancholy; you cannot transplant the sky and the light.

The real Cairo has been sacrificed to the Nile. Comparatively few among travellers in the East see the place under the best conditions; for upon their arrival they are preoccupied with the magical river voyage which beckons them southward, with the dahabeeyah or the steamer which is to carry them; and upon their return from that wonderful journey they are planning for the more difficult expedition to the Holy Land. It is safe to say that to many Americans Cairo is only a confused memory of donkeys and dragomans, mosquitoes and dervishes, and mosques, mosques, mosques! This hard season probably must be gone through by all. The wise are those who stay on after it is over, or who return; for the true impression of a place does not come when the mind is overcrowded and confused; it does not come when the body is wearied; for the descent of the vision, serenity of soul is necessary—one might even call it idleness. It is during those days when one does nothing that the reality steals noiselessly into one's comprehension, to remain there forever.

But is Cairo worth this? is asked. That depends upon the temperament. If one must have in his nature somewhere a trace of the poet to love Venice, so one must be at heart something of a painter to love Cairo. Her colors are so softly rich, the Saracenic part of her architecture is so fantastically beautiful, the figures in her streets are so picturesque, that one who has an eye for such effects seems to himself to be living in a gallery of paintings without frames, which stretch off in vistas, melting into each other as they go. If, therefore, one loves color, if pictures are precious to him, are important, let him go to Cairo; he will find

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pleasure awaiting him. Flaubert said that one could imagine the pyramids, and perhaps the Sphinx, without an actual sight of them, but that what one could not in the least imagine was the expression on the face of an Oriental barber as he sits cross-legged before his door. That is Cairo exactly. You must see her with the actual eyes, and you must see her without haste. She does not reveal herself to the Cook tourist nor even to Gaze's, nor to the man who is hurrying off to Athens on a fixed day which nothing can alter.

THE NEW QUARTER

(One must begin with this, and have it over.) Cairo has a population of four hundred thousand souls. The new part of the town, called Ismaïlia, has been persistently abused by almost all writers, who describe it as dusty, as shadeless, as dreary, as glaring, as hideous, as blankly and broadly empty, as adorned with half-built houses which are falling into ruin—one has read all this before arriving. But what does one find in the year of grace 1890? Streets shaded by innumerable trees; streets broad indeed, but which, instead of being dusty, are wet (and over-wet) with the constant watering; well-kept, bright-faced houses, many of them having beautiful gardens, which in January are glowing with giant poinsettas, crimson hibiscus, and purple bougainvillea—flowers which give place to richer blooms, to an almost over-luxuriance of color and perfumes, as the early spring comes on. If the streets were paved, it would be like the outlying quarters of Paris, for most of the houses are French as regards their architecture. Shadeless? It is nothing but shade. And the principal drives, too, beyond the town—the Ghezireh road, the Choubra and Gizeh roads, and the long avenue which leads to the pyramids—are deeply embowered,

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the great arms of the trees which border them meeting and interlacing overhead. Consider the stony streets of Italian cities (which no one abuses), and then talk of "shadeless Cairo"!

THE CLIMATE

If one wishes to spend a part of each day in the house, engaged in reading, writing, or resting; if the comfortable feeling produced by a brightly burning little fire in the cool of the evening is necessary to him for his health or his pleasure—then he should not attempt to spend the entire winter in the city of the Khedive. The mean temperature there during the cold season—that is, six weeks in January and February—is said to be 58° Fahrenheit. But this is in the open air; in the houses the temperature is not more than 54° or 52°, and often in the evening lower. The absence of fires makes all the difficulty; for out-of-doors the air may be and often is charming; but upon coming in from the bright sunshine the atmosphere of one's sitting-room and bedroom seems chilly and prison-like. There are, generally speaking, no chimneys in Cairo, even in the modern quarter. Each of the hotels has one or two open grates, but only one or two. Southern countries, however, are banded together—so it seems to the shivering Northerner—to keep up the delusion that they have no cold weather; as they have it not, why provide for it? In Italy in the winter the Italians spread rugs over their floors, hang tapestries upon their walls, pile cushions everywhere, and carpet their sofas with long-haired skins; this they call warmth. But a fireless room, with the thermometer on its walls standing at 35°, is not warm, no matter how many cushions you may put into it; and one hates to believe, too,

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that necessary accompaniments of health are roughened faces and frost-bitten noses, and the extreme ugliness of hands swollen and red. "Perhaps if one could have in Cairo an open hearth and three sticks, it would, with all the other pleasures which one finds here, be too much—would reach wickedness!" was a remark we heard last winter. A still more forcible exclamation issued from the lips of a pilgrim from New York one evening in January. Looking round her sitting-room upon the roses gathered that day in the open air, upon the fly-brushes and fans and Oriental decorations, this misguided person moaned, in an almost tearful voice: "Oh, for a blizzard and a *fire!*" The reasonable traveller, of course, ought to remember that with a climate which has seven months of debilitating heat, and three and a half additional months of summer weather, the attention of the natives is not strongly turned towards devices for warmth. This consideration, however, does not make the fireless rooms agreeable during the few weeks that remain.

Another surprise is the rain. "In our time it rained in Egypt," writes Strabo, as though chronicling a miracle. Either the climate has changed, or Strabo was not a disciple of the realistic school, for in the January of this truthful record the rain descended in such a deluge in Cairo that the water came above the knees of the horses, and a ferry-boat was established for two days in one of the principal streets. Later the rain descended a second time with almost equal violence, and showers were by no means infrequent. (It may be mentioned in parenthesis that there was heavy rain at Luxor, four hundred and fifty miles south of Cairo, on the 19th of February.) One does not object to these rains; they are in themselves agreeable; one wishes simply to note the impudence of the widely diffused statement that Egypt is a rainless land. So far nothing

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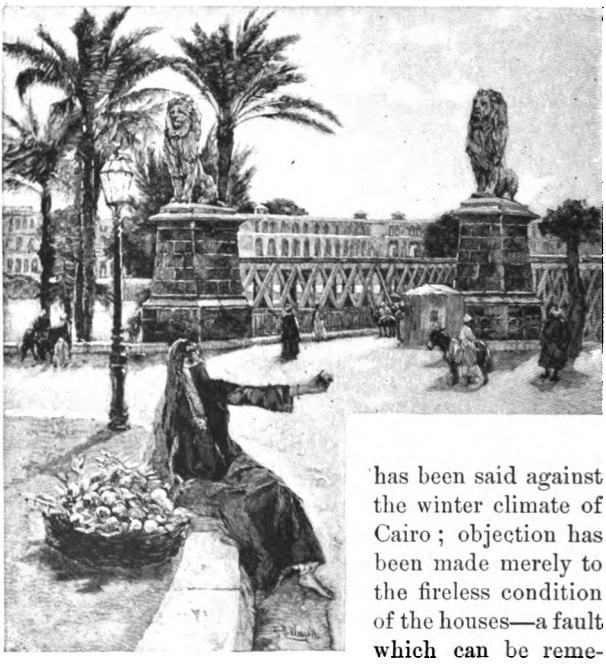

THE NILE BRIDGE, CAIRO
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

has been said against the winter climate of Cairo; objection has been made merely to the fireless condition of the houses—a fault which can be remedied. But now a real enemy must be mentioned—namely, the kamsin. This is a hot wind from the south, which parches the skin and takes the life out of one; it fills the air with a thick grayness, which you cannot call mist, because it is perfectly dry, and through which the sun goes on steadily shining, with a light so weird that one can think of nothing but the feelings of the last man, or the opening of the sixth seal. The regular kamsin season does not begin before May; the occasional days of it that bring suffering to travel-

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lers occur in February, March, and April. But what are five or six days of kamsin amid four winter months whose average temperature is 58° Fahrenheit? It is human nature to detect faults in climates which have been greatly praised, just as one counts every freckle on a fair face that is celebrated for its beauty. Give Cairo a few hearth fires, and its winter climate will seem delightful; although not so perfect as that of Florida, in our country, because in Florida there are no January mosquitoes.

MOSQUES

It must be remembered that Cairo is Arabian. "The Nile is Egypt," says a proverb. The Nile is mythical, Pharaonic, Ptolemaic; but Cairo owes its existence solely to the Arabian conquerors of the country, who built a fortress and palace here in A.D. 969.

Very Arabian is still the call to prayer which is chanted by the muezzins from the minarets of the mosques several times during the day. We were passing through a crowded quarter near the Mooski one afternoon in January, when there was wafted across the consciousness a faint, sweet sound. It was far away, and one heard it half impatiently at first, unwilling to lift one's attention even for an instant from the motley scenes nearer at hand. But at length, teased into it by the very sweetness, we raised our eyes, and then it was seen that it came from a half-ruined minaret far above us. Round the narrow outer gallery of this slender tower a man in dark robes was pacing slowly, his arms outstretched, his face upturned to heaven. Not once did he look below as he continued his aerial round, his voice giving forth the chant which we had heard—"Allah akbar; Allah akbar; la Allah ill' Allah. Heyya alas-salah!" (God is great; God is great; there is no

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God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to prayer.) Again, another day, in the old Touloun quarter, we heard the sound, but it was much nearer. It came from a window but little above our heads, the small mosque within the quadrangle having no minaret. This time I could note the muezzin himself. As he could not see the sky from where he stood, his eyes were closed. I have never beheld a more concentrated expression of devotion than his quiet face expressed; he might have been miles away from the throng below, instead of three feet, as his voice gave forth the same strange, sweet chant. The muezzins are often selected from the ranks of the blind, as the duties of the office are within their powers; but this singer at the low window had closed his eyes voluntarily. The last time I saw the muezzin was towards the end of the season, when the spring was far advanced. Cairo gayety was at its height, the streets were crowded with Europeans returning from the races, the new quarter was as modern as Paris. But there are minarets even in the new quarter, or near it; and on one of the highest of these turrets, outlined against the glow of the sunset, I saw the slowly pacing figure, with its arms outstretched over the city—"Allah akbar; Allah akbar; come, come to prayer."

There are over four hundred mosques in Cairo, and many of them are in a dilapidated condition. Some of these were erected by private means to perpetuate the name and good deeds of the founder and his family; then, in the course of time, owing to the extinction or to the poverty of the descendants, the endowment fund has been absorbed or turned into another channel, and the ensuing neglect has ended in ruin. When a pious Muslim of to-day wishes to perform a good work, he builds a new mosque. It would never occur to him to repair the old one near at hand, which commemo-

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rates the generosity of another man. It must be remembered that a mosque has no established congregation, whose duty it is to take care of it. A mosque, in fact, to Muslims has not an exclusively religious character. It is a place prepared for prayer, with the fountain which is necessary for the preceding ablutions required by Mohammed, and the niche towards Mecca which indicates the position which the suppliant must take; but it is also a place for meditation and repose. The poorest and most ragged Muslim has the right to enter whenever he pleases; he can say his prayers, or he can simply rest; he can quench his thirst; he can eat the food which he has brought with him; if he is tired, he can sleep. In mosques not often visited by travellers I have seen men engaged in mending their clothes, and others cooking food with a portable furnace. In the church-yard of Charlton Kings, England, there is a tombstone of the last century with an inscription which concludes as follows: "And his dieing request to his Sons and Daughters was, Never forsake the Charitys until the Poor had got their Rites." In the Cairo mosques the poor have their rites—both with the *gh* and without. The sacred character of a mosque is, in truth, only made conspicuous when unbelievers wish to enter. Then the big shuffling slippers are brought out to cover the shoes of the Christian infidels, so that they may not touch and defile the mattings reserved for the faithful.

After long neglect, something is being done at last to arrest the ruin of the more ancient of these temples. A commission has been appointed by the present government whose duty is the preservation of the monuments of Arabian art; occasionally, therefore, in a mosque one finds scaffolding in place and a general dismantlement. One can only hope for the best — in much the same spirit in which one hopes when one

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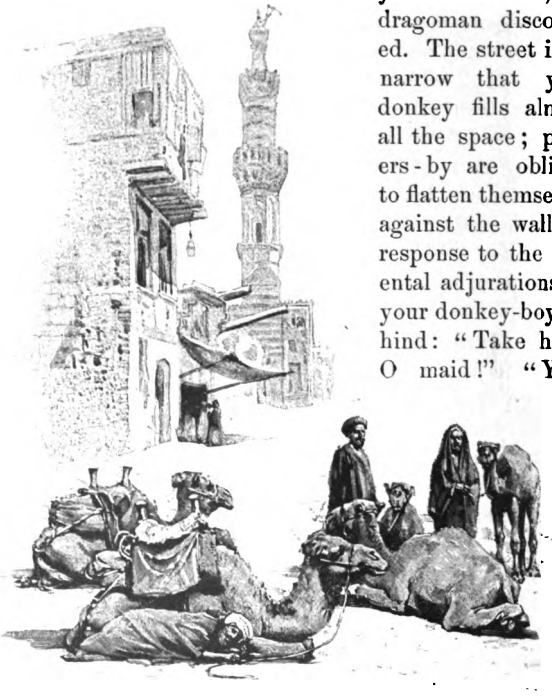
sees the beautiful old front of St. Mark's, Venice, gradually encroached upon by the new raw timbers. But in Cairo, at least, the work of repairing goes on very slowly; three hundred mosques, probably, out of the four hundred still remain untouched, and many of these are adorned with a delicate beauty which is unrivalled. I know no quest so enchanting as a search through the winding lanes of the old quarters for these gems of Saracenic taste, which no guide-book has as yet chronicled, no dragoman discovered. The street is so narrow that your donkey fills almost all the space; passers-by are obliged to flatten themselves against the walls in response to the Oriental adjurations of your donkey-boy behind: "Take heed, O maid!" "Your



BEFORE THE LITTLE MOSQUE
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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foot, O chief!" Presently you see a minaret—there is always a minaret somewhere; but it is not always easy to find the mosque to which it belongs, hidden, perhaps, as it is, behind other buildings in the crowded labyrinth. At length you observe a door with a dab or two of the well-known Saracenic honeycomb-work above it; instantly you dismount, climb the steps, and look in. You are almost sure to find treasures, either fragments of the pearly Cairo mosaic, or a wonderful ceiling, or gilded Kufic (old Arabian text) inscriptions and arabesques, or remains of the ancient colored glass which changes its tint hour by hour. Best of all, sometimes you find a space open to the sky, with a fountain in the centre, the whole surrounded by arcades of marble columns adorned with hanging lamps (or, rather, with the bronze chains which once carried the lamps), and with suspended ostrich eggs—the emblems of good-luck. One day, when my donkey was making his way through a dilapidated region, I came upon a mosque so small that it seemed hardly more than a base for its exquisite minaret, which towered to an unusual height above it. Of course I dismounted. The little mosque was open; but as it was never visited by strangers, it possessed no slippers, and without coverings of some kind it was impossible that unsanctified shoes, such as mine, should touch its matted floor; the bent, ancient guardian glared at me fiercely for the mere suggestion. One sees sometimes (even in 1890) in the eyes of old men sitting in the mosques the original spirit of Islam shining still. Once their religion commanded the sword; they would like to grasp it again, if they could. It was suggested that the matting might, for a backsheesh, be rolled up and put away, as the place was small. But the stern old keeper remained inflexible. Then the offer was made that so many piasters—ten (that is, fifty cents)—would be given

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to the blind. Now the blind are sacred in Cairo; this offer, therefore, was successful; all the matting was carefully rolled and stacked in a corner, the three or four Muslims present withdrew to the door, and the unbeliever was allowed to enter. She found herself in a temple of color which was incredibly rich. The floor was of delicate marble, and every inch of the walls was covered with a mosaic of porphyry and jasper, adorned with gilded inscriptions and bands of Kufic text; the tall pulpit, made of mahogany-colored wood, was carved from top to bottom in intricate designs, and ornamented with odd little plaques of fretted bronze; the sacred niche was lined with alabaster, turquoise, and gleaming mother-of-pearl; the only light came through the thick glass of the small windows far above, in downward-falling rays of crimson, violet, and gold. The old mosaic-work of the Cairo mosques is composed of small plates of marble and of mother-of-pearl arranged in geometrical designs; the delicacy of the minute cubes employed, and the intricacy of the patterns, are marvellous; the color is faint, unless turquoise has been added; but the glitter of the mother-of-pearl gives the whole an appearance like that of jewelry. Upon our departure five blind men were found drawn up in a line at the door. It would not have been difficult to collect fifty.

Another day, as my donkey was taking me under a stone arch, I saw on one side a flight of steps which seemed to say "Come!" At the top of the steps I found a picture. It was a mosque of the early pattern, with a large square court open to the sky. In the centre of this court was a well, under a marble dome, and here grew half a dozen palm-trees. Across the far end extended the sanctuary, which was approached through arcades of massive pillars painted in dark red bands. The pulpit was so old that it had lost its beauty; but

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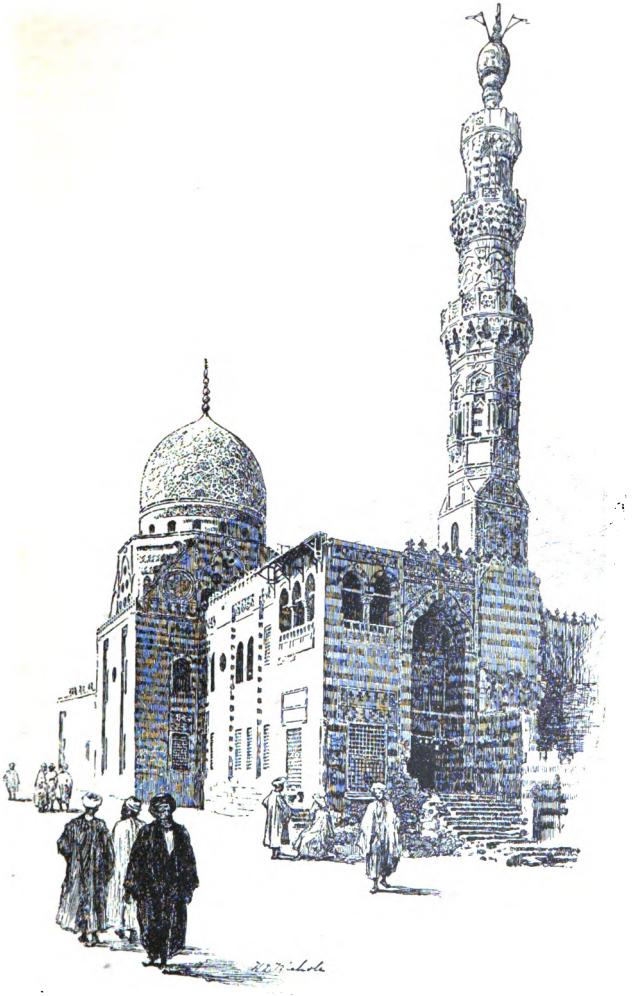

TOMB-MOSQUE OF KAIT BEY

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the entire back wall of this Mecca side was covered with beautiful tiles of the old Cairo tints (turquoise-blue and dark blue), in designs of foliage, with here and there an entire tree. This splendid wall was in itself worth a journey. A few single tiles had been inserted at random in the great red columns, reminding one of the majolica plates which tease the eyes of those who care for such things—set impossibly high as they are—in the campaniles of old Italian churches along the Pisan coast.

It may be asked, What is the shape of a mosque—its exterior? What is it like? You are more sure about this shape before you reach the Khedive's city than you are when you have arrived there; and after you have visited three or four mosques each day for a week, the clearness of your original idea, such as it was, has vanished forever. The mosques of Cairo are so embedded in other structures, so surrounded and pushed and elbowed by them, that you can see but little of their external form; sometimes a façade painted in stripes is visible, but often a doorway is all. One must except the mosque of Sultan Hassan (which, to some of us, is dangerously like Aristides the Just). This mosque stands by itself, so that you can, if you please, walk round it. The chief interest of the walk (for the exterior, save for the deep porch, which can hardly be called exterior, is not beautiful) lies in the thought that as the walls were constructed of stones brought from the pyramids, perhaps among them, with faces turned inward, there may be blocks of that lost outer coating of the giant tombs—a coating which was covered with hieroglyphics. Now that hieroglyphics can be read, we may some day learn the true history of these monuments by pulling down a dozen of the Cairo mosques. But unless the commission bestirs itself, that task will not be needed for the edifice of Sultan Hassan; it is

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coming down, piece by piece, unaided. The mosques of Cairo are not beautiful as a Greek temple or an early English cathedral is beautiful; the charm of Saracenic architecture lies more in decoration than in the management of massive forms. The genius of the Arabian builders manifested itself in ornament, in rich effects of color; they had endless caprices, endless fancies, and expressed them all—as well they might, for all were beautiful. The same free spirit carved the grotesques of the old churches of France and Germany. But the Arabians had no love for grotesques; they displayed their liberty in lovely fantasies. Their one boldness as architects was the minaret.

It is probably the most graceful tower that has ever been devised. In Cairo the rich fretwork of its decorations and the soft yellow hue of the stone of which it is constructed add to this beauty. Invariably slender, it decreases in size as it springs towards heaven, carrying lightly with it two or three external galleries, which are supported by stalactites, and ending in a miniature cupola and crescent. These stalactites (variously named, also, pendentives, recessed clusters, and honeycombed work) may be called the distinctive feature of Saracenic architecture. They were used originally as ornaments to mask the transition from a square court to the dome. But they soon took flight from that one service, and now they fill Arabian corners and angles and support Arabian curves so universally that for many of us the mere outline of one scribbled on paper brings up the whole pageant of the crescent-topped domes and towers of the East.

The Cairo mosques are said to show the purest existing forms of Saracenic architecture. One hopes that this saying is true, for a dogmatic superlative of this sort is a rock of comfort, and one can remember it and repeat it. With the best of memories, however,

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one cannot intelligently see all these specimens of purity, unless, indeed, one takes up his residence in Cairo (and it is well known that when one lives in a place one never pays visits to those lions which other persons journey thousands of miles to see). Travellers, therefore, very soon choose a favorite and abide by it, vaunting it above all others, so that you hear of El Ghouri, with its striking façade and magnificent ceiling, as "the finest," and of Kalaoon as "the finest," and of Moaiyud as ditto; not to speak of those who prefer the venerable Touloun and Amer, and the undiscriminating crowd that is satisfied, and rightly, with Aristides the Just—that is, the mosque of Sultan Hassan. For myself, after acknowledging to a weakness for the mosques which are not in the guide-books, which possess no slippers, I confess that I admire most the tomb-mosque of Kait Bey. It is outside of Cairo proper, among those splendid half-ruined structures the so-called tombs of the Khalifs. It stands by itself, its chiselled dome and minaret, a lace-work in stone, clearly revealed. It would take pages to describe the fanciful beauty of every detail, both without and within, and there must, in any case, come an end of repeating the words "elegance," "mosaic," "minaret," "arabesque," "jasper," and "mother-of-pearl." The chief treasures of this mosque are two blocks of rose granite which bear the so-called impressions of the feet of Mohammed; the legend is that he rests here for a moment or two at sunset every Thursday. "How well I understand this fancy of the prophet!" exclaimed an imaginative visitor. "How I wish I could do the same!"

THE GIZEH MUSEUM

One of the great events of the winter of 1890 was the opening of the new Museum of Egyptian Antiqui-

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ties at Gizeh. This magnificent collection, which until recently has been ill-housed at Boulak, is now installed in another suburb, Gizeh, in one of the large summer palaces built by the former Khedive, Ismail. To reach it one passes through the new quarter and crosses the handsome Nile bridge. Not only are all these streets watered, but the pedestrian also can have water if he likes. Large earthen jars, propped by framework of wood, stand here and there, with the drinking-bottle, or kulleh, attached; these jars are replenished by the sakkahs, who carry the much-loved Nile water about the streets for sale. One passes at regular intervals the light stands, made of split sticks, upon which is offered for sale, in flat loaves like pancakes, the Cairo bread. There are also the open-air cook shops—small furnaces, like a tin pan with legs; spread out on a board before them are saucers containing mysterious compounds, and the cook is in attendance, wearing a white apron. These cooks never lack custom; a large majority of the poorer class in Cairo obtains its hot food, when it obtains it at all, at these impromptu tables. Before long one is sure to meet a file of camels. The camel ought to appreciate travellers; there is always a tourist murmuring "Oh!" whenever one of these supercilious beasts shows himself near the Ezbekiyeh Gardens. The American, indeed, cannot keep back the exclamation; perhaps when he was a child he attended (oh, happy day!) the circus, and watched with ecstasy the "Grande Orientale Rentrée of the Lights of the Harem"—two of these strange steeds, ridden by dazzling houris in veils of glittering gauze. The camel has remained in his mind ever since as the attendant of sultanas; though this impression may have become mixed in later years with the constantly recurring painting (in a dead-gold frame and red mat) of a camel and an Arab in the desert, outlined against a sunset sky. In either

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case, however, the animal represents something which is as far as possible from an American street traversed by horse-cars, and when the inhabitant of this street sees the identical creature passing him, engaged not in making rentrées or posing against the sunset, but diligently at work carrying stones and mortar for his living, no wonder he feels that he has reached a land of dreams.

Most of us do not lose our admiration for the Orientalness of the camel. But we learn in time that he has been praised for qualities which he does not possess. He is industrious, but he continually scolds about his industry; he may not trouble one with his thirst, but he revenges himself by his sneer. The smile of a camel is the most disdainful thing I know. On the other side of the Nile bridge one comes sometimes upon an acre of these beasts, all kneeling down in the extraordinary way peculiar to them, with their hind-legs turned up; here they chew as they rest, and put out their long necks to look at the passers-by. But the way to appreciate the neck of a camel is to be on a donkey; then, when the creature comes up behind and lopes past you, his neck seems to be the highest thing in Cairo—higher than a mosque.

Beyond the bridge the road to Gizeh follows the river. Gizeh itself is the typical Nile village, with the low, clustered houses built of Nile mud (which looks like yellow-brown stucco), and beautiful feathery palms with a minaret or two rising above. The palace stands apart from the village, and is surrounded by large gardens. Opposite the central portico is the tomb of Mariette Pasha, the founder of the museum—a high sarcophagus designed from an antique model. Mariette Pasha (it may be mentioned here that the title Pasha means General, and that of Bey, Colonel) was a native of Boulogne. A mummy case in the museum of that

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town of schools first attracted his attention towards Egyptian antiquities, and in 1850 he came to Egypt. Khedive Said authorized him to found a museum; and Said's successor, Ismail, conferred upon him the exclusive right to make excavations, placing in his charge all the antiquities of Egypt. Mariette used these powers with intelligence and energy, giving the rest of his life to the task—a period of thirty years. He died in Cairo, at the age of sixty-one, in January, 1882. This Frenchman made many important discoveries, and he preserved to Egypt her remaining antiquities; before his time her treasures had been stolen and bought by all the world. A thought which haunts all travellers in this strange country is, how many more rich stores must still remain hidden! The most generally interesting among the recent discoveries was the finding of the Pharaohs, in 1881. The story has been given to the world in print, therefore it will be only outlined here. But by far the most fortunate way is to hear it directly from the lips of the keeper of the museum, Emil Brugsch Bey himself, his vivid, briefly direct narration adding the last charm to the striking facts. By the museum authorities it had been for several years suspected that some one at Luxor (Thebes) had discovered a hitherto unopened tomb; for funeral statuettes, papyri, and other objects, all of importance, were offered for sale there, one by one, and bought by travellers, who, upon their return to Cairo, displayed the treasures, without comprehending their value. Watch was kept, and suspicion finally centred upon a family of brothers; these Arabs at last confessed, and one of them led the way to a place not far from the temple called Deir-el-Bahari, which all visitors to Thebes will remember. Here, filled with sand, there was a shaft not unlike a well, which the man had discovered by chance. When the sand was removed, the opening of a

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lateral tunnel was visible below, and this tunnel led into the heart of the hill, where, in a rude chamber twenty feet high, were piled thirty or more mummy cases, most of them decorated with the royal asp. The mummies proved to be those of Sethi the First, the conqueror who carried his armies as far into Asia as the Orontes; and of Rameses the Great (called Sesostris by the Greeks), the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites; and of Sethi the Second, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, together with other sovereigns and members of their families, princes, princesses, and priests. At some unknown period these mummies had been taken from the magnificent rock tombs in that terrible Apocalyptic Valley of the Kings, not far distant, and hidden in this rough chamber. No one knows why this was done; a record of it may yet be discovered. But in time all knowledge of the hiding-place was lost, and here the Pharaohs remained until that July day in 1881. They were all transported across the burning plain and down the Nile to Cairo. Now at last they repose in state in an apartment which might well be called a throne-room. You reach this great cruciform hall by a handsome double stairway; upon entering, you see the Pharaohs ranged in a majestic circle, and careless though you may be, unhistorical, practical, you are impressed. The features are distinct. Some of the dark faces have dignity; others show marked resolution and power. Curiously enough, one of them closely resembles Voltaire. This, however, is probably due to the fact that Voltaire closely resembled a mummy while living. How would it seem, the thought that beings who are to come into existence A.D. 5000 should be able, in the land which we now call the United States of America (what will it be called then?), to gaze upon the features of some of our Presidents—for instance, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? I am afraid that the

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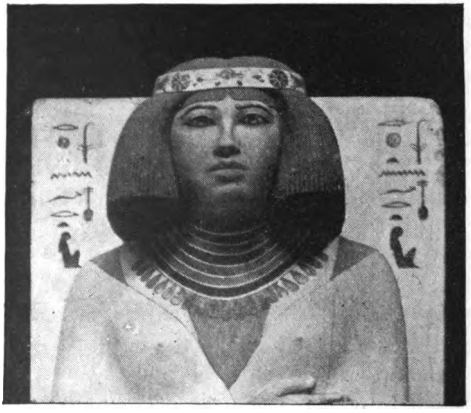
fancy is not as striking as it should be, for New World ambition grasps without difficulty all futures, even A.D. 25,000; it is only when our eyes are turned towards the past, where we have no importance and represent nothing, that an enumeration of centuries overpowers us—a little. But in any case, after visiting Egypt, we all learn to hate the art of the embalmer; those who have been up the Nile, and beheld the poor relics of mortality offered for sale on the shores, become, as it were by force, advocates of cremation.

The Gizeh Museum is vast; days are required to see all its treasures. Among the best of these are two col-



STATUE OF PRINCE RAHOTEP'S WIFE

Gizeh Museum.—Discovered in 1870 in a tomb near Meydoom.—According to the chronological table of Mariette, it is 5800 years old.—From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo.

ored statues, the size of life, representing Prince Rahotep and his wife; these were discovered in 1870 in a tomb near Meydoom. Their rock-crystal eyes are so

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bright that the Arabs employed in the excavation fled in terror when they came upon the long-hidden chamber. They said that two afreets were sitting there, ready to spring out and devour all intruders. Railed in from his admirers is the intelligent, well-fed, highly popular wooden man, whose life-like expression raises a smile upon the faces of all who approach him. This figure is not in the least like the Egyptian statues of conventional type, with unnaturally placed eyes. As regards the head, it might be the likeness of a Berlin merchant of to-day, or it might be a successful American bank president after a series of dinners at Delmonico's. Yet, strange to say, this, and the wonderful diorite statue of Chafra, are the oldest sculptured figures in the world.

One is tempted to describe some of the other treasures of this precious and unrivalled collection, as well as to note in detail the odd contrasts between Ismail's gayly flowered walls and the solemn antiquities ranged below them. "But here is no space," as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu would have expressed it. And one of the curious facts concerning description is that those who have with their own eyes seen the statue, for instance, which is the subject of a writer's pen (and it is the same with regard to a landscape, or a country, or whatever you please)—such persons sometimes like to read an account of it, though the words are not needed to bring up the true image of the thing delineated, whereas those who have never seen the statue—that is, the vast majority—are, as a general rule, not in the least interested in any description of it, long or short, and, indeed, consider all such descriptions a bore.

At present the one fault of Gizeh is the absence of a catalogue. But catalogues are a mysterious subject, comprehended only by the elect.

One day when I was passing the hot hours in the

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shaded rooms of the museum, surrounded by seated granite figures with their hands on their knees (the coolest companions I know), I heard chattering and laughter. These are unusual sounds in those echoing halls, where unconsciously everybody whispers, partly because of the echo, and partly also, I think, on account of the mystic mummy cases which stand on end and look at one so queerly with their oblique eyes. Presently there came into view ten or twelve Cairo ladies, followed by eunuchs, and preceded by a guide. The eunuchs were (as eunuchs generally are) hideous, though they represented all ages, from a tall lank boy of seventeen to a withered old creature well beyond sixty. The Cairo eunuchs are negroes; one distinguishes them always by the extreme care with which they are dressed. They wear coats and trousers of black broadcloth made in the latest European style, with patent-leather shoes, and they are decorated with gold chains, seal rings, and scarf-pins; they have one merit as regards their appearance—I know of but one—they do look clean. The ladies were taking their ease; the muffling black silk outer cloaks, which all Egyptian women of the upper class wear when they leave the house, had been thrown aside; the white face veils had been loosened so that they dropped below the chin. It was the hareem of the Minister for Foreign Affairs; their carriages were waiting below. The most modest of men—a missionary, for instance, or an entomologist—would, I suppose, have put them to flight; but as the tourist season was over, and as it was luncheon-time for Europeans, no one appeared but myself, and the ladies strayed hither and thither as they chose, occasionally stopping to hear a few words of the explanations which the guide (a woman also) was vainly trying to give before each important statue. With one exception, these Cairo dames were, to say the least, extremely plump; their bare hands were deeply

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THE WOODEN MAN

Gizeh Museum, near Cairo.—According to the chronological table of Mariette, this statue is over 6000 years old.—From a photograph by Brugsch Bey

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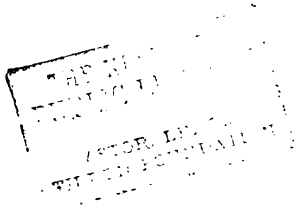

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dimpled, their cheeks round. They all had the same very white complexion without rose tints; their features were fairly good, though rather thick; the eyes in each case were beautiful—large, dark, lustrous, with sweeping lashes. Their figures, under their loose garments, looked like feather pillows. They were awkward in bearing and gait, but this might have been owing to the fact that their small plump feet (in white open-work cotton stockings) were squeezed into very tight French slippers with abnormally high heels, upon which it must have been difficult to balance so many dimples. The one exception to the rule of billowy beauty was a slender, even meagrely formed girl, who in America would pass perhaps for seventeen; probably she was three years younger. Her thin, dark, restless face, with its beautiful inquiring eyes, was several times close beside mine as we both inspected the golden bracelets and ear-rings, the necklaces and fan, of Queen Ahhotpu, our sister in vanity of three thousand five hundred years ago. I looked more at her than I did at the jewels, and she returned my gaze; we might have had a conversation. What would I not have given to have been able to talk with her in her own tongue! After a while they all assembled in what is called the winter garden, an up-stairs apartment, where grass grows over the floor in formal little plots. Chairs were brought, and they seated themselves amid this aerial verdure to partake of sherbet, which the youngest eunuch handed about with a business-like air. While they were still here, much relaxed as regards attire and attitude, my attention was attracted by the rush through the outer room (where I myself was seated) of the four older eunuchs. They had been idling about; they had even gone down the stairs, leaving to the youngest of their number the task of serving the sherbet; but now they all appeared again, and the swiftness with which

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they crossed the outer room and dashed into the winter-garden created a breeze. They called to their charges as they came, and there was a general smoothing down of draperies. The eunuchs, however, stood upon no ceremony; they themselves attired the ladies in the muffling cloaks, and refastened their veils securely, as a nurse dresses children, and with quite as much authority. I noticed that the handsomer faces showed no especial haste to disappear from view; but there was no real resistance; there was only a good deal of laughter.

I dare say that there was more laughter still (under the veils) when the cause of all this haste appeared, coming slowly up the stairs. It was a small man of sixty-five or seventy, one of my own countrymen, attired in a linen duster and a travel-worn high hat; his silver-haired head was bent over his guide-book, and he wore blue spectacles. I don't think he saw anything but blue antiquities, safely made of stone.

Hareem carriages (that is, ladies' carriages) in Cairo are large, heavily built broughams. The occupants wear thin white muslin or white tulle veils tied across the face under the eyes, with an upper band of the same material across the forehead; but these veils do not in reality hide the features much more closely than do the dotted black or white lace veils worn by Europeans. The muffling outer draperies, however, completely conceal the figure, and this makes the marked difference between them and their English, French, and American sisters in the other carriages near at hand. On the box of the brougham, with the coachman, the eunuch takes his place. To go out without a eunuch would be a humiliation for a Cairo wife; to her view, it would seem to say that she is not sufficiently attractive to require a guardian. The hareem carriage of a man of importance has not only its eunuch, but also its sais, or running footman; often two of them.

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These winged creatures precede the carriage; no matter how rapid the pace of the horses, they are always in advance, carrying, lightly poised in one hand, high in the air, a long lance-like wand. Their gait is the most beautiful motion I have ever seen. The Mercury of John of Bologna; the younger gods of Olympus—will these do for comparisons? One calls the sais winged not only because of his speed, but also on account of his large white sleeves (in English, angel sleeves), which, though lightly caught together behind, float out on each side as he runs, like actual wings. His costume is rich—a short velvet jacket thickly embroidered with gold; a red cap with long silken tassel; full white trousers which end at the knee, leaving the legs and feet bare; and a brilliant scarf encircling the small waist. These men are Nubians, and are admirably formed; often they are very handsome. Naturally one never sees an old one, and it is said that they die young. Their original office was to clear a passage for the carriage through the narrow, crowded streets; now that the streets are broader, they are not so frequently seen, though Egyptians of rank still employ them, not only for their hareem carriages, but for their own. They are occasionally seen, also, before the victoria or the landau of European residents; but in this case their Oriental dress accords ill with the stiff, tight Parisian costumes behind them. Now and then one sees them perched on the back seat of an English dog-cart, and here they look well; they always sit sidewise, with one hand on the back of the seat, as though ready at a moment's notice to spring out and begin flying again.

If the figures of the Cairo ladies are always well muffled, one has at least abundant opportunity to admire the grace and strength of the women of the working classes. When young they have a noble bearing.

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Their usual dress is a long gown of very dark blue cotton, a black head veil, and a thick black face veil that is kept in its place below the eyes by a gilded ornament which looks like an empty spool. Often their beautifully shaped slender feet are bare; but even the poorest are decked with anklets, bracelets, and necklaces of beads, imitation silver or brass. The men of the working classes wear blue gowns also, but the blue is of a much lighter hue; many of them, especially the farmers and farm laborers (called fellaheen), have wonderfully straight flat backs and broad, strong shoulders. Europeans, when walking, appear at a great disadvantage beside these loosely robed people; all their movements seem cramped when compared with the free, effortless step of the Arab beside them.

THE BAZAARS

One spends half one's time in the bazaars, perhaps. One admires them and adores them; but one feels that their attraction cannot be made clear to others by words. Nor can it be by the camera. There are a thousand photographic views of Cairo offered for sale, but, with the exception of an attempt at the gateway of the Khan Khaleel, not one copy of these labyrinths, which is a significant fact. Their charm comes from color, and this can be represented by the painter's brush alone. But even the painter can render it only in bits. From a selfish point of view we might perhaps be glad that there is one spot left on this earth whose characteristic aspect cannot be reproduced, either upon the wall or the pictured page, whose shimmering vistas must remain a purely personal memory. We can say to those who have in their minds the same fantastic vision, "Ah, *you* know!" But we cannot make others know. For what is the use of declaring that a

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AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN

From a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Cairo

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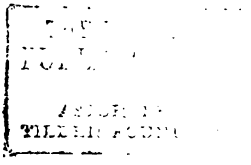

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collection of winding lanes, some of them not more than three feet broad, opening into and leading out of each other, unpaved, dirty, roofed far above, where the high stone houses end, with a lattice-work of old mats —what is the use of declaring that this maze is one of the most delightful places in the world? There is no use; one must see it to believe it.

We approach the bazaars by the Mooski, a street which has lost all its ancient attraction—which is, in fact, one of the most commonplace avenues I know. But near its end the enchantment begins, and whether we enter the flag bazaar, the lemon-colored-slipper bazaar, the gold-and-silver bazaar, the bazaar of the Soudan, the bazaar of silks and embroideries, the bazaar of Turkish carpets, or the lane of perfumes felicitously named by the donkey-boys the smell bazaar, we are soon in the condition of children before a magician's table. I defy any one to resist it. The most tired American business man looks about him with awakened interest, the lines of his face relax and turn into the wrinkles we associate with laughter, as he sees the small, frontless shops, the long-skirted merchants, and the sewing, embroidering, cross-legged crowd. The best way, indeed, to view the bazaars is to relax—to relax your ideas of time as well as of pace, and not be in a hurry about anything. Accompany some one who is buying, but do not buy yourself; then you can have a seat on the divan, and even (as a friend of the purchaser) one of those wee cups of black coffee which the merchant offers, and which, whether you like it or not, you take, because it belongs to the scene. Thus seated, you can look about at your ease.

In these days, when every one is rereading the *Arabian Nights*, the learned in Burton's translation, the outside public in Lady Burton's, even the most unmethodical of writers feels himself, in connection

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with Cairo, forced towards the inevitable allusion to Haroun. But once within the precincts of the Khan Khaleel, he does not need to have his fancy jogged by Burton or any one else; he thinks of the *Arabian Nights* instinctively, and "it's a poor tale," indeed, to quote Mrs. Poyser, if he does not meet the one-eyed calendar in the very first booth. But, as has already been said, it is useless to describe. All one can do is to set down a few impressions. One of the first of these is the charming light. The sunshine of Egypt has a great radiance, but it has also—and this is especially visible when one looks across any breadth of landscape—a pleasant quality of softness; it is a radiance which is slightly hazy and slightly golden brown, being in these respects quite unlike the pellucid white light of Greece. The Greeks frown; even the youngest of the handsome men who go about in ballet-like white petticoats and the brimless cap, has the ugly little perpendicular line between the eyes, produced by a constant knitting of the brows. Like the Greek, the Egyptian also is without protection for his eyes; the dragoman wears a small shawl over the fez, which covers the back of the neck and sides of the face, the Bedouins have a hood, but the large majority of the natives are unprotected. It is said that a Mohammedan can have no brim to his turban or tarboosh, because he must place his bare forehead upon the ground when he says his prayers, and this without removing his head-gear (which would be irreverent). However this may be, he goes about in Egypt with the sun in his eyes, though, owing to the softer quality of the light, he does not frown as the Greek frowns. For those who are not Egyptians, however, the light in Cairo sometimes seems too omnipresent; then, for refuge, they can go to the bazaars. The sunshine is here cut off horizontally by thick walls, and from above

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it is filtered through mats, whose many interstices cause a checker of light and shade in an infinite variety of unexpected patterns on the ground. This ground is watered. Somehow the air is cool; coming in from the bright streets outside is like entering an arbor. The little shops resemble cupboards; their floors are about three feet above the street. They have no doors at the back. When the merchant wishes to close his establishment, he comes out, pulls down the lid, locks it, and goes home. A picturesque characteristic is that in many cases the wares are simply sold here; they are also made, one by one, upon the spot. You can see the brass-workers incising the arabesques of their trays; you can see the armorers making arms, the ribbon-makers making ribbons, the jewellers blowing their forges, the ivory-carvers bending over their delicate task. As soon as each article is finished, it is dusted and placed upon the little shelf above, and then the apprentice sets to work upon a new one. In addition to the light, another thing one notices is the amazing way in which the feet are used. In Cairo one soon becomes as familiar with feet as one is elsewhere with hands; it is not merely that they are bare; it is that the toes appear to be prehensile, like fingers. In the bazaars the embroiderers hold their cloth with their toes; the slipper-makers, the flag-cutters, the brass-workers, the goldsmiths, employ their second set of fingers almost as much as they employ the first. Both the hands and feet of these men are well formed, slender, and delicate, and, by the rules of their religion, they are bathed five times each day.

Mosques are near where they can get water for this duty. For the bazaars are not continuous rows of shops: one comes not infrequently upon the ornamental portal of an old Arabian dwelling-house, upon the forgotten tomb of a sheykh, with its low dome; one passes

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under stone arches; often one sees the doorway of a mosque. Humble-minded dogs, who look like jackals, prowl about. The populace trudges through the narrow lanes, munching sugar-cane whenever it can get it. Another favorite food is the lettuce-plant; but the leaves, which we use for salad, the Egyptians throw away; it is the stalk that attracts them.

Lettuce-stalks are not rich food, but the bazaars of the people who eat them convey, on the whole, an impression of richness; this is owing to the sumptuousness of the prayer carpets, the gold embroideries, the gleaming silks, the Oriental brass-work with sentences from the Koran, the ivory, the ostrich plumes, the little silver bottles for kohl, the inlaid daggers, the turquoises and pearls, and the beautiful gauzes, a few of them embroidered with the motto, "I do this work for you," and on the reverse side, "And this I do for God." To some persons, the far-penetrating mystic sweetness from the perfume bazaar adds an element also. Here sit the Persian merchants in their delicate silken robes; they weigh incense on tiny scales; they sort the gold-embossed vials of attar of roses; their taper fingers move about amid whimsically small cabinets and chests of drawers filled with ambrosial mysteries. There is magic in names; these merchants are doubly interesting because they come from Ispahan! Scanderoun—there is another; how it rolls off the tongue! We do not wish for exact geographical descriptions of these places; that would spoil all. We wish to chant, like Kit Marlowe's Tamburlaine (and with similar indefiniteness):

"Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And march in triumph through Persepolis?"

"So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
. . . to Babylon, my lords; to Babylon!"

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THE NILE—COMING DOWN TO GET WATER
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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When we leave Cairo we cannot take with us the light of these labyrinths; we cannot take their colors; but one traveller, last May, having found in an antiquity-shop an ancient perfume-burner, had the inspiration of bargaining with these Persians, seated cross-legged in their aromatic niches (said traveller on a white donkey outside), for small packages of sandal and aloes wood, of myrrh, of frankincense and ambergris, of benzoin, of dried rose leaves, and of other Oriental twigs and sticks, for the purpose of summing up, later, and in less congenial climes perhaps, the spicy atmosphere, at least, of the Cairo bazaars. What would be the effect of breathing always this fragrant air? Would it give a richer life, would it tinge the cheek with warmer hues? These merchants have complexions like cream-tinted tea-roses; their dark eyes are clear, and all their movements graceful; they are very tranquil, but not in the least sleepy; they look as if they could take part in subtle arguments, and pursue the finest chains of reasoning. Would an atmosphere perfumed by these Eastern woods clarify and rarefy our denser Occidental minds?

THE NILE

As every one who comes to Cairo goes up the Nile, the river is seldom thought of as it appears during its course past the Khedive's city. This simple vision of it is overshadowed by memories of Abydos, of Karnak and Thebes, and Philæ—the great temples on its banks which have impressed one so profoundly. Perhaps they have over-impressed; possibly the tension of continuous gazing has been kept up too long. In this case the victim, with his head in his hands, is ready to echo the (extremely true) exclamation of Dudley Warner, "There is nothing on earth so tiresome as a row of stone gods standing to receive the offerings of a Tur-

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veydrop of a king!" This was the mental condition of a lady who last winter, on a Nile boat, suddenly began to sew. "I have spent nine long days on this boat, staring from morning till night. One cannot stare at a river forever, even if it *is* the Nile! Give me my thimble."

One is not obliged to leave Cairo in order to see examples of the smaller silhouettes of the great river—the shadoofs or irrigating machines, the rows of palm-trees, the lateen yards clustered near a port, and always and forever the women coming down the bank to get water from the yellow tide. These processions of women are the most characteristic "Nile scene with figures" of the present day. I am not sure but that one of their jars, or the smaller gray kulleh (which by evaporation keeps the water deliciously cool), would evoke "Egypt" more quickly in the minds of most of us than even the portrait of Cleopatra herself on the back wall at Denderah. If one is staying in Cairo after the tremendous voyage is over, one wanders to the banks every now and then to gaze anew at the broad, monotonous stream. It comes from the last remaining unknown territory of our star, and this very year has seen that space grow smaller. Round about it stand to-day five or six of the civilized nations, who have formed a battue, and are driving in the game. The old river had a secret, one of the three secrets of the world; but though the North and South Poles still remain unmapped, the annual rise of its waters will be strange no longer when Lado is a second Birmingham. How will it seem when we can telephone to Sennaar (perhaps to that ambassador beloved by readers of the Easy Chair), or when there is early closing in Darfur?

At Cairo, when one rides or drives, one almost always crosses the Nile; but Cairo herself does not cross. Her more closely built quarters do not even come

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down to the shore. The Nile and Cairo are two distinct personalities; they are not one and indivisible, as the Nile and Thebes are one, the Nile and Philæ.

The river at Cairo has a dull appearance. Its only beauty comes from the towering snow-white sails of the dahabeeyahs and trading craft that crowd the stream. It is true that these have a great charm.

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

In the old quarters this is Arabian. The beauty lies largely in the latticed balconies called mouchrabiyehs, which overhang the narrow roadways. These bay-windows sometimes stud the façades thickly, now large, now small, but always a fretwork of delicate wood-carving. Often from the bay projects a second and smaller oriel, also latticed. This is the place for the water jar, the current of air through the lattices keeping the water cool. An Arabian house has no windows on the ground-floor in its outer wall save small air-holes placed very high, but above are these mouchrabiyehs, which are made of bits of cedar elaborately carved in geometrical designs. The small size of the pieces is due to the climate, the heats of the long summer would warp larger surfaces of wood; but the delicacy and intricacy of the carving are a work of supererogation due to Arabian taste. From the mouchrabiyehs the inmates can see the passers-by, but the passers-by cannot see the inmates, an essential condition for the carefully guarded privacy of the family.

There is in Cairo a personage unconnected with the government who, among the native population, is almost as important as the Khedive himself; this is the Sheykh Ahmed Mohammed es Sadat, the only descendant in the direct line of the Prophet Mohammed now living. He has the right to many native titles, though

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he does not put them on his quiet little visiting-card, which bears only his name and a mysterious monogram in Arabic. By Europeans he is called simply the Sheykh (the word means chief) es Sadat. The ancestral dwelling of the sheykh shares in its master's distinction. It is pointed out, and, when permission can be obtained, visited. It is a typical specimen of Saracenic domestic architecture, and has always remained in the possession of the family, for whom it was first erected eight hundred years ago. There are in Cairo other Arabian houses as beautiful and as ancient as this. By diplomatic (and mercenary) arts I gained admittance to three, one of which has walls studded with jasper and mother-of-pearl. But these exquisite chambers, being half ruined, fill the mind with wicked temptations. One longs to lay hands upon the tiles, to bargain for an inscription or for a small oriel with the furtive occupants, who have no right to sell, the real owners being Arabs of ancient race, who would refuse to strip their walls, however crumbling, for unbelievers from contemptible, paltry lands beyond the sea. The house of the Sheykh es Sadat may not leave one tranquil, for it is tantalizingly picturesque, but at least it does not inspire larceny; the presence of many servitors prevents that. To reach this residence one leaves (gladly) the Boulevard Mohammed Ali, and takes a narrower thoroughfare, the Street of the Sycamores, which bends towards the south. This lane winds as it goes, following the course of the old canal, the Khaleeg, and one passes many of the public fountains, or sebeels, which are almost as numerous in Cairo as the mosques. A fountain in Arab signification does not mean a jet of water, but simply a place where water can be obtained. The sebeels are beautiful structures, often having marble walls, a dome, and the richest kind of ornament. The water is either dipped with a cup from the basin with-

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MOUCHRABIYEHS IN THE OLD QUARTER

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in, or drawn from the brass mouth-pieces placed outside. Nothing could represent better, I think, the difference between the East and the West than one of these elaborate fountains, covering, in a crowded quarter, the space which might have been occupied by two or three small houses, adorned with carved stone-work, slabs of porphyry, and long inscriptions in gilt, and an iron town pump, its erect slenderness taking up no space at all, and its excellent if unbeautiful handle standing straight out against the sky.

A narrow lane, leaving the Street of the Sycamores, burrows still more deeply into the heart of the quarter, and at last brings us to a porch which juts into the roadway, masking, as is usual in Cairo, the real doorway, which is within. Upon entering, one finds himself in a quadrilateral court, which is open to the sky. An old sycamore shades several latticed windows, among them one which contains three of the smaller oriels; this portion of the second story rests upon an antique marble column. On one side of the column is the low, rough archway leading to the porch; on the other, the high decorated marble entrance of the reception-hall. For in Arabian houses all the magnificence is kept for the interior. In the streets one sees only plain stone walls, which are often hidden under a stucco of mud, more or less peeled off, so that they look half ruined. In the old quarters of Cairo, among the private houses, one obtains, indeed (unless one has an invitation to enter), a general impression of ruin. At the back of the sheykh's court is the stairway to the hareem, the entrance masked by a gayly colored curtain. Across another side extends the private mosque, only half hidden by an ornamented grating. One can see the interior and the high pulpit decked with the green flag of the Prophet. The walls which encircle the court, and which are embellished here and there with Arabic inscrip-

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tions, are of differing heights, as they form parts of separate structures which have been erected at various periods through the eight centuries. The place is, in fact, an agglomeration of houses, and some of the older chambers are crumbling and roofless. The central court (which shows its age only in a picturesque trace or two) is adorned with at least twenty beautiful mouchrabi-yehs, some large, some small, and no two on the same level. A charm of Saracenic architecture is that you can always make discoveries, nothing is stereotyped; of a dozen delicate rosettes standing side by side under a balcony, no two are carved in the same design.

In a room which stretches back to the garden—and which at the time of our visit was empty, save for a row of antique silver-gilt coffee-pots standing on the marble floor—there is a long, low window, like a band in the wall, formed of small carved lattices. The hand of Abbey only, I think, could reproduce the beauty of this casement; but instead of the charming seventeenth-century English girls whom he would wish to place there, realism would demand the hideous eunuchs, with their gold chains and scarf-pins; or else (and this would be better) the dignified old Arab in a white turban who sat cross-legged in the court with his long pipe, his half-closed eyes expressing his disdain for the American visitors. The courtesy of the master of the house, however, made up for his servitor's scorn. The sheykh is a tall man, somewhat too portly, with amiable dark eyes, and a gleam of humor in his face. One scans his features with interest, as if to catch some reflection of the Prophet; but the rays from an ancestor who walked the earth twelve hundred years ago are presumably faint. There is nothing modern in the sheykh's attire; his handsome flowing gown is of silk; he wears a turban, slippers, and an India shawl wound round his waist like a sash. When the air is cool, he shrouds him-

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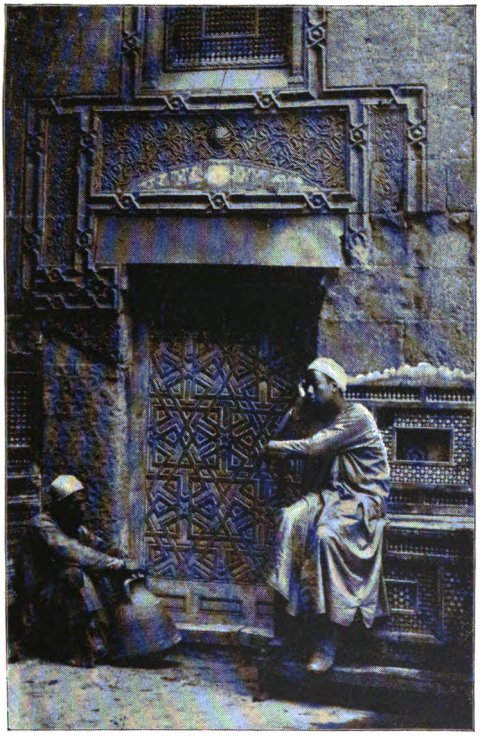

INTERIOR COURT OF A NATIVE HOUSE, CAIRO
From a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Cairo

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self in a large outer cloak of fine dark blue cloth, which is lined with white fur. Sometimes Signor Ahmed carries in his hand the Mohammedan rosary. This string of beads appears to be used as Madame de Staël used her "little stick," as the English called it (in Italy, more poetically, they named it "a twig of laurel"). Corrinne must always have this beside her plate at dinner to play with before she conversed, or rather declaimed. Her maid, in confidence, explained that it was necessary to madame "to stimulate her ideas." One often sees the rosary on duty when two Turks are conversing. After a while, their subjects failing them, they fall into silence. Then each draws out his string from a pocket, and they play with their beads for a moment or two, until, inspiration reviving, they begin talking again. One hopes that poor Ahmed Mohammed has not been driven to his string too often as mental support during dumb visits from Anglo-Saxon tourists, who can do nothing but stare at him. The sheykh's reception-hall is forty feet wide and sixty feet long. The ceiling, which has the Saracenic pendentives in the corners and under the beams, is of wood, gilded and painted and carved in the characteristic style which one vainly tries to describe. Travellers have likened it to an India shawl; to me it seemed to approach more nearly the wrong side of a Persian scarf, which shows the many-hued silken ravellings. The effect, as a whole, though extraordinarily rich, is yet subdued. The walls are encrusted with old blue tiles which mount to the top. At one end of the room there is a beautiful wall-fountain. And now comes the other side of the story. To enjoy all this beauty, you must not look down; for, alas! the marble floor is tightly covered with a modern French carpet; chairs and tables of the most ordinary modern designs have taken the place of the old divans; and these tables, furthermore, are ornamented with hid-

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eous bouquets of artificial flowers under glass. Finally, the tiles which have fallen from the lower part of the walls have not been replaced by others; a coarse fresco has been substituted. What would not one give to see the sheyhk, who is himself a purely Oriental figure, seated in this splendid hall of his fathers as it once was, on one of the now superseded divans, the marbles of his floor uncovered save for his discarded Turkish rugs, the fountain sending forth its rose-water spray, perfume burning in the silver receivers, and no encumbering furniture save piles of brocaded cushions and a jar or two on the gilded shelf.

But we shall never see this. In 1889, 180,594 travellers crossed Egypt by way of the Suez Canal. In this item of statistics we have the reason.

THE PYRAMIDS

For those who have fair eyesight the pyramids of Gizeh are a part of Cairo; their gray tiangles against the sky are visible from so many points that they soon become as familiar as a neighboring hill. In addition, they have been pictured to us so constantly in paintings, drawings, engravings, and photographs that one views them at first more with recognition than surprise. "There they are! How natural!" And this long familiarity makes one shrink from arranging phrases about them.

One thing, however, can be said: when we are in actual fact under them, when we can touch them, our easy acquaintance vanishes, and we suddenly perceive that we have never comprehended them in the least. The strange geometrical walls effect a spiritual change in us; they free us from ourselves for a moment, and unconsciously we look back across the past to which they belong, and into the future, of which they are a

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part much more than we are, as unmindful of our own little cares and occupations, and even our own small lives, as though we had never been chained to them. It is but a fleeting second, perhaps, that this mental emancipation lasts, but it is a second worth having!

One drives to the pyramids in an hour, over a macadamized road. The perennial stories about trouble with the Bedouins belong to the past. Soldiers and policemen guard the sands as they guard the Cairo streets, and the proffer of false antiquities is not more pressing, perhaps, than the demands of the beggars in town. These three pyramids of Gizeh are those we think of before we have visited Egypt. But there are others; including the small ones and those which are ruined, seventy have been counted in twenty-five miles from Cairo to Meydoom, and pyramids are to be seen in other parts of Egypt. The stories concerning Gizeh and the travellers who, from Herodotus down, have visited the colossal tombs, are innumerable. I do not know why the one about Lepsius should seem to me amusing. This learned man and his party, who were sent to Egypt by King Frederick William of Prussia in 1842, celebrated that king's birthday by singing in chorus the Prussian national anthem in the centre of Cheops. The Bedouins in attendance reported outside that they had "prayed all together a loud general prayer."

In connection with the pyramids, the English may be said to have devoted themselves principally to measurements. The genius of the French, which is ever that of expression, has invented the one great sentence about them. So far, the Americans have done nothing by which to distinguish themselves; but their time will come, perhaps. One fancies that Edison will have something to do with it. In the meanwhile modernity is already there. There is a hotel at the foot of Cheops,

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and one hardly knows whether to laugh or to cry when one sees lawn-tennis going on there daily.

But no matter what lies before us — even if they should pave the desert, and establish an English tramway (or a line of American horse-cars) to the Sphinx —these mighty masses cannot be belittled. There is something in the pyramids which overawes our boasted civilization. In their presence this seems trivial; it seems an impertinence.

THE COPTS

The most interesting of the Coptic churches are at Old Cairo, a mother suburb, where the first city was founded by the conquering Arabian army. Here, ensconced amid hill-like mounds of rubbish, concealed behind mud walls, hidden at the end of blind alleys, one finds the temples of these native Christians, who are the descendants of the converts of St. Mark. The exterior walls have no importance. In truth, one seldom sees them, for the churches are within other structures. Some of them form part of old fortified convents; one is reached by passing through the dwelling-rooms of an inhabited house; another is up-stairs in a Roman tower. You arrive somehow at a door. When this is opened, you find yourself in a church whose general aspect is rough, and whose aisles are adorned with dust and sometimes with dirt. But these temples have their treasures. Chief among them are the high choir screens of dark wood, elaborately carved in panels, and decorated with morsels of ivory which have grown yellow from age. The sculpture is not open-work; it does not go through the panel; it is done in relief. The designs are Saracenic, but these geometrical patterns are interrupted every now and then by Christian emblems and by the Coptic cross. The style of this wood-carving

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A DONKEY RIDE

is unique; no other sculpture resembles it. If it does not quite attain beauty, it is at least very odd and rich. There are also carved doors representing Scriptural subjects, marble pulpits, singular bronze candlesticks, brass censers adorned with little bells, silver-gilt gospel-cases, embroidered vestments, silver marriage-diadems, ostrich eggs in metal cases, and old Byzantine paintings, often representing St. George, for St. George is the patron saint of the Copts.

These people esteem themselves to be the true descendants of the ancient Egyptians, as distinguished from the conquering race of Arabians who have now overrun their land. It is a comical idea, but they call

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upon us to note their close resemblance to the mummies. Early converts to Christianity, they have remained faithful to their belief amid the Mohammedan population all about them. It must be mentioned, however, that they had been pronounced heretics by the Council of Chalcedon before the Arabian conquest; for they had refused to worship the human nature of Christ, revering His divine nature alone. They are the guardians of the Christian legends of Egypt. In a crypt under one of their churches they show two niches. One, they say, was the sleeping-place of Joseph, and the other of the Virgin and Child, during the flight into Egypt. Near Heliopolis is an ancient tree, under whose branches the Holy Family are supposed to have rested when the sunshine was too hot for further travelling.

There are between four and five hundred thousand Copts in Egypt. It may be mentioned here that the Christians of the country, including all branches of the faith, number to-day about six hundred thousand, or one-tenth of the population. The Copts are the book-keepers and scribes; they are also the jewellers and embroiderers. Their ancient tongue has fallen into disuse, and is practically a dead language. They now use Arabic, like all the rest of the nation; but the speech survives in their church service, a part of which is still given in the old tongue, though it is said that even the priests themselves do not always understand what they are saying, having merely learned the sentences by heart, so that they can repeat them as a matter of form. Copts have been converted to Protestantism during these latter days by the American missionaries.

They are not, in appearance, an attractive people. Their convents and churches, at least in Cairo and its neighborhood, are so hidden away, inaccessible, and

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dirty that they are but slightly appreciated by the majority of travellers, who spend far more of their time among the mosques of Mohammed. But both the people and their ancient language are full of interest from an historical point of view. They form a field for research which will give some day rich results. A little has been done, and well done; but much still remains hidden. It has yet to be dug out by the learned. Then it must be translated by the middle-men into those agreeable little histories which, with agreeable little tunes, agreeable little stories, and agreeable little pictures, are the delight of the many.

KIEF

The large modern cafés of Cairo are imitations of the cafés of Paris. They are uninteresting, save that one sees under their awnings, or at the little tables within, the stambouline in all its glory and ugliness—that is, the heavy black frock-coat with stiff collar, which, with the fez or tarboosh, is the appointed costume for all persons who are employed by the government. The stranger, observing the large number of men of all ages in this attire, is led to the conclusion that the government must employ many thousands of persons in Cairo alone; but probably there is a permitted usage in connection with it, like that mysterious legend—"By especial appointment to the Queen"—which one sees so often in England inscribed over the doors of little shops in provincial High Streets, where the inns have names which to Americans are as fantastic as anything in "Tartarin;" the "White Horse;" the "Crab and Lobster;" the "Three Choughs;" and the "Five Alls."

The native cafés have much more local color than the homes of the stambouline. Outside are rows of

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high wooden settees, upon which the patrons of the establishment sit cross-legged, their slippers left on the ground below. One often sees a row of Arabs squatting here, holding no communication with each other, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, enjoying for the moment an absolute rest. This period of daily repose, called kief, is a necessity for Egyptians. It has its overweight, its excess, in the smoking of hasheesh, which is one of the curses of the land; but thousands of the people who never touch hasheesh would understand as little how to get through their day without this interregnum as without eating; in fact, eating is less important to them.

The Egyptian often takes his rest at the café. When the American sees Achmet and Ibrahim, who have attended to some of his errands for infinitesimal wages—men whose sole possessions are the old cotton gowns on their backs—when he sees them squatted in broad daylight at the café, smoking the long pipes and slowly drinking the Mocha coffee, it appears to him an inexplicable idleness, an incurable self-indulgence. It is idleness, no doubt, but associations should not be mixed with the subject. To the American the little cup of after-dinner coffee seems a luxury. He does not always stop to remember that Achmet's coffee is, very possibly, all the dinner he is to have; that it has been preceded by nothing since daylight but a small piece of Egyptian bread, and that it will be followed by nothing before bedtime but a mouthful of beans or a lettuce-stalk. The daily rest is by no means taken always at the café. Egyptians also take it at the baths, where, after the final douche, they spend half an hour in motionless ease. For those who have not the paras for the café or the bath, the mosques offer their shaded courts. When there is no time to seek another place, the men take their rest wherever they are. One often

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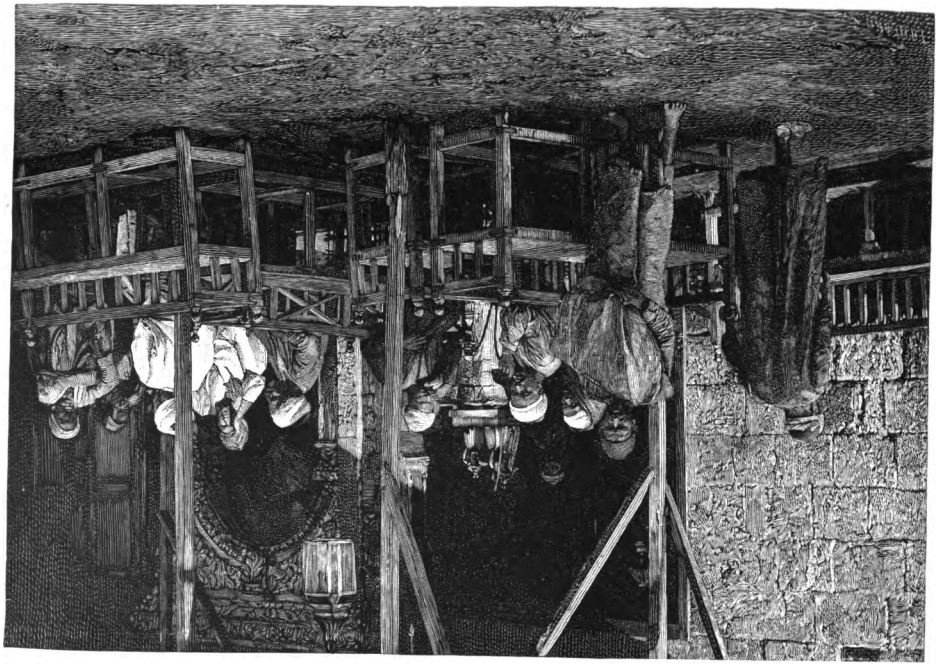

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sees them lying asleep, or apparently asleep, in their booths at the bazaars. The very beggars draw their rags round them, cover their faces, and lie down close to a wall in the crowded lanes.

At the cafés, during another stage of the rest, games are played, the favorites being dominos, backgammon, and chess. Sometimes a story-teller entertains the circle. He narrates the deeds of Antar and legends of adventure; he also tells stories from the Bible, such as the tale of the flood, or of Daniel in the den of lions. Sometimes he recites, in Arabic, the poems of Omar Khayyam.

> "I sent my soul through the invisible,
> Some letter of that after-life to spell;
> And by-and-by my soul returned to me,
> And answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell!'"

This verse of the Persian poet might be taken as the motto of kief; for if the heaven or hell of each person is simply the condition of his own mind, then if he is able every day to reduce his mind, even for a half-hour only, to a happy tranquillity which has forgotten all its troubles, has he not gained that amount of paradise?

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II

احب العرب لثلاث لانى عربى والقران عربى وكلام اهل الجنة عربى "I LOVE the Arabian language for three reasons: because I am an Arab myself; because the Koran is in Arabic; because Arabic is the language of Paradise." This hadith, or saying, of Mohammed might be put upon the banner of the old university of Cairo, El Azhar; that is, the Splendid. El Azhar was founded in the tenth century, when Cairo itself was hardly more than a name. In its unmoved attachment to the beliefs of its founders, to their old enthusiasms, their methods and hates, El Azhar has opposed an inflexible front to the advance of European ideas, sending out year after year its hundreds of pupils to all parts of Egypt and to Nubia, to the Soudan and to Morocco, to Turkey, Arabia, and Syria, to India and Ceylon, and to the borders of Persia, believing that so long as it could keep the education of the young in its grasp the reign of the Prophet was secure. It is to-day the most important Mohammedan college in the world; for though it has no longer the twenty thousand students who crowded its courts in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there is still an annual attendance of from seven to ten thousand; by some authorities the number is given as twelve thousand. The twelve thousand have no academic groves; they have not even one tree. There

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is nothing sequestered about El Azhar; it is near the bazaars in the old part of the town, where the houses are crowded together like wasps' nests. One sees nothing of it as one approaches save the minarets above, and in the narrow, crowded lane an outer portal. Here the visitor must show his permit and put on the mosque-shoes, for El Azhar was once a mosque, and is now mosque and university combined. After the shoes are on he steps over the low bar, and finds himself within the porch, which is a marvel as it stands, with its fret-work, carved stones, faded reds, and those old plaques of inscription which excite one's curiosity so desperately, and which no dragoman can ever translate, no matter in how many languages he can complacently ask, "You satisfi?" One soon learns something of the older tongue; hieroglyphics are not difficult; any one with eyes can discover after a while that the A of the ancient Egyptians is, often, a bird who bears a strong resemblance to a pigeon; that their L is a lion; and that the name of the builder of the Great Pyramid, for instance, is represented by a design which looks like two freshly hatched chickens, a football, and a horned lizard (speaking, of course, respectfully of them all). But one can never find out the meaning of the tantalizing characters, so many thousand years nearer our own day, which confront us, surrounded by arabesques, over old Cairo gateways, across the fronts of the street fountains, or inscribed in faded gilt on the crumbling walls of mosques. It is probable that they are Kufic, and one would hardly demand, I suppose, that an English guide should read black-letter? But who can be reasonable in the land of Aladdin's Lamp?

The porch leads to the large central court, which is open to the sky, the breeze, and the birds; and this last is not merely a possibility, for birds of all kinds are numerous in Egypt, and unmolested. On the pavement of

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this court, squatting in groups, are hundreds of the turbaned students, some studying aloud, some reading aloud (it is always aloud), some listening to a professor (who also squats), some eating their frugal meals, some mending their clothes, and some merely chatting. These groups are so many and so close together that often the visitor can only make the circuit of the place on its outskirts; he cannot cross. There is generally a carrier of drinking-water making his rounds amid the serried ranks. "For whoever is thirsty, here is water from God," he chants. One is almost afraid to put down the melodious phrase, for the street cries of Cairo have become as trite as the *Ranz des Vaches* of Switzerland. Still, some of them are so imaginative and quaint that they should be rescued from triteness and made classic. Here is one which is chanted by the seller of vegetables — the best beans, it should be explained, come from Embebeh, beyond Boulak — "Help, O Embebeh, help! The beans of Embebeh are better than almonds. Oh-h, how *sweet* are the little sons of the river!" (This last phrase makes poetical allusion to the soaking in Nile water, which is required before the beans can be cooked.) Certain famous baked beans nearer home also require preliminary soaking. Let us imagine a huckster calling out in Boston streets, as he pursues his way: "Help, O Beverly, help! The beans of Beverly are better than peaches. Oh-h, how *sweet* are the little sons of Cochituate!"

The central court of the Splendid is surrounded by colonnades, whose walls are now undergoing repairs; but the propping beams do not appear to disturb either the pupils or teachers. On the east side is the sanctuary, which is also a school-room, but a covered one; it is a large, low-ceilinged hall, covering an area of thirty-six hundred square yards; by day its light is dusky; by night it is illuminated by twelve hundred twinkling lit-

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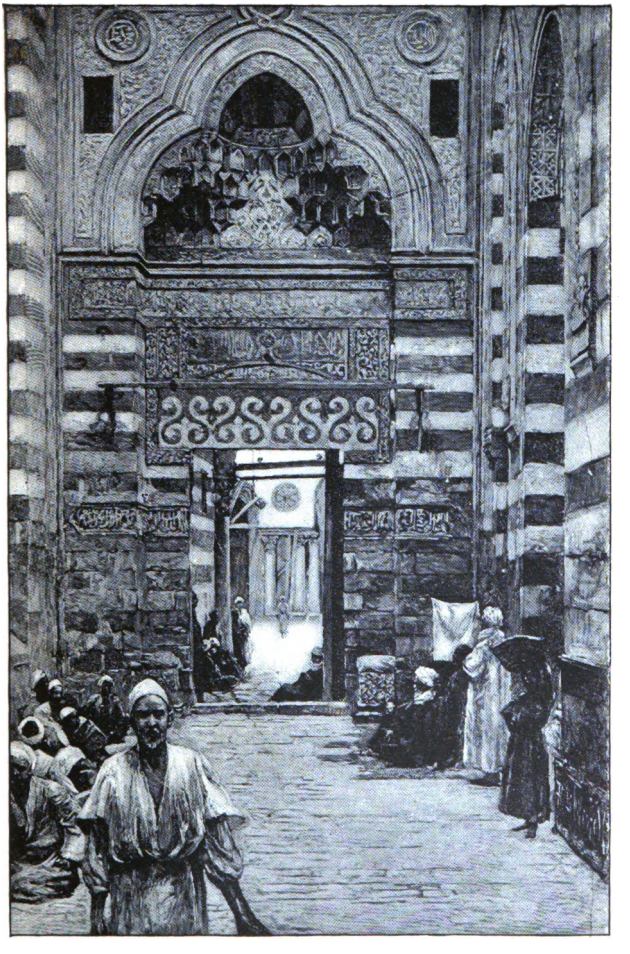

PORCH OF EL AZHAR

From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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tle lamps suspended from the ceiling by bronze chains. The roof is supported by three hundred and eighty antique columns of marble and granite placed in irregular ranges; there are so many of these pillars that to be among them is like standing in a grove. The pavement is smoothly covered with straw matting; and here also are assembled throngs of pupils—some studying, some reciting, some asleep. I paid many visits to El Azhar, moving about quietly with my venerable little dragoman, whom I had selected for an unusual accomplishment—silence. One day I came upon an arithmetic class; the professor, a thin, ardent-eyed man of forty, was squatted upon a beautiful Turkish rug at the base of a granite column; his class of boys, numbering thirty, were squatted in a half-circle facing him, their slates on the matting before them. The professor had a small black-board which he had propped up so that all could see it, and there on its surface I saw inscribed that enemy of my own youth, a sum in fractions—three-eighths of seven-ninths of twelve-twentieths of ten-thirty-fifths, and so on; evidently the terrible thing is as savage as ever! The professor grew excited; he harangued his pupils; he did the sum over and over, rubbing out and rewriting his ferocious conundrum with a bit of chalk. Slender Arabian hands tried the sum furtively on the little slates; but no one had accomplished the task when, afraid of being remarked, I at last turned away.

The outfit of a well-provided student at El Azhar consists of a rug, a low desk like a small portfolio-easel, a Koran, a slate, an inkstand, and an earthen dish. Instruction is free, and boys are admitted at the early age of eight years. The majority of the pupils do not remain after their twelfth or fourteenth year; a large number, however, pursue their studies much longer, and old students return from time to time to obtain fur-

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ther instruction, so that it is not uncommon to see a gray-bearded pupil studying by the side of a child who might be his grandson. To me it seemed that two-thirds of the students were men between thirty and forty years of age; but this may have been because one noticed them more, as collegians so mature are an unusual sight for American eyes.

All the pupils bow as they study, with a motion like that of the bowing porcelain mandarins. The custom is attributed to the necessity for bending the head whenever the name of Allah is encountered; as the first text-book is always the Koran, children have found it easier to bow at regular intervals with an even motion than to watch for the numerous repetitions of the name. The habit thus formed in childhood remains, and one often sees old merchants in the bazaars reading for their own entertainment, and bowing to and fro as they read. I have even beheld young men, smartly dressed in full European attire, who, lost in the interest of a newspaper, had forgotten themselves for the moment, and were bending to and fro unconsciously at the door of a French café. A nation that enjoys the rocking-chair ought to understand this. Some of the students of El Azhar have rooms outside, but many of them possess no other shelter than these two courts, where they sleep upon their rugs spread over the matting or pavement. Food can be brought in at pleasure, but those two Oriental time-consumers, pipes and coffee, are not allowed within the precincts. In one of the porches barbers are established; there is generally a row of students undergoing the process of head-shaving. The fierce, fanatical blind pupils, so often described in the past by travellers, are no longer there; the porter can show only their empty school-room. Blindness is prevalent in Egypt; no doubt the sunshine of the long summer has something to do with it, but another cause is the neglected condi-

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tion of young children. There is no belief so firmly established in the minds of Egyptian mothers as the superstition that the child who is clean and well-dressed will inevitably attract the dreaded evil-eye, and suffer ever afterwards from the effects of the malign glance. I have seen women who evidently belonged to the upper ranks of the middle class—women dressed in silk, with gold ornaments, and a following servant—who were accompanied by a poor baby of two or three years of age, so dirty, so squalid and neglected, that any one unacquainted with the country would have supposed it to be the child of a beggar.

In addition to the bowing motion, instruction at El Azhar is aided by a mnemonic system, the rules of grammar, and other lessons also, being given in rhyme. I suppose our public schools are above devices of this sort; but there are some of us among the elders who still fly mentally, when the subject of English history comes up, to that useful poem beginning "First, William the Norman;" and I have heard of the rules for the use of "shall" and "will" being properly remembered only when set to the tune of "Scotland's burning!" Surely any tune—even "Man the Life-boat"—would become valuable if it could clear up the bogs of the subjunctive.

It must be mentioned that El Azhar did not invent its mnemonics; it has inherited them from the past. All the mediæval universities made use of the system.

The central court is surrounded on three sides by chambers, one of which belongs to each country and to each Egyptian province represented at the college. These sombre apartments are filled with oddly-shaped wardrobes, which are assigned to the students for their clothes. There is a legend connected with these rooms: At dusk a man whose heart is pure is sometimes permitted to see the elves who come at that hour to play

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games in the inner court under the columns; here they run races, they chase each other over the matting, they climb the pillars, and indulge in a thousand antics. The little creatures are said to live in the wardrobes, and each student occasionally places a few flowers within, to avert from himself the danger that comes from their too great love of tricks. There are other inhabitants of these rooms who also indulge in tricks. These are little animals which I took to be ferrets; twice I had a glimpse of a disappearing tail, like a dark flash, as I passed over a threshold. Probably they are kept as mouse-hunters, for pets are not allowed; if they were, it would be entertaining to note those which would be brought hither by homesick pupils from the Somali coast, or Yemen.

In beginning his education the first task for a boy is to commit the Koran to memory. As he learns a portion he is taught to read and to write those paragraphs; in this way he goes through the entire volume. Grammar comes next; at El Azhar the word includes logic, rhetoric, composition, versification, elocution, and other branches. Then follows law, secular and religious. But the law, like the logic, like all the instruction, is founded exclusively upon the Koran. As there is no inquiry into anything new, the precepts have naturally taken a fixed shape; the rules were long ago established, and they have never been altered; the student of 1890 receives the information given to the student of 1490, and no more. But it is this very fact which makes El Azhar interesting to the looker-on; it is a living relic, a survival in the nineteenth century of the university of the fourteenth and fifteenth. It is true that when we think of those great colleges of the past, the picture which rises in the mind is not one of turbaned, seated figures in flowing robes; it is rather of aggressively agile youths, with small braggadocio

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caps perched on their long locks, their slender waists outlined in the shortest of jackets, and their long legs incased in the tightest of party-colored hose. But this is because the great painters of the past have given immortality to these astonishing scholars of their own lands by putting them upon their canvases. They confined themselves to their own lands too, unfortunately for us; they did not set sail, with their colors and brushes, upon Homer's "misty deep." It would be interesting to see what Pinturicchio would have made of El Azhar; or how Gentile da Fabriano would have copied the crowded outer court.

The president of El Azhar occupies, in native estimation, a position of the highest authority. Napoleon, recognizing this power, requested the aid of his influence in inducing Cairo to surrender in 1798. The sheykh complied; and a month later the wonderful Frenchman, in full Oriental costume, visited the university in state, and listened to a recitation from the Koran.

Now that modern schools have been established by the government in addition to the excellent and energetic mission seminaries maintained by the English, the Americans, the Germans, and the French, one wonders whether this venerable Arabian college will modify its tenets or shrink to a shadow and disappear. There are hopeful souls who prophesy the former; but I do not agree with them. Let us aid the American schools by all the means in our power. But as for El Azhar, may it fade (as fade it must) with its ancient legends draped untouched about it.

All who visit Cairo see the Assiout ware—pottery made of red and black earth, and turned on a wheel; it comes from Assiout, two hundred and thirty miles up the Nile, and the simple forms of the vases and jugs, the rose-water stoups and narrow-necked perfume-throw-

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ers, are often very graceful. Assiout ware is offered for sale in the streets; but the itinerant venders are sent out by a dealer in the bazaars, and the fatality which makes it happen that the vender has two black stoups and one red jug when you wish for one black stoup and two red jugs sent us to headquarters. But the crowded booth did not contain our heart's desire, and as we still lingered, making ourselves, I dare say, too pressing for the Oriental ease of the proprietor, it was at last suggested that Mustapha might perhaps go to the store-room for more—? (the interrogation-point meaning backsheesh). Seizing the opportunity, we asked permission to accompany the messenger. No one objecting—as the natives consider all strangers more or less mad—we were soon following our guide through a dusky passageway behind the shop, the darkness lit by the gleam of his white teeth as he turned, every now and then, to give us an encouraging smile and a wink of his one eye, over his shoulder. At length—still in the dark—we arrived at a stairway, and, ascending, found ourselves in a second-story court, which was roofed over with matting. This court was surrounded by chambers fitted with rough, sliding fronts: almost all of the fronts were at the moment thrown up, as a window is thrown up and held by its pulleys. In one of these rooms we found Assiout ware in all its varieties; but we made a slow choice. We were evidently in a lodging-house of native Cairo; all the chambers save this one store-room appeared to be occupied as bachelors' apartments. The two rooms nearest us belonged to El Azhar students, so Mustapha said: he could speak no English, but he imparted the information in Arabic to our dragoman. Seeing that we were more interested in the general scene than in his red jugs, Mustapha left the Assiout ware to its fate, and, lighting a cigarette, seated himself on the railing with a disengaged

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air, as much as to say: "Two more mad women! But it's nothing to me." One of the students was evidently an ascetic; his room contained piles of books and pamphlets, and almost nothing else; his one rug was spread out close to the front in order to get the light, and placed upon it we saw his open inkstand, his pens, and a page of freshly copied manuscript. When we asked where he was, Mustapha replied that he had gone down to the fountain to wash himself, so that he could say his prayers. The second chamber belonged to a student of another disposition; this extravagant young man had three rugs; clothes hung from pegs upon his walls, and he possessed an extra pair of lemon-colored slippers; in addition we saw cups and saucers upon a shelf. Only two books were visible, and these were put away in a corner; instead of books he had flowers; the whole place was adorned with them; pots containing plants in full bloom were standing on the floor round the walls of his largely exposed abode, and were also drawn up in two rows in the passageway outside, where he himself, sitting on a mat, was sewing. His blossoms were so gay that involuntarily we smiled. Whereupon he smiled too, and gave us a salam. Opposite the rooms of the students there was a large chamber, almost entirely filled with white bales, like small cotton bales; in a niche between these high piles, an old man, kneeling at the threshold, was washing something in a large earthen-ware tub of a pink tint. His body was bare from the waist upward, and, as he bent over his task, his short chest, with all the ribs clearly visible, his long brown back with the vertebræ of the spine standing out, and his lean, seesawing arms, looked skeleton-like, while his head, supported on a small wizened throat, was adorned with such an enormous bobbing turban, dark green in hue, that it resembled vegetation of some sort — a colossal cabbage. Directly

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behind him, also on the threshold, squatted a large gray baboon, whose countenance expressed a fixed misanthropy. Every now and then this creature, who was secured by a long, loose cord, ascended slowly to the top of the bales and came down on the other side, facing his master. He then looked deeply into the tub for several minutes, touched the water carefully with his small black hand, withdrew it, and inspected the palm, and then returned gravely, and by the same roundabout way over the bales, to resume his position at the door-sill, looking as if he could not understand the folly of such unnecessary and silly toil.

In another chamber a large, very black negro, dressed in pure white, was seated upon the floor, with his feet stretched out in front of him, his hands placed stiffly on his knees, his eyes staring straight before him. He was motionless; he seemed hardly to breathe.

"What is he doing?" I said to the dragoman.

"He? Oh, he *berry* good man; he pray."

In a chamber next to the negro two grave old Arabs were playing chess. They were perched upon one of those Cairo settees which look like square chicken-coops. One often sees these seats in the streets, placed for messengers and porters, and for some time I took them for actual chicken-coops, and wondered why they were always empty. Chickens might well have inhabited the one used by the chess-players, for the central court upon which all these chambers opened was covered with a layer of rubbish and dirt several inches thick, which contained many of their feathers. It was upon this same day that we made our search for the Khan of Kait Bey. No dragoman knows where it is. The best way, indeed, to see the old quarters is to select from a map the name of a street as remote as possible from the usual thoroughfares beloved by these tasselled guides, and then demand to be conducted thither.

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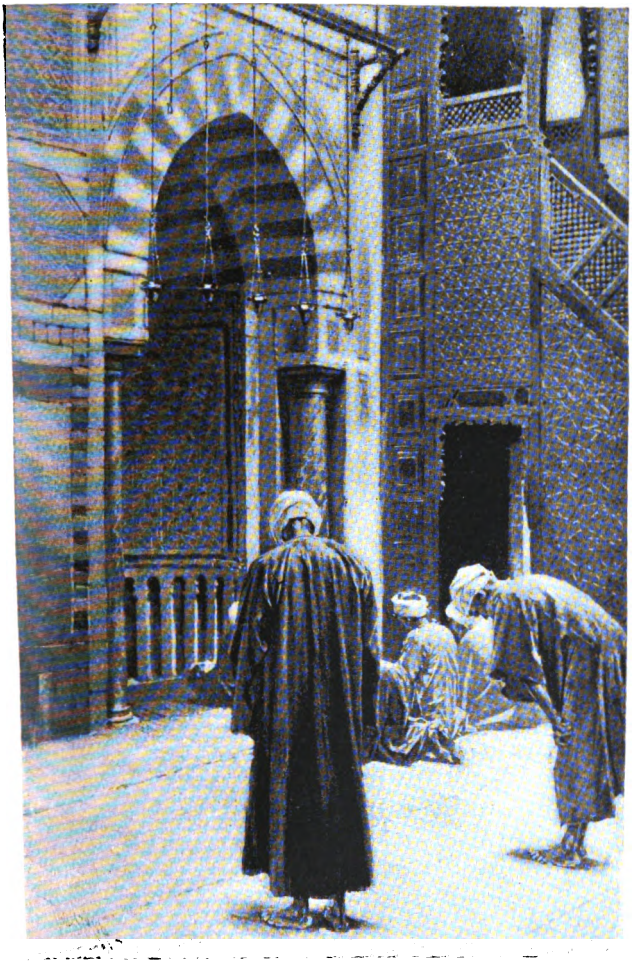

BEFORE THE SACRED NICHE
From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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We did this in connection with the Khan of Kait Bey. But when we had achieved the distinction of finding it, we discovered that it was impossible to see it. The winding street is so narrow, and so constantly crowded with two opposed streams of traffic, that your donkey cannot pause to give you a chance to inspect the portion which is close to your eyes, and there is no spot where you can get a view in perspective of the whole. So you pass up the lane, turn, and come down again; and, if conscientious, you repeat the process, obtaining for all your pains only a confused impression of horizontal plaques and panels, with ruined walls tottering above them, and squalid shops below. There is a fine arched gateway adorned with pendentives; that, on account of its size, you can see; it leads into the khan proper, where were once the chambers for the travelling merchants and the stalls for their beasts; but all this is now a ruin. One of the best authorities on Saracenic art has announced that this khan is adorned with more varieties of exquisite arabesques than any single building in Cairo. This may be true. But to appreciate the truth of the statement one needs wings or a ladder. The word ladder opens the subject of the two ways of looking at architecture—in detail or as a whole. The natural power of the eye has more to do with this than is acknowledged. If one can distinctly see, without effort and aid, a whole façade at a glance, with the general effect of its proportions, the style of its ornament, the lights and shadows, the outline of the top against the sky, one is more interested in this than in the small traceries, for instance, over one especial window. There are those of us who remember the English cathedrals by their great towers rising in the gray air, with the birds flying about them. There are others who, never having clearly seen this vision—for no opera-glass can give the whole—recall, for their share of the pleasure,

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the details of the carvings over the porches, or of the old tombs within. It is simply the far-sighted and the near-sighted view. Another authority, a master who has had many disciples, has (of late years, at least) devoted himself principally to the near-sighted view. In his maroon-colored Tracts on Venice he has given us a minute account of the features of the small faces of the capitals of the columns of the Doge's palace (all these ofs express the minuteness of it); but when we stand on the pavement below the palace—and naturally we cannot stand in mid-air—we find that it is impossible to follow him: I speak of the old capitals, some of which are still untouched. The solution lies in the ladder. And Ruskin, as regards his later writings, may be called the ladder critic. The poet Longfellow, arriving in Verona during one of his Italian journeys, learned that Ruskin was also there, and not finding him at the hotel, went out in search of his friend. After a while he came upon him at the Tombs of the Scaligers. Here high in the air, at the top of a long ladder, with a servant keeping watch below, was a small figure. It was Ruskin, who, nose to nose with them, was making a careful drawing of some of the delicate terminal ornaments of those splendid Gothic structures. One does not object to the careful drawings any more than to the descriptions of the little faces at Venice. They are good in their way. But one wishes to put upon record the suggestion that architectural beauty as viewed from a ladder, inch by inch, is not the only aspect of that beauty; nor is it, for a large number of us, the most important aspect. A man who is somewhat deaf, if talking about a symphony, will naturally dwell upon the strains which he has heard—that is, the louder portions; but he ought not therefore to assume that the softer notes are insignificant.

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On the 31st of January, 1890, we took part in a horse-race. It was a long race of great violence, and the horses engaged in it were disgracefully thin and weak. "Very Mohammedan—that," some one comments. The race was Mohammedan from one point of view, for it was connected with the dervishes, Mohammedans of fanatical creed. The dervishes, however, remained in their monasteries—with their fanaticism; the race was made by Christians, who, crowded into rattling carriages, flew in a body from the square of Sultan Hassan through the long, winding lanes that lead towards Old Cairo at a speed which endangered everybody's life, with wheels grating against each other, coachmen standing up and yelling like demons, whiplashes curling round the ribs of the wretched, ill-fed, galloping horses, and natives darting into their houses on each side to save themselves from death, as the furious procession, in clouds of dust, rushed by. The cause of this sudden madness is found in the fact that the two best-known orders of these Mohammedan monks (one calls them monks for want of a better name; they have some resemblance to monks, and some to Freemasons) go through their rites once a week only, and upon the same afternoon; by making this desperate haste it is possible to see both services; and as travellers, for the most part, make but a short stay in Cairo, they find themselves taking part, *nolens volens*, in this frantic progress, led by their ambitious dragomans, who appear to enjoy it. The service of the Dancing Dervishes takes place in their mosque, which is near the square of Sultan Hassan. Here they have a small circular hall; round this arena, and elevated slightly above it, is an aisle where spectators are allowed to stand; over the aisle is the gallery. This January day brought a crowd

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of visitors who filled the aisle completely. Presently a dervish made the circuit of the empty arena, warning, by a solemn gesture, those who had seated or half-seated themselves upon the balustrade that the attitude was not allowed. As soon as he had passed, some of the warned took their places again. Naturally, these were spectators of the gentler sex. I am even afraid that they were pilgrims from the land where the gentler sex is accustomed from its earliest years to a profound deference. Two of these pretty pilgrims transgressed in this way four times, and at last the dervish came and stood before them. They remained seated, returning his gaze with amiable tranquillity. What he thought I do not know—this lean Egyptian in his old brown cloak and conical hat. I fancied, however, that it had something to do with the great advantages of the Mohammedan system regarding the seclusion of women. He did not conquer.

At length began the music. The band of the dervishes is placed in one of the galleries; we could see the performers squatting on their rugs, the instruments being flutes or long pipes, and small drums like tambourines without the rattles. Egyptian music has a marked time, but no melody; no matter how good an ear one has, it is impossible to catch and resing its notes, even though one hears them daily. Pierre Loti writes: "The strains of the little flutes of Africa charm me more than the most perfect orchestral harmonies of other lands." If by this he means that the flutes recall to his memory the magic scenes of Oriental life, that is one thing; but if he means that he really loves the sounds for themselves, I am afraid we must conclude that this prince of verbal expression has not an ear for music (which is only fair; a man cannot have everything). The band of the dervishes sends forth a high wail, accompanied by a rumble. Neither, however, is distressingly loud.

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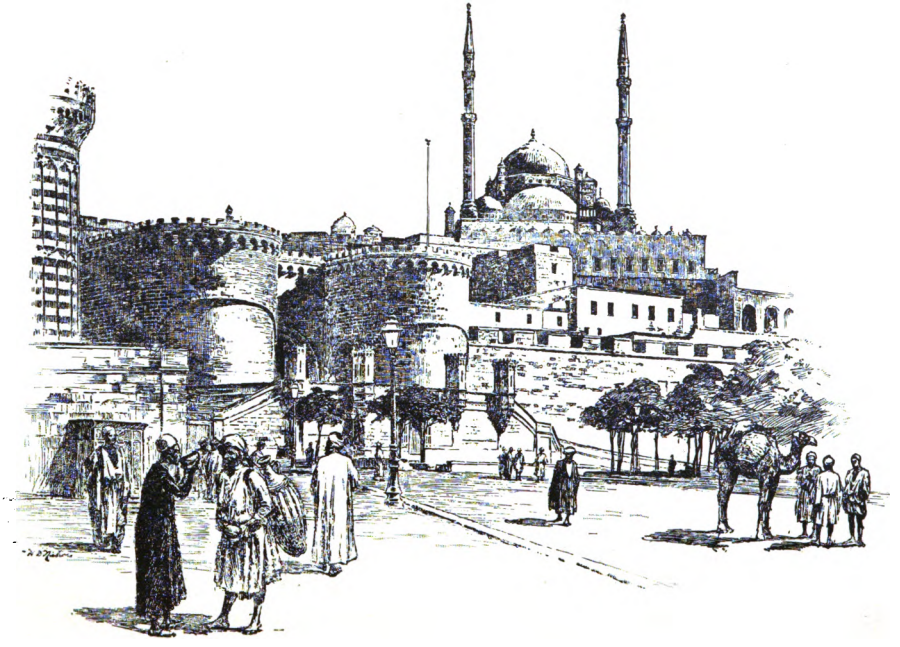

OUTER ENTRANCE OF THE CITADEL, CAIRO

From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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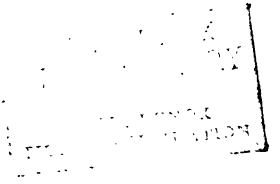

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Meanwhile the dervishes have entered, and, muffled in their cloaks, are standing, a silent band, round the edge of the arena; their sheykh—a very old man, much bent, but with a noble countenance—takes his place upon the sacred rug, and receives with dignity their obeisances. All remain motionless for a while. Then the sheykh rises, heads the procession, and, with a very slow step, they all move round the arena, bowing towards the sacred carpet as they pass it. This opening ceremony concluded, the sheykh again takes his seat, and the dervishes, divesting themselves of their cloaks, step one by one into the open space, where, after a prayer, each begins whirling slowly, with closed eyes. They are all attired in long, full white skirts, whose edges have weights attached to them; as the speed of the music increases, their whirl becomes more rapid, but it remains always even; though their eyes are closed, they never touch each other. From the description alone, it is difficult to imagine that this rite (for such it is) is solemn. But looked at with the actual eyes, it seemed to me an impressive ceremony; the absorbed appearance of the participants, their unconsciousness of all outward things, the earnestness of the aspiration visible on their faces—all these were striking. The zikr, as this species of religious effort is named, is an attempt to reach a state of ecstasy (hallucination, we should call it), during which the human being, having forgotten the existence of its body, becomes for the moment spirit only, and can then mingle with the spirit world. The Dancing Dervishes endeavor to bring on this trance by the physical dizziness which is produced by whirling; the Howling Dervishes try to effect the same by swinging their heads rapidly up and down, and from side to side, with a constant shout of "Allah!" "Allah!" The latter soon reach a state of temporary frenzy. For this reason the dancers are more interesting; their ecstasy, being silent,

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seems more earnest. The religion of the Hindoos has a similar idea in another form—namely, that the highest happiness is a mingling with God, and an utter unconsciousness of one's humanity. Christian hermits, in retiring from the world, have sought, as far as possible, the same mental condition; but for a lifetime, not, like the dervishes, for an hour. These enthusiasts marry, if they please; many of them are artisans, tradesmen, and farm laborers, and only go at certain times to the monasteries to take part in the zikrs. There are many different orders, and several other kinds of zikr besides the two most commonly seen by travellers.

Travellers see also the Mohammedan prayers. These prayers, with alms-giving, fasting during the month Ramadan, and the pilgrimage to Mecca, are the important religious duties of all Muslims. The excellent new hotel, the Continental, where we had our quarters, a hotel whose quiet and comfort are a blessing to Cairo, overlooked a house which was undergoing alteration; every afternoon at a certain hour a plasterer came from his work within, and, standing in a corner under our windows, divested himself of his soiled outer gown; then, going to a wall-faucet, he turned on the water, and rapidly but carefully washed his face, his hands and arms, his feet, and his legs as far as his knees, according to Mohammed's rule; this done, he took down from a tree a clean board which he kept there for the purpose, and, placing it upon the ground, he kneeled down upon it, with his face towards Mecca, and went through his worship, many times touching the ground with his forehead in token of self-humiliation. His devotions occupied five or six minutes. As soon as they were over, the board was quickly replaced in the tree, the soiled gown put on again, and the man hurried back to his work with an alertness which showed that he was no idler. On the Nile, at the appointed hour, our pilot

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A MECCA DOOR

gave the wheel to a subordinate, spread out his prayer-carpet on the deck, and said his prayers with as much indifference to the eyes watching him as though they did not exist. In the bazaars the merchants pray in their shops; the public cook prays in the street beside his little furnace; on the shores of the river at sunset the kneeling figures outlined against the sky are one of the pictures which all travellers remember. The official pilgrimage to Mecca takes place each year, the de-

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parture and return of the pilgrim train being celebrated with great pomp; the most ardent desire of every Mohammedan is to make this journey before he dies. When a returning Cairo pilgrim reaches home, it is a common custom to decorate his doorway with figures, painted in brilliant hues, representing his supposed adventures. The designs, which are very primitive in outline, usually show the train of camels, the escort of soldiers, wonderful wild beasts in fighting attitudes, nondescript birds and trees, and garlands of flowers. One comes upon these Mecca doorways very frequently in the old quarters. Sometimes the gay tints show that the journey was a recent one; often the faded outlines speak of the zeal of an ancestor.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

While in the city of the Khedive, if one has a wish for the benediction of a far-stretching view, he must go to the Citadel. The prospect from this hill has been described many times. One sees all Cairo, with her minarets; the vivid green of the plain, with the Nile winding through it; the desert meeting the verdure and stretching back to the red hills; lastly, the pyramids, beginning with those of Gizeh, near at hand, and ending, far in the distance, with the hazy outlines of those of Abouseer and Sakkarah. The Citadel was built by Saladin in the twelfth century. Saladin's palace, which formed part of it, was demolished in 1824 to make room for the modern mosque, whose large dome and attenuated minarets are now the last objects which fade away when the traveller leaves Cairo behind him. This rich Mohammedan temple was the work of Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty. It is not beautiful, in spite of its alabaster, but Mehemet himself would probably admire it, could he return to

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PARTHIAN WAR SHOUTERS.

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earth (the mosque was not completed until after his death), as he had to the full that bad taste in architecture and art which, for unexplained reasons, so often accompanies a new birth of progress in an old country. Mehemet was born in Roumelia; he entered the Turkish army, and after attaining the rank of colonel he was sent to Egypt. Here he soon usurped all power, and had it not been for the intervention of Russia and France, and later of England and Austria, it is probable that he would have succeeded in freeing himself and the country whose leadership he had grasped from the domination of Turkey. Every one has heard something of the terrible massacre of the Memlooks by his order, in this Citadel, in 1811. The Memlooks were opposed to all progress, and Mehemet was bent upon progress. Freed from their power, this ferocious liberator built canals; he did his best to improve agriculture; he established a printing-office, and founded schools; he sent three hundred boys to Europe to be educated as civil engineers, as machinists, as printers, as naval officers, and as physicians; his idea was that, upon their return, they could instruct others. When the first class came back, he filled his public schools by the simple method of force. The translators of the French text-books which had been selected for the use of the schools were taken from the ranks of the returned students. A text-book was given to each, and all were kept closely imprisoned in the Citadel a period of four months, until they had completed their task. Mehemet had a dream of an Arabian kingdom in Egypt which should in time rival the European nations without joining them. It is this dream which makes him interesting. He was the first modern. A Turk by birth, and remaining a Turk as regards his private life, he had great ideas. Undoubtedly he possessed genius of a high order.

As to his private life, one comes across a trace of it

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at Choubra. This was Mehemet's summer residence, and the place remains much as it was during his lifetime. The road to Choubra, which was until recently the favorite drive of the Cairenes, is now deserted. The palace stands on the banks of the Nile, three miles from town, and its gardens, which cover nine acres, are beautiful even in their present neglected condition; in the spring the fragrance from the mass of blossoms is intoxicatingly sweet. But the wonder of Choubra is a richly decorated garden-house, containing, in a marble basin, a lake which is large enough for skiffs. Here Mehemet often spent his evenings. Upon these occasions the whole place was brilliantly lighted, and the hareem disported itself in little boats on the fairy-like pool, and in strolling up and down the marble colonnades, unveiled (as Mehemet was the only man present), and in their richest attire. The marbles have grown dim, the fountains are choked, the colonnades are dusty, and the lake has a melancholy air. But even in its decay Choubra presents to the man of fancy—a few such men still exist—a picture of Oriental scenes which he has all his life imagined, perhaps, but whose actual traces he no more expected to see with his own eyes in 1890 than to behold the silken sails of Cleopatra furled among Cook's steamers on the Nile. Mehemet's last years were spent at Choubra, and here he died, in 1849, at the age of eighty-one. As he had forced from Turkey a firman assigning the throne to his own family, he was succeeded by one of his sons.

ISMAIL

In 1863 (after the short reign of Ibrahim, five years of Abbas, and eight of Said), Ismail, Mehemet's grandson, ascended the throne. He had received his education in Paris.

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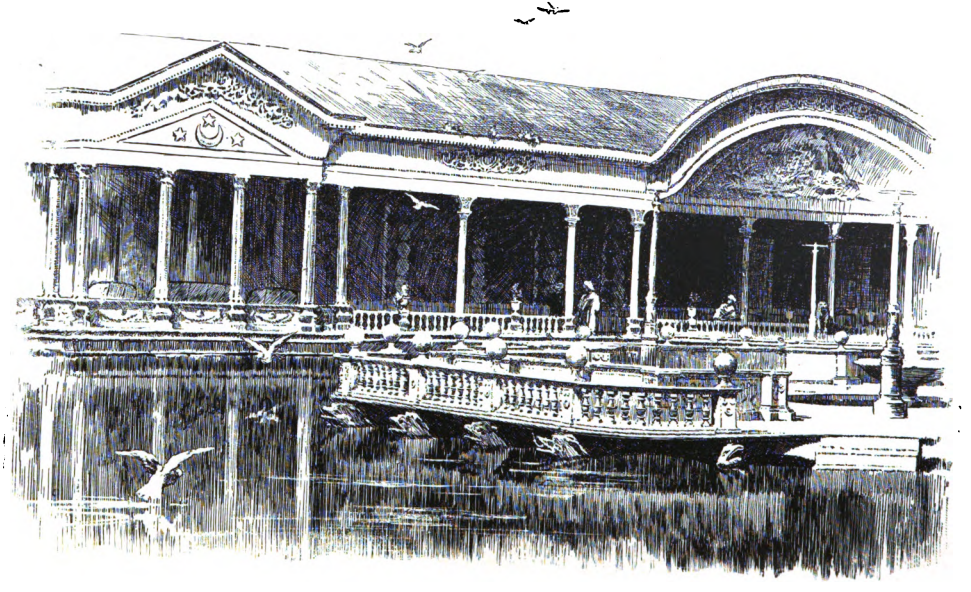

GARDEN-HOUSE AT CHOUBRA, SHOWING PART OF THE LAKE NEAR CAIRO

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Much has been written about this man. The opening, in 1869, of the Suez Canal turned the eyes of the entire civilized world upon Egypt. The writers swooped down upon the ancient country in a flock, and the canal, the land, and its ruler were described again and again. The ruler was remarkable. Ismail was short (one speaks of him in the past tense, although he is not dead), with very broad shoulders; his hands were singularly thick; his ears also were thick, and oddly placed; his feet were small, and he always wore finically fine French shoes. There was nothing of the Arab in his face, and little of the Turk. One of his eyelids had a natural droop, and vexed diplomatists have left it upon record that he had the power of causing the other to droop also, thus making it possible for him to study the faces of his antagonists at his leisure, he, meanwhile, presenting to them in return a blind mask. The mask, however, was amiable; it was adorned almost constantly with a smile. The man must have had marked powers of fascination. At the present day, when some of the secrets of his reign are known—though by no means all—it is easy to paint him in the darkest colors; but during the time of his power his great schemes dazzled the world, and people liked him—it is impossible to doubt the testimony of so many pens; European and American visitors always left his presence pleased.

There are in Cairo black stories of cruelty connected with his name. These for the most part are unwritten; they are told in the native cafés and in the bazaars. It does not appear that he loved cruelty for its own sake, as some of the Roman emperors loved it; but if any one rebelled against his power or his pleasure, that person was sacrificed without scruple. In some cases it took the form of a disappearance in the night, without a sound or a trace left behind. This is the sort of thing we associate with the old despotic ages. But 1869

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is not a remote date, and at that time the present Emperor of Austria, the late Emperor Frederick (then Crown-Prince of Prussia), the Empress Eugénie, Prince Oscar of Sweden, Prince Louis of Hesse, the Princess of the Netherlands, the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, and other distinguished Europeans, were the guests of this enigmatic host, eating his sumptuous dinners and attending his magnificent balls. The festivities in connection with the opening of the canal are said to have cost Ismail twenty-one millions of dollars. The sum seems large; but it included the furnishing of palaces, lavish hospitality to an army of guests besides the sovereigns and their suites, and an opera to order—namely, Verdi's *Aïda*, which was given with great brilliancy in Cairo, in an opera-house erected for the occasion. Ismail, like Mehemet, had his splendid dream. He, too, wished to free Egypt from the power of Turkey; but, unlike his grandfather, he wished to take her bodily into the circle of the civilized nations, not as a rival, but as an ally and friend. An Egyptian kingdom, under his rule, was to extend from the Mediterranean to the equator; from the Red Sea westward beyond Darfur. His bold ambition ended in disaster. His railways, telegraphs, schools, harbors, and postal-service, together with his personal extravagance, brought Egypt to the verge of bankruptcy. All Europe now had a vital interest in the Suez Canal, and the powers therefore united in a demand that the Sultan should stop the career of his audacious Egyptian Viceroy. The Viceroy might perhaps have resisted the Porte; he could not resist the united powers. In 1879 he was deposed, and his son Tufik appointed in his place. Ismail left Egypt. For several years he travelled, residing for a time in Naples; at present he is living in a villa near Constantinople. There is a rumor in Cairo that he is more of a prisoner there than he supposes. But this may be only one of

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THE KHEDIVE. From a photograph by Sebah, Cairo

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the legends that are always attached to Turkish affairs. His dream has come true in one respect at least: Egypt has indeed joined the circle of the European nations, but not in the manner which Ismail intended; she is only a bondwoman—if the pun can be permitted.

THE HAUNTED PALACE

The Gezireh road is to-day the favorite afternoon drive of the Cairenes. It is a broad avenue, raised above the plain, and overarched by trees throughout its course. At many points it commands an uninterrupted view of the pyramids. Two miles from town the Gezireh Palace rises on the right, surrounded by gardens, which, unlike those of Choubra, are carefully tended. It was built by Ismail. Of all these Cairo palaces it must be explained that they have none of the characteristics of castles or strongholds; they are merely lightly built residences, designed for a climate which has ten months of summer. The central hall and grand staircase of Gezireh are superb; alabaster, onyx, and malachite adorn like jewels the beautiful marbles, which came from Carrara. The drawing-rooms and audience-chambers have a splendid spaciousness: the state apartments of many a royal palace in Europe sink into insignificance in this respect when compared with them. Much of the furniture is rich, but again (as in the old house of the Sheykh es Sadat) one finds it difficult to forgive the tawdry French carpets and curtains, when the bazaars close at hand could have contributed fabrics of so much greater beauty. But Ismail's taste was French—that is, the lowest shade of French—as French is still the taste of modern Egypt among the upper classes. It remains to be seen whether the English occupation will change this. During the festivities at the time of the opening of the canal, Ismail's royal

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guests were entertained at Gezireh. On the upper floor are the rooms which were occupied by the Empress Eugénie, the walls and ceilings covered with thick satin, tufted like the back of an arm-chair, its tint the shade of blue which is most becoming to a blond complexion—Ismail's compliment to his beautiful guest. During these days there were state dinners and balls at Gezireh, with banks of orchids, myriads of wax-lights, and orchestras playing strains from *La Belle Hélène* and *La Grande Duchesse.* During one of these balls the Emperor of Austria made a progress through the rooms with Ismail, band after band taking up the Austrian national anthem as the imperial guest entered. The vision of the stately, grave Franz Josef advancing through these glittering halls by the side of the waddling little hippopotamus of the Nile, to the martial notes of that fine hymn (which we have appropriated for our churches under another name, and without saying "By your leave"), is one of the sinister apparitions with which this rococo palace, a palace half splendid, half shabby, is haunted.

In the garden there is a kiosk whose proportions charm the eye. The guide-books inform us that this ornamentation is of cast-iron; that it is an imitation of the Alhambra; that it is "considered the finest modern Arabian building in the world"—all of which is against it. Nevertheless, viewed from any point across the gardens, its outlines are exquisite. Within there are more festal chambers, and a gilded dining-room, which was the scene of the suppers (they were often orgies) that were given by Ismail upon the occasion of his private masked balls. At some distance from the palace, behind a screen of trees, are the apartments reserved for the hareem. This smaller palace has no beauty, unless one includes its enchanting little garden; such attraction as it has comes from the light it sheds upon the

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CHIEF WIFE OF EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL, WITH HER PRIVATE BAND

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daily life of Eastern women. Occidental travellers are always curious about the hareem. The word means simply the ladies, or women, of the family, and the term is made to include also the rooms which they occupy, as our word "school" might mean the building or the pupils within it. At Gezireh the hareem, save that its appointments are more costly, is much like those caravansaries which abound at our inland summer resorts. There are long rows of small chambers opening from each side of narrow halls, with a few sitting-rooms, which were held in common. The carpets, curtains, and such articles of furniture as still remain are all flowery, glaring, and in the worst possible modern taste, save that they do not exhibit those horrible hues, surely the most hideous with which this world has been cursed—the so-called solferinos and magentas. Besides their private garden, the women and children of the hareem had for their entertainment a small menagerie, an aviery, and a confectionery establishment, where fresh bonbons were made for them every day, especially the sugared rose leaves so dear to the Oriental heart. The chief of Ismail's four wives had a passion for jewels. She possessed rubies and diamonds of unusual size, and so many precious stones of all kinds that her satin dresses were embroidered with them. She had her private band of female musicians, who played for her, when she wished for music, upon the violin, the flute, the zither, and the mandolin. The princesses of the royal house, Ismail's wives and his sisters-in-law, could not bring themselves to admire the Empress of the French. They were lost in wonder over what they called her "pinched stiffness." It is true that the uncorseted forms of Oriental beauties have nothing in common with the rigid back and martial elbows of modern attire. Dimples, polished limbs, dark, long-lashed eyes, and an indolent step are the ideals of the hareem.

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The legends of these jewelled sultanas, of the masked balls, of the long train of royal visitors, of the orchids, the orchestras, and the wax-lights, are followed at Gezireh by a tale of murder which is singularly ghastly. Ismail's Minister of Finance was his foster-brother Sadyk, with whom he had lived upon terms of closest intimacy all his life. The two were often together; frequently they drove out to Gezireh to spend the night. One afternoon in 1878 Ismail's carriage stopped at the doorway of the palace in Cairo occupied by his minister. Sadyk came out. "Get in," Ismail was heard to say. "We will go to Gezireh. There are business matters about which I must talk with you." The two men went away together. Sadyk never came back. When the carriage reached Gezireh, Ismail gave orders that it should stop at the palace, instead of going on to the kiosk, where they generally alighted. He himself led the way within, crossing the reception-room to the small private salon which overlooks the Nile. Here he seated himself upon a sofa, drawing up his feet in the Oriental fashion, which was not his usual custom. Sadyk was about to follow his example, when he found himself seized suddenly from behind. The doors were now locked from the outside, leaving within only the two foster-brothers and the man who had seized Sadyk. This was a Nubian named Ishak, a creature celebrated for his strength. He now proceeded to murder Sadyk after a fashion of his own country, a process of breaking the bones of the chest and neck in a manner which leaves on the skin no sign. Sadyk fought for his life; he dragged the Nubian over the white velvet carpet, and finallly bit off two of his fingers. But he was not a young man, and in the end he was conquered. During this struggle Ismail remained motionless on the sofa, with his feet drawn up and his arms folded. A steamer lay at anchor outside, and during the night

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Sadyk's body was placed on board; at dawn the boat started up the river. At the same hour Ismail drove back to Cairo, where, in the course of the morning, it was officially announced that the Minister of Finance, having been detected in colossal peculations, had been banished to the White Nile, and was already on his way thither. Sadyk's body rests somewhere at the bottom of the river. But Ismail's little drama of banishment and the steamer were set at naught when, after he had left Cairo, Ishak the Nubian returned, with his mutilated hand and his story. Such is the tale as it is told in the bazaars. Ismail's motive in murdering a man he liked (he was incapable of true affection for any one) is found in the fact that he could place upon the shoulders of the missing minister the worst of the financial irregularities which were trying the patience of the European powers. It did him no good. He was deposed the next year.

During the spring of 1890 Gezireh awoke to new life for a time. A French company had purchased the place, with the intention of opening it as an Egyptian Monte Carlo. But Khedive Tufik, who has prohibited gambling throughout his domain, forbade the execution of this plan. So the tarnished silks remain where they were, and the faded gilded ceilings have not been renewed. When we made our last visit, during the heats of early summer, the blossoms were as beautiful as ever, and the ghosts were all there—we met them on the marble stairs: the European princes, led by poor Eugénie; the sultanas, with their jewels and their band; Ismail, with his drooping eyelids; and Sadyk, followed by the Nubian.

TUFIK

The present Khedive (or Viceroy) is thirty-eight years of age. Well proportioned, with fine dark eyes,

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he may be called a handsome man; but his face is made heavy by its expression of settled melancholy. It is said in Cairo that he has never been known to laugh. But this must apply to his public life only, for he is much attached to his family—to his wife and his four children; in this respect he lives strictly in the European manner, never having had but this one wife. He is a devoted father. Determined that the education of his sons should not be neglected as his own education was neglected by Ismail, he had for them, at an early age, an accomplished English tutor. Later he sent them to Geneva, Switzerland; they are now in Vienna. Tufik's chief interest, if one may judge by his acts, is in education. In this direction his strongest efforts have been made; he has improved the public schools of Egypt, and established new ones; he has given all the support possible to that greatest of modern innovations in a Mohammedan country, the education of women. With all this, he is a devout Mohammedan; he is not a fanatic; but he may be called, I think, a Mohammedan Puritan. He receives his many European and American visitors with courtesy. But they do not talk about him as they talked about Ismail; he excites no curiosity. This is partly owing to his position, his opinions and actions having naturally small importance while an English army is taking charge of his realm; but it is also owing, in a measure, to the character of the man himself. One often sees him driving. On Sunday afternoons his carriage in semi-state leads the procession along the Gezireh Avenue. First appear the outriders, six mounted soldiers; four brilliantly dressed saises follow, rushing along with their wands high in the air; then comes the open carriage, with the dark-eyed, melancholy Khedive on the back seat, returning mechanically the many salutations offered by strangers and by his own people. Behind his carriage are four more of

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the flying runners; then the remainder of the mounted escort, two and two. At a little distance follows the brougham of the Vice-reine; according to Oriental etiquette, she never appears in public beside her husband. Her brougham is preceded and followed by saises, but there is no mounted escort. The Vice-reine is pretty, intelligent, and accomplished; in addition, she is brave. Several years ago, when the cholera was raging in Cairo, and the Khedive, almost alone among the upper classes, remained there in order to do what he could for the suffering people, his wife also refused to flee. She stayed in the plague-stricken town until the pestilence had disappeared, exerting her influence to persuade the frightened women of the lower classes to follow her example regarding sanitary precautions. Tufik is accused of being always undecided; he was not undecided upon this occasion at least. It is probable that some of his moments of indecision have been caused by real hesitations. And this brings us to Arabi.

Arabi (he is probably indifferent to the musical sound of his name) was the leader of the military revolt which broke out in Egypt in 1881—a revolt with which all the world is familiar, because it was followed by the bombardment of Alexandria by the English fleet. Arabi had studied at El Azhar; he knew the Koran by heart. To the native population he seemed a wonderful orator; he excited their enthusiasm; he roused their courage; he almost made them patriotic. The story of Arabi is interesting; there were many intrigues mixed with the revolt, and a dramatic element throughout. But these slight impressions—the idle notes merely of one winter—are not the place for serious history. Nor is the page completed so that it can be described as a whole. Egypt at this moment is the scene of history in the actual process of making, if the term may be so used—making day by day and hour by hour. Arabi has been called the

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modern Masaniello. The watchword of his revolt was, "Egypt for the Egyptians"; and there is always something touching in this cry when the invaded country is weak and the incoming power is strong. But it may be answered that the Egyptians at present are incapable of governing themselves; that the country, if left to its own devices, would revert to anarchy in a month, and to famine, desolation, and barbarism in five years. Americans are not concerned with these questions of the Eastern world. But if a similar cry had been successfully raised about two hundred years ago on another coast—"America for the Americans"—would the Western continent have profited thereby? Doubtless the original Americans—those of the red skins—raised it as loudly as they could. But there was not much listening. The comparison is stretched, for the poor Egyptian fellah is at least not a savage; but there is a grain of resemblance large enough to call for reflection, when the question of occupation and improvement of a half-civilized land elsewhere is under discussion. The English put down the revolt, and sent Arabi to Ceylon, a small Napoleon at St. Helena. The rebel colonel and his fellow-exiles are at present enjoying those spicy breezes which are associated in our minds with foreign missions and a whole congregation singing (and dragging them fearfully) the celebrated verses. Arabi has complained of the climate in spite of the perfumes, and it is said that he is to be transferred to some other point in the ocean; there are, indeed, many of them well adapted for the purpose. The English newspapers of to-day are dotted with the word "shadowed," which signifies, apparently, that certain persons in Ireland are followed so closely by a policeman that the official might be the shadow. Possibly the melancholy Khedive is shadowed by the memory of the exile of Ceylon. For Tufik did not cast his lot with Arabi. He turned towards the

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AN EGYPTIAN DANCING-GIRL

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English. To use the word again, though with another signification, though ruler still, he has but a shadowy power.

THE ARAB MUSEUM

Near the city gate named the Help of God, on the northeastern border of Cairo, is the old mosque El Hakim. Save its outer walls, which enclose, like the mosques of Touloun and Amer, a large open square, there is not much left of it; but within this square, housed in a temporary building, one finds the collection of Saracenic antiquities which is called the Arab Museum.

This museum is interesting, and it ought to be beautiful. But somehow it is not. The barrack-like walls, sparsely ornamented with relics from the mosques, the straight aisles and glass show-cases, are not inspiring; the fragments of Arabian wood-carving seem to be lamenting their fate; and the only room which is not desolate is the one where old tiles lie in disorder upon the floor, much as they lie on broken marble pavements of the ancient houses which, half ruined and buried in rubbish, still exist in the old quarters. Why one should be so inconsistent as to find no fault with Gizeh, where rows of antiquities torn from their proper places confront us, where show-cases abound, and yet at the same time make an outcry over this poor little morsel at El Hakim, remains a mystery. Possibly it is because the massive statues and the solid little gods of ancient Egypt do not require an appropriate background, as do the delicate fancies of Saracenic taste. However this may be, to some of us the Arab Museum looks as if a New England farmer's wife had tried her best to make things orderly within its borders, poor soul, in spite of the strangeness of the articles with which she was obliged to deal. It must, however, be added that the

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museum will not make this impression upon persons who are indifferent to the general aspect of an aisle, or of a series of walls—persons who care only for the articles which adorn them—the lovers of detail, in short. And it is well for all of us to join this class as soon as our feet have crossed the threshold. For we shall be repaid for it. The details are exquisite.

The Arab Museum has been established recently. Every one is grateful to the zeal which has rescued from further injury so many specimens of a vanishing art. One covets a little chest for the Koran which is made of sandal-wood. It is incrusted with arabesques carved in ivory, and has broad hasps and locks of embossed silver. There are many koursis, or small, stool-like tables; one of these has panels of silver filigree, and fretted medallions bearing the name of the Sultan Mohammed ebn Kalaoon, thus showing that it once belonged to the mosque at the Citadel which was built by that Memlook ruler—the mosque whose minarets are ornamented with picturesque bands of emerald-hued porcelain. The illuminated Korans are not here; they are kept in the Public Library in the Street of the Sycamores. Perhaps the most beautiful of the museum's treasures are the old lamps of Arabian glass. In shape they are vases, as they were simply filled with perfumed oil which carried a floating wick; the colors are usually a pearly background, faintly tinged sometimes by the hue we call ashes of roses; upon this background are ornaments of blue, gold, and red; occasionally these ornaments are Arabic letters forming a name or text. These lamps were made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the glass, which has as marked characteristics of its own as Palissy ware, so that once seen it can never be confounded with any other, has a delicate beauty which is unrivalled.

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HELIOPOLIS

Like the pyramids, Heliopolis belongs to Cairo. On the way thither, one first traverses the pleasant suburb of Abbasieh. How one traverses it depends upon his taste. The most enthusiastic pedestrian soon gives up walking in the city of the Khedive save in the broad streets of the new quarter. The English ride, one meets every day their gallant mounted bands; but these are generally residents and their visitors, and the horses are their own; for the traveller there are only the street carriages and the donkeys. The carriages are dubiously loose-jointed, and the horses (whose misery has already been described) have but two gaits—the walk of a dying creature and the gallop of despair; unless, therefore, one wishes to mount a dromedary, he must take a donkey. But the "must" is not a disparagement; the white and gray donkeys of Cairo—the best of them—are good-natured, gay-hearted, strong, and even handsome. They have a coquettish way of arching their necks and holding their chins (if a donkey can be said to have a chin), which always reminded me of George Eliot's description of Gwendolen's manner of poising her head in *Daniel Deronda*. George Eliot goes on to warn other young ladies that it is useless to try to imitate this proud little air, unless one has a throat like Gwendolen's. And, in the same spirit, one must warn other donkeys that they must be born in Cairo to be beautiful. Upon several occasions I recognized vanity in my donkey. He knew perfectly when he was adorned with his holiday necklaces—one of imitation sequins, the other of turquoise-hued beads. I am sure that he would have felt much depressed if deprived of his charm against magic—the morsel of parchment inscribed with Arabic characters which decorated his breast. His tail and his short mane were

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dyed fashionably with henna, but his legs had not been shaved in the pattern which represents filigree garters, and whenever a comrade who had this additional glory passed him, he became distinctly melancholy, and brooded about it for several minutes. There is nothing in the world so deprecating as the profile of one of these Cairo donkeys when he finds himself obliged, by the pressure of the crowd, to push against a European; his long nose and his polite eye as he passes are full of friendly apologies. The donkey-boy, in his skull-cap and single garment, runs behind his beast. These lads are very quick-witted. They have ready for their donkeys five or six names, and they seldom make a mistake in applying them according to the supposed nationality of their patrons of the moment, so that the Englishman learns that he has Annie Laurie; the Frenchman, Napoleon; the German, Bismarck; the Italian, Garibaldi; and the Americans, indiscriminately, Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, and General Grant.

In passing through the Abbasieh quarter, we always came, sooner or later, upon a wedding. The different stages of a native marriage require, indeed, so many days for their accomplishment that nuptial festivities are a permanent institution in Cairo, like the policemen and the water-carts, rather than an occasional event, as in other places. One day, upon turning into a narrow street, we discovered that a long portion of it had been roofed over with red cloth; from the centre of this awning four large chandeliers were suspended by cords, and at each end of the improvised tent were hoops adorned with the little red Egyptian banners which look like fringed napkins. In the roadway, placed against the walls of the houses on each side, were rows of wooden settees; one of these seats was occupied by the band, which kept up a constant piping and droning, and upon the others were squatted the

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invited guests. Every now and then a man came from a gayly adorned door on the left, which was that of the bridegroom, bringing with him a tray covered with the tiny cups of coffee set in their filigree stands; he offered coffee to all. In the meanwhile, in the centre of the roadway between the settees, an Egyptian, in his long blue gown, was dancing. The expression of responsibility on his face amounted to anxiety as he took his steps with great care, now lifting one bare foot as high as he could, and turning it sidewise, as if to show us the sole; now putting it down and hopping upon it, while he displayed to us in the same way the sole of the other. This formal dancing is done by the guests when no public performers are employed. Some one must dance to express the revelry of the occasion; those who are invited, therefore, undertake the duty one by one. When at last we went on our way we were obliged to ride directly through the reception, our donkeys brushing the band on one side and the guests on the other; the dancer on duty paused for a moment, wiping his face with the tail of his gown.

The road leading to Heliopolis has a charm which it shares with no other in the neighborhood of Cairo: at a certain point the desert—the real desert—comes rolling up to its very edge; one can look across the sand for miles. The desert is not a plain, the sand lies in ridges and hillocks; and this sand in many places is not so much like the sand of the sea-shore as it is like the dust of one of our country roads in August. The contrast between the bright green of the cultivated fields (the land which is reached by the inundation) and these silvery, arrested waves is striking, the line of their meeting being as sharply defined as that between sea and shore. I have called the color silvery, but that is only one of the tints which the sand assumes. An artist has jotted down the names of the colors used in an effort to

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copy the hues on an expanse of desert before him; beginning with the foreground, these were brown, dark red, violet, blue, gold, rose, crimson, pale green, orange, indigo blue, and sky blue. Colors supply the place of shadows, for there is no shade anywhere; all is wide open and light; and yet the expanse does not strike one in the least as bare. For myself, I can say that of all the marvels which one sees in Egypt, the desert produced the most profound impression; and I fancy that, as regards this feeling, I am but one of many. The cause of the attraction is a mystery. It cannot be found in the roving tendencies of our ancestor, since he was arboreal, and there are no trees in the strange-tinted waste. The old legend says that Adam's first wife, Lilith, fled to Egypt, where she was permitted to live in the desert, and where she still exists:

> "It was Lilith, the wife of Adam;
> Not a drop of her blood was human."

Perhaps it is Lilith's magic that we feel.

Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, the On of the forty-first chapter of Genesis, is five miles from Cairo. Nothing of it is now left above ground save an obelisk and a few ruined walls. The obelisk, which is the oldest yet discovered, bears the name of the king in whose reign it was erected; this gives us the date—5000 years ago; that is, more than a millennium before the days of Moses. At Heliopolis was the Temple of the Sun, and the schools which Herodotus visited "because the teachers are considered the most accomplished men in Egypt." When Strabo came hither, four hundred years later, he saw the house which Plato had occupied; Moses here learned "all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Papyri describe Heliopolis as "full of obelisks." Two of these columns were carried to Alexandria 1937 years ago, and set up before the Temple of Cæsar. Accord-

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THE INUNDATION NEAR CAIRO

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ing to one authority, this temple was built by Cleopatra; in any case, the two obelisks acquired the name of Cleopatra's Needles, and though the temple itself in time disappeared, they remained where they had been placed —one erect, one prostrate—until, in recent years, one was given to London and the other to New York. One recites all this in a breath in order to bring up, if possible, the associations which rush confusedly through the mind as one stands beside this red granite column rising alone in the green fields at Heliopolis. No myth itself, it was erected in days which are to us mythical —days which are the jumping-off place of our human history; yet they were not savages who polished this granite, who sculptured this inscription; ages of civilization of a certain sort must have preceded them. Beginning with the Central Park, we force our minds backward in an endeavor to make these dates real. "Homer was a modern compared with the designers of this pillar," we say to ourselves. "The Mycenæ relics were *articles de Paris* of centuries and centuries later." But repeating the words (and even rolling the *r's*) are useless efforts; the imagination will not rise; it is crushed into stupidity by such a vista of years. As reaction, perhaps as revenge, we flee to geology and Darwin; here, at least, one can take breath.

Near Heliopolis there is an ostrich yard. The giant birds are very amusing; they walk about with long steps, and stretch their necks. If allowed, they would tap us all on the head, I think, after the fashion of the ostriches in that vivid book, *The Story of an African Farm.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

Gerard de Nerval begins his volume on Egypt by announcing that the women of Cairo are so thickly veiled that the European (*i.e.*, the Frenchman?) be-

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comes discouraged after a very few days, and, in consequence, goes up the Nile. This, at least, is one effort to explain why strangers spend so short a time in Cairo. The French, as a nation, are not travellers; they have small interest in any country beyond their own borders. A few of their writers have cherished a liking for the East; but it has been what we may call a home-liking. They give us the impression of having sincerely believed that they could, owing to their extreme intelligence, imagine for themselves (and reproduce for others) the entire Orient from one fez, one Turkish pipe, and a picture of the desert. Gautier, for instance, has described many Eastern landscapes which his eyes have never beheld. Pictures are, indeed, much to Frenchmen. The acme of this feeling is reached by one of the Goncourt brothers, who writes, in their recently published journal, that the true way to enjoy a summer in the country is to fill one's town-house during the summer months with beautiful paintings of green fields, wild forests, and purling brooks, and then stay at home, and look at the lovely pictured scenes in comfort. French volumes of travels in the East are written as much with exclamation-points as with the letters of the alphabet. Lamartine and his disciples frequently paused "to drop a tear." Later Gallic voyagers divided all scenery into two classes; the cities "laugh," the plains are "amiable," or they "smile"; if they do not do this, immediately they are set down as "sad." One must be bold indeed to call Edmond About, the distinguished author of *Tolla*, ridiculous. The present writer, not being bold, is careful to abstain from it. But the last scene of his volume on Egypt (*Le Fellah*, published in 1883), describing the hero, with all his clothes rolled into a gigantic turban round his head, swimming after the yacht which bears away the heroine—a certain impossible Miss Grace—from the

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harbor of Port Said, must have caused, I think, some amused reflection in the minds of English and American readers. It is but just to add that among the younger French writers are several who have abandoned these methods. Gabriel Charmes's volume on Cairo contains an excellent account of the place. Pierre Loti and Maupassant have this year (1890) given to the world pages about northwestern Africa which are marvels of actuality as well as of unsurpassed description.

The French at present are greatly angered by the continuance of the English occupation of Egypt. Since Napoleon's day they have looked upon the Nile country as sure to be theirs some time. They built the Suez Canal when the English were opposed to the scheme. They remember when their influence was dominant. The French tradesmen, the French milliners and dressmakers in Cairo, still oppose a stubborn resistance to the English way of counting. They give the prices of their goods and render their accounts in Egyptian piasters, or in napoleons and francs; they refuse to comprehend shillings and pounds. And here, by-the-way, Americans would gladly join their side of the controversy. England alone, among the important countries of the world, has a currency which is not based upon the decimal system. The collected number of sixpences lost each year in England, by American travellers who mistake the half-crown piece for two shillings, would make a large sum. The bewilderment over English prices given in a coin which has no existence is like that felt by serious-minded persons who read *Alice in Wonderland* from a sense of duty. Talk of the English as having no imagination when the guinea exists!

France lost her opportunity in Egypt when her fleet sailed away from Alexandria Harbor in July, 1882. Her ships were asked to remain and take part in the

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bombardment; they refused, and departed. The English, thus being left alone, quieted the country later by means of an army of occupation. An English army of occupation has been there ever since.

At present it is not a large army. The number of British soldiers in 1890 is given as three thousand; the remaining troops are Egyptians, with English regimental officers. During the winter months the short-waisted red coat of Tommy Atkins enlivens with its cheerful blaze the streets of Cairo at every turn. The East and the West may be said to be personified by the slender, supple Arabs in their flowing draperies, and by these lusty youths of light complexion, with straight backs and stiff shoulders, who walk, armed with a rattan, in the centre of the pavement, wearing over one ear the cloth-covered saucer which passes for a head-covering. Tommy Atkins patronizes the donkeys with all his heart. One of the most frequently seen groups is a party of laughing scarlet-backed youths mounted on the smallest beasts they can find, and careering down the avenues at the donkey's swiftest speed, followed by the donkey-boys, delighted and panting. As the spring comes on, Atkins changes his scarlet for lighter garments, and dons the summer helmet. This species of hat is not confined to the sons of Mars; it is worn in warm weather by Europeans of all nationalities who are living or travelling in the East. It may be cool. Without doubt, æsthetically considered, it is the most unbecoming head-covering known to the civilized world. It has a peculiar power of causing its wearer to appear both ignoble and pulmonic; for, viewed in front, the most distinguished features, under its tin-pan-like visor, become plebeian; and, viewed behind, the strongest masculine throat looks wizened and consumptive.

The English have benefited Egypt. They have put an end to the open knavery in high places which flour-

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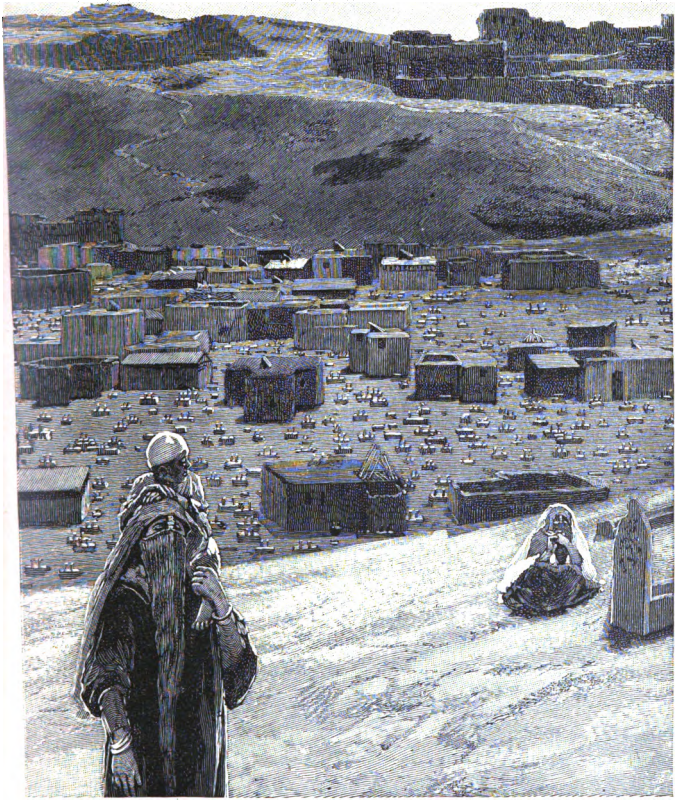

A MOHAMMEDAN CEMETERY, CAIRO

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ished unchecked; they have taught honesty; they have so greatly improved the methods of irrigation that a bad Nile (*i.e.*, a deficient inundation) no longer means starvation; finally, they have taken hold of the mismanaged finances, disentangled them, set them in order, and given them at least a start in the right direction. The natives fret over some of their restrictions. And they say that the English have, first of all, taken care of their own interests. In addition, they greatly dislike seeing so many Englishmen holding office over them. But this last objection is simply the other side of the story. If the English are to help the country, they must be on the spot in order to do it; and it appears to be a fixed rule in all British colonies that the representatives of the government, whether high or low, shall be made, as regards material things, extremely comfortable. Egypt is not yet a British colony; she is a viceroyalty under the suzerainty of the Porte. But practically she is to-day governed by the English; and, to the American traveller at least (whatever the French may think), it appears probable that English authority will soon be as absolute in the Khedive's country as it is now in India.

In Cairo, in 1890, the English colony played lawn-tennis; it attended the races; when Stanley returned to civilization it welcomed him with enthusiasm; and when, later, Prince Eddie came, it attended a gala performance of *Aïda* at the opera-house—a resurrection from the time of Ismail ordered by Ismail's son for the entertainment of the heir-presumptive (one wonders whether Tufik himself found entertainment in it).

In the little English church, which stands amid its roses and vines in the new quarter, is a wall tablet of red and white marble—the memorial of a great Englishman. It bears the following inscription: "In memory of Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B. Born

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at Woolwich, Jan. 28, 1833. Killed at the defence of Khartoum, Jan. 26, 1885." Above is a sentence from Gordon's last letter: "I have done my best for the honor of our country."

St. George of Khartoum, as he has been called. If objection is made to the bestowal of this title, it might be answered that the saints of old lived before the age of the telegraph, the printer, the newspaper, and the reporter; possibly they too would not have seemed to us faultless if every one of their small decisions and all their trivial utterances had been subjected to the electric-light publicity of to-day. Perhaps Gordon was a fanatic, and his discernment was not accurate. But he was single-hearted, devoted to what he considered to be his duty, and brave to a striking degree. When we remember how he faced death through those weary days we cannot criticise him. The story of that rescuing army which came so near him and yet failed, and of his long hoping in vain, only to be shot down at the last, must always remain one of the most pathetic tales of history.

SOUVENIRS

As the warm spring closes, every one selects something to carry homeward. Leaving aside those fortunate persons who can purchase the ancient carved woodwork of an entire house, or Turkish carpets by the dozen, the rest of us keep watch of the selections of our friends while we make our own. Among these we find the jackets embroidered in silver and gold; the inevitable fez; two or three blue tiles of the thirteenth century; a water-jug, or kulleh; a fly-brush with ivory handle; attar of roses and essence of sandal-wood; Assiout ware in vases and stoups; a narghileh; the gauze scarfs embroidered with Persian benedictions; a koursi inlaid with mother-of-pearl; Arabian inkstands—

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long cases of silver or brass, to be worn like a dagger in the belt; a keffiyeh, or delicate silken head-shawl with white knotted fringe; the Arabian finger-bowls; the little coffee-cups; images of Osiris from the tombs; a native bracelet and anklet; and, finally, a scarab or two, whose authenticity is always exciting, like an unsolved riddle. A picture of these mementos of Cairo would not be complete for some of us without two of those constant companions of so many long mornings—the dusty, shuffling, dragging, slipping, venerable, abominable mosque shoes.

HOMEWARD-BOUND

"We who pursue
Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-fill'd breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,
And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

So chanted Matthew Arnold of the English of to-day. And if we are to believe what is preached to us and hurled at us, it is a reproach even more applicable to Americans than to the English themselves. One American traveller, however, wishes to record modestly a disbelief in the universal truth of this idea. Many of us are, indeed, haunted by our business; many of us do glance and nod and bustle by; it is a class, and a large class. But these hurried people are not all; an equal number of us, who, being less in haste, may be less conspicuous perhaps, are the most admiring travellers in the world. American are the bands who journey to Stratford-upon-Avon, and go down upon their knees—

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almost—when they reach the sacred spot; American are the pilgrims who pay reverent visits to all the English cathedrals, one after the other, from Carlisle to Exeter, from Durham to Canterbury. In the East, likewise, it is the transatlantic travellers who are so deeply impressed by the strangeness and beauty of the scenes about them that they forget to talk about their personal comforts (or, rather, the lack of them).

There is another matter upon which a word may be said, and this is the habit of judging the East from the stand-point of one's home customs, whether the home be American or English. It is, of course, easy to find faults in the social systems of the Oriental nations; they have laws and usages which are repugnant to all our feelings, which seem to us horrible. But it is well to remember that it is impossible to comprehend any nation not our own unless one has lived a long time among its people, and made one's self familiar with their traditions, their temperament, their history, and, above all, with the language which they speak. Anything less than this is observation from the outside alone, which is sure to be founded upon misapprehension. The French and the English are separated by merely the few miles of the Channel, and they have, to a certain extent, a common language; for though the French do not often understand English, the English very generally understand something of French. Yet it is said that these two nations have never thoroughly comprehended each other either as nations or individuals; and it is even added that, owing to their differing temperaments, they will never reach a clear appreciation of each other's merits; demerits, of course, are easier. Our own country has a language which is, on the whole, nearer the English tongue perhaps than is the speech of France; yet have we not felt now and then that English travellers have misunderstood us? If this is

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SOUVENIRS OF CAIRO

the case among people who are all Occidentals together, how much more difficult must be a thorough comprehension by us of those ancient nations who were old before we were born?

The East is the land of mystery. If one cares for it at all, one loves it; there is no half-way. If one does not love it, one really (though perhaps not avowedly) hates it—hates it and all its ways. But for those who love it the charm is so strong that no surprise is felt in reading or hearing of Europeans who have left all to take up a wandering existence there for long years or for life—the spirit of Browning's "What's become of Waring?"

All of us cannot be Warings, however, and the time comes at last when we must take leave. The streets of Cairo have been for some time adorned with placards

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whose announcements begin, in large type, "Travellers returning to Europe." We are indeed far away when returning to Europe is a step towards home. We wait for the last festival—the Shem-en-Neseem, or Smelling of the Zephyr—the annual picnic day, when the people go into the country to gather flowers and breathe the soft air before the opening of the regular season for the Khamsin. Then comes the journey by railway to Alexandria. We wave a handkerchief (now fringed on all four sides by the colored threads of the laundresses) to the few friends still left behind. They respond; and so do all the Mustaphas, Achmets, and Ibrahims who have carried our parcels and trotted after our donkeys. Then we take a seat by the window, to watch for the last time the flying Egyptian landscape—the green plain, the tawny Nile, the camels on the bank, the villages, and the palm-trees, and behind them the solemn line of the desert.

At sunset the steamer passes down the harbor, and, pushing out to sea, turns westward. A faint crescent moon becomes visible over the Ras-et-Teen palace. It is the moon of Ramadan. Presently a cannon on the shore ushers in, with its distant sound, the great Mohammedan fast.

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CORFU AND THE IONIAN SEA

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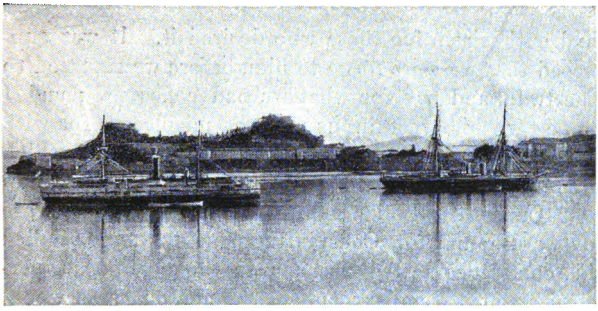

CORFU AND THE IONIAN SEA

Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore.
Ah, singing birds, your happy music pour;
Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile;
Flit to these ancient gods we still adore:
"It may be we shall touch the happy isle!"
—*Translated by Andrew Lang.*

Not long before Christmas, last year, I found myself travelling from Ancona down the Adriatic coast of Italy by the fast train called the Indian Mail. There was excitement in the very name, and more in the conversation of the people who sat beside me at the table of a queer little eating-house on the shore, before whose portal the Indian Mail stopped late in the evening. We all descended and went in. A dusky apartment was our discovery, and a table illuminated by guttering candles that flared in the strong currents of air. Roast chickens were stacked on this table in a high pile, and loaves of dark-colored bread were placed here and there, with portly straw-covered flasks of the wine of the country. No one came to serve us; we were expected to serve ourselves. A landlord who looked like an obese Don Juan was established behind a bench in a distant corner, where he made coffee with amiability

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and enthusiasm for those who desired it. It was supposed that we were to go to him, before we returned to the train, and pay for what we had consumed; and I hope that his trust in us was not misplaced, for with his objection to exercise, and his dim little lamp which illuminated only his smiles, there was nothing for him but trust. The Indian Mail carries passengers who are outward-bound for Constantinople, Egypt, and India; his confidence rested perhaps in the belief that persons about to embark on such dangerous seas would hardly begin the enterprise by crime. To other minds, however, it might have seemed the very moment to perpetrate enormities. As we attacked the chickens, I perceived in the flickering glare that all my companions were English. Everybody talked, and the thrill of the one American increased as the names of the steamers waiting at Brindisi were mentioned—the *Hydaspes*, the *Coromandel*, the *Cathay*, the *Mirzapore:* towards what lands of sandal-wood, what pleasure-domes of Kubla-Khan, might not one sail on ships bearing those titles! The present voyagers, however, were all old travellers; they took a purely practical view of the Orient. Nevertheless, their careless "Cairo," "Port Said," "Bombay," "Ceylon," "Java," were as fascinating as the shining balls of a juggler when a dozen are in the air at the same moment. My right-hand neighbor, upon learning that my destination was Corfu, good-naturedly offered the information that the voyage was an easy one. "Corfu, however, is *not* what it has been!"

"But, Polly, it is looking up a little, now that the Empress of Austria is building a villa there," suggested a sister correctively.

After this outburst of talk, we all climbed back into the waiting train, and went flying on towards the south, following the lonely, wild-looking coast, with the wind

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from the Adriatic crying over our heads like a banshee. It was midnight when we reached Brindisi. At present this, the ancient Brundusium, is the jumping-off place for the traveller on his way to the East; here he must leave the land and trust himself to an enigmatical deep. But if he wishes to have the sensation in full force, he must not delay his journey; for, presently, the Indian Mail will rush through Greece and meet the steamers at Cape Colonna; and then, before long, there will be another spurt, and Pullman trains will go through to Calcutta, with a ferry over the Bosporus.

At Brindisi I became the prey of five barelegged boatmen, who, owing to the noise of the wind and the water, communicated with each other by yells. The Austrian-Lloyd steamer from Trieste, outward-bound for Constantinople, which carried the friends I was expecting to meet, was said to be lying out in the stream, and I enjoyed the adventure of setting forth alone on the dark sea in search of her, in a small boat rowed by my Otranto crew. During the transit there was not much time to think of Brundusium, with its memories of Horace and Virgil. But there was another opportunity to reflect upon the question, perplexing to the unskilled mind—namely, Why it is that an American abroad is constantly called upon to praise the wharves, piers, and landing-stages, and with the same breath to condemn as disgraces to civilization the like nautical platforms of his own country, when he is so often obliged, on foreign shores, to embark and disembark by means of a tossing small boat or a crowded tender, whereas at home, with the aid of those same makeshift constructions for whose short-comings he is supposed to blush, he walks on board of his steamship with no trouble whatever?

Early the next morning, awakening on a shelf in a red velvet cupboard, I was explaining to myself vaguely

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that the cupboard was a dream, when there appeared through the port-hole a picture of such fairy-tale beauty that the dream became lyrical—it began to sing:

> "Far and few, far and few,
> Are the lands where the Jumblies live!"

At last those famous lines were actualities, for surely this was the sea of the Jumblies, and those heights without doubt were "the hills of Chankly Bore." (There are people, I believe, who do not care for the Jumblies. There are persons who do not care for Alice in Wonderland, nor for Brer Rabbit, when he played on his triangle down by the brook.)

The sea which I saw was of a miraculously blue tint; in the distance the cliffs of a mountainous island rose boldly from the water, their color that of a violet pansy; a fishing-boat with red sails was crossing the foreground; over all glittered an atmosphere so golden that it was like that of sunset in other lands, though the sky, at the same time, had unmistakably the purity of early morning. Later, on the deck, during the broadly practical time of after breakfast, this view, instead of diminishing in attraction, grew constantly more fair. The French novelist of to-day, Paul Bourget, describes Corfu as "so lovely that one wants to take it in one's arms!" Another Frenchman, who was not given to the making of phrases, no less a personage than Napoleon Bonaparte, has left upon record his belief that Corfu has "the most beautiful situation in the world." What, then, is this beauty? What is this situation?

First, there is the long and charming approach, with the snow-capped mountains of Albania, in European Turkey, looming up against the sky at the end; then comes the landlocked harbor; then the picturesque

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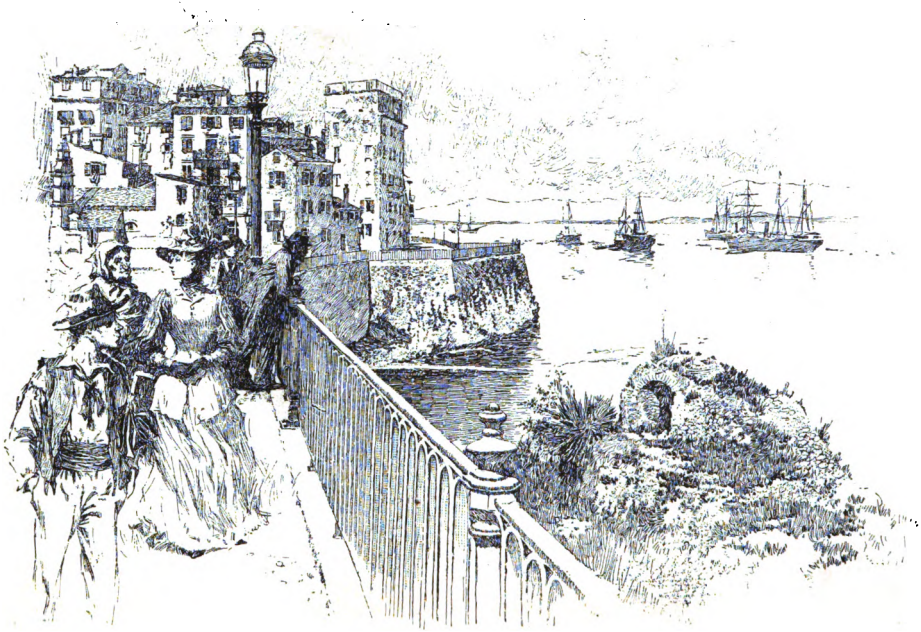

PART OF THE TOWN OF CORFU.

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old town, its high stone houses, all of creamy hue, crowded together on the hill-side above the sea-wall, with here and there a bell-tower shooting into the blue. Below is the busy, many-colored port. Above towers the dark double fortress on its rock. And, finally, the dense, grove-like vegetation of the island encircles all, and its own mountain-peaks rise behind, one of them attaining a height of three thousand feet. There are other islands of which all this, or almost all, can be said—Capri, for instance. But at Corfu there are two attributes peculiar to the region; these are: first, the color; second, the transparency. Although the voyage from Brindisi hardly occupies twelve hours, the atmosphere is utterly unlike that of Italy; there is no haze; all is clear. Some of us love the Italian haze (which is not in the least a mist), that soft veil which makes the mountains look as if they were covered with velvet. But a love of this softness need not, I hope, make us hate everything that is different. Greece (and Corfu is a Greek island) seemed to me all light—the lightest country in the world. In other lands, if we climb a high mountain and stand on its bald summit at noon, we feel as if we were taking a bath in light; in Greece we have this feeling everywhere, even in the valleys. Euripides described his countrymen as "forever delicately tripping through the pellucid air," and so their modern descendants trip to this day. This dry atmosphere has an exciting effect upon the nervous energy, and the faces of the people show it. It has also, I believe, the defect of this good quality—namely, an over-stimulation, which sometimes produces neuralgia. In some respects Americans recognize this clearness of the atmosphere, and its influence, good and bad; the air of northern New England in the summer, and of California at the same season, is not unlike it. But in America the transparency is more

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white, more blank; we have little of the coloring that exists in Greece, tints whose intensity must be seen to be believed. The mountains, the hills, the fields, are sometimes bathed in lilac. Then comes violet for the plains, while the mountains are rose that deepens into crimson. At other times salmon, pink, and purple tinges are seen, and ochre, saffron, and cinnamon brown. This description applies to the whole of Greece, but among the Ionian Islands the effect of the color is doubled by the wonderful tint of the surrounding sea. I promise not to mention this hue again; hereafter it can be taken for granted, for it is always present; but for this once I must say that you may imagine the bluest blue you know—the sky, lapis lazuli, sapphires, the eyes of some children, the Bay of Naples—and the Ionian Sea is bluer than any of these. And nowhere else have I seen such dear, queer little foam sprays. They are so small and so very white on the blue, and they curl over the surface of the water even when the sea is perfectly calm, which makes me call them queer. You meet them miles from land. And all the shores are whitened with their never-ceasing play. It is a pygmy surf.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when our steamer reached her anchorage before the island town. Immediately she was surrounded by small boats, whose crews were perfectly lawless, demanding from strangers whatever they thought they could get, and obtaining their demands, because there was no way to escape them except by building a raft. Upon reaching land one forgets the extortion, for the windows of the hotel overlook the esplanade, and this open space amiably offers to persons who are interested in first impressions a panoramic history of two thousand five hundred years in a series of striking mementos. Let me premise that as regards any solid knowledge of these islands, only a

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contemptible smattering can be obtained in a stay so short as mine. Corfu and her sisters have borne a conspicuous part in what we used to call ancient history. Through the Roman days they appear and reappear. In the times of the Crusaders their position made them extremely important. Years of study could not exhaust their records, nor months of research their antiquities. To comprehend them rightfully one must indeed be an historian, an archæologist, and a painter at one and the same time, and one must also be good-natured. Few of us can hope to unite all these. The next best thing, therefore, is to go and see them with whatever eyes and mind we happen to possess. Good-nature will perhaps return after the opening encounter with the boatmen is over.

From our windows, then, we could note, first, the Citadel, high on its rock, three hundred feet above the town. The oldest part of the present fortress was erected in 1550; but the site has always been the stronghold. Corinthians, Athenians, Spartans, Macedonians, and Romans have in turn held the island, and this rock is the obvious keep. Later came four hundred years of Venetian control, and I am ashamed to add that the tokens of this last-named period were to me more delightful than any of the other memorials. I say "ashamed," for why should one be haunted by Venice in Greece? With the Parthenon to look forward to, why should the lion of St. Mark, sculptured on Corfu façades, be a thing to greet with joy? Many of us are familiar with the disconsolate figures of some of our fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in the galleries of Europe, tired and dejected tourists wandering from picture to picture, but finding nothing half so interesting as the memory of No. 4699 Columbus Avenue at home. I am afraid it is equally narrow to be scanning Corfu, Athens, Cairo, and the sands of the desert itself for something that re-

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minds one of another place, even though that place be the enchanting pageant of a town at the head of the Adriatic. History, however, as related by the esplanade, pays no attention to these aberrations of the looker-on; its story goes steadily forward. The lions of St. Mark on the façades, and another memento of the Doges—namely, the statue of Count von der Schulenburg, who commanded the Venetian forces in the great defence of Corfu in 1716 — these memorials have as companions various tokens of the English occupation, which, following that of Venice, continued through forty-nine years—that is, from 1815 to 1863. Before this there had been a short period of French dominion; but the esplanade, so far as I could discover, contains no memorial of it, unless Napoleon's phrase can stand for one—and I think it can. The souvenirs of the British rule are conspicuous. The first is the palace built for the English Governor, a functionary who bore the sonorous official name of Lord High Commissioner, a title which was soon shortened to the odd abbreviation "the Lord High." This palace is an uninteresting construction stretching stiffly across the water-side of the esplanade, and cutting off the view of the harbor. It is now the property of the King of Greece, but at present it is seldom occupied. While we were at Corfu its ghostliness was enlivened for a while; Prince Henry of Prussia was there with his wife. They had left their yacht (if so large a vessel as the *Irene* can be called a yacht), and were spending a week at the palace. An hour after their departure entrance was again permitted, and an old man, still trembling from the excitement of the royal sojourn, conducted us from room to room. All was ugly. Fading flowers in the vases showed that an attempt had been made to brighten the place; but the visitors must have been endowed with a strong natural cheerfulness to withstand with success

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such a mixture of the commonplace and the dreary as the palace presents. They had the magnificent view to look at, and there was always the graceful silhouette of

THE PALACE

the *Irene* out on the water. She could come up at any time and take them away; it was this, probably, that kept them alive.

If the palace is ordinary, what shall be said of another memento which adorns the esplanade? This is a high, narrow building, so uncouth that it causes a smile. It looks raw, bare, and so primitive that if it had a pulley at the top it might be taken for a warehouse erected on the bank of a canal in one of our Western towns; one sees in imagination canal-boats lying beneath, and bulging sacks going up or down. Yet this is nothing less than that University of the Ionian Islands which was founded by the Earl of Guildford early in this century, the epoch of English enthusiasm for Greece, the days of the Philhellenes. Lord Guildford, who was one of the distinguished North family, gave largely of his fortune and of his time to establish this university. Contemporary records speak of him as "an amiable nobleman." But after seeing his touchingly ugly academy and his bust (which is not ugly) in the hall of the extinct Ionian Senate at the palace, one feels sure that he

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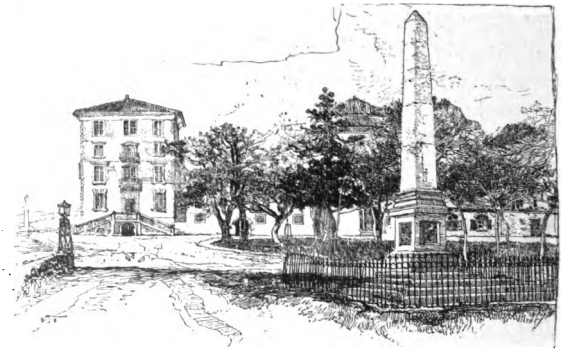
was more than amiable—he must have been original also. The English are called cold; but as individuals they are capable sometimes of extraordinary enthusiasms for distant causes and distant people. Adventurous travellers as they are, does the charm lie in the word "distant"? The defunct academy now shelters a school where vigorous young Greeks sit on benches, opposite each other, in narrow, doorless compartments which resemble the interior of a large omnibus; this, at least, was the arrangement of the ground-floor on the day of our visit. Although it was December, the boys looked heated. The teachers, who walked up and down, had a relentless aspect. Even the porter, white-haired and bent, had a will untouched by the least decay; he would not show us the remains of the university library, nor the Roman antiquities which are



UNIVERSITY OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS

said to be stored somewhere in a lumber-room, among them "fifty-nine frames of mosaic representing a bustard in various attitudes." He had not the power, apparently, to exhibit these treasures while the school exercises were going on, and as soon as they were

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ended—instantly, that very minute—he intended to eat his dinner, and nothing could alter this determination; his face grew ferocious at the mere suggestion. So we were obliged to depart without seeing the souvenirs of Lord Guildford's enthusiasm; and owing to the glamour which always hangs over the place one has failed to see, I have been sure ever since that we should have found them the most fascinating objects in Corfu.

At the present school the teaching is done, no doubt, in a tongue which would have made the old university shudder. In a letter written by Sir George Bowen in 1856, from one of the Ionian Islands, there is the following anecdote: "Bishop Wilberforce told me that he recently had, as a candidate at one of his ordinations, Mr. M., the son of an English merchant settled in Greece. 'I examined him myself,' said the bishop, 'when he gave what was to me an unknown pronunciation.' 'Oh, Mr. M.,' I said, 'where *did* you learn Greek?' 'In Athens, my lord,' replied the trembling man." Classical scholars who visit Greece to-day are not able to ask the simplest questions; or, rather, they may ask, but no one will understand them. Several of these gentlemen have announced to the world that the modern speech of Athens is a barbarous decadence. It is not for an American, I suppose, to pass judgment upon matters of this sort. But when these authorities continue as follows: "And even in pronunciation modern Greek is hopelessly fallen; the ancients never pronounced in this way," may we not ask how they can be so sure? They are not, I take it, inspired, and the phonograph is a modern invention. The voice of Robert Browning is stored for coming generations; the people A.D. 3000 may hear him recite "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Possibly the tones of Lord Salisbury and of Mr.

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Balfour are already garnered and arranged in cylinders for the future orators of the South Seas. But we cannot know how Pindar spoke any more than we can know the song the Sirens sang; the most learned scholar cannot, alas! summon from the past the articulation of Plato.

In the esplanade the period of English rule is further kept in mind by monuments to the memory of three of the Lords High—a statue, an obelisk, and (of all things in the world) an imitation of a Greek temple. This temple—it is so small that they might call it a templette—was erected in honor of Sir Thomas Maitland, a Governor whose arbitrary rule gained for him

SMALL TEMPLE, MEMORIAL TO SIR THOMAS MAITLAND

the title of King Tom. The three memorials are officially protected, an agreement to that effect having been made between the governments of Great Britain and Greece. They were never in danger, probably, as the English protection was a friendly one. In spite of its friendliness, the Corfiotes voted as follows with

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enthusiasm when an opportunity was offered to them: "The single and unanimous will of the Ionian people has been and is for their reunion with the Kingdom of Greece." England yielded to this wish and withdrew—a disinterested act which ought to have gained for her universal applause. Since 1864 Corfu and her sister islands, happily freed at last from foreign control, have filled with patriotic pride and contentment their proper place as part of the Hellenic kingdom.

The esplanade also contains the one modern monument erected by the Corfiotes themselves—a statue of Capo d'Istria. John Capo d'Istria, a native of Corfu, was the political leader of Greece when she succeeded in freeing herself from the Turkish yoke. The story of his life is a part of the exciting tale of the Greek revolution. His measures, after he had attained supreme power, were thought to be high-handed, and he was accused also of looking too often towards that great empire in the North whose boundaries are stretching slowly towards Constantinople; he was resisted, disliked; finally he was assassinated. Time has softened the remembrance of his faults, whatever they were, and brought his services to the nation into the proper relief; hence this statue, erected in 1887, fifty-six years after his death, by young Greece. It is a sufficiently imposing figure of white marble, the face turned towards the bay with a musing expression. Capo d'Istria—a name which might have been invented for a Greek patriot! The Eastern question is a complicated one, and I have no knowledge of its intricacies. But a personal observation of the hatred of Turkey which exists in every Greek heart, and a glance at the map of Europe, lead an American mind towards one general idea or fancy—namely, that Capo d'Istria was merely in advance of his time, and that an alliance between Russia and Greece is now one of the probabilities of the near

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future. It is unexpected—at least, to the non-political observer—that Hellas should be left to turn for help and comfort to the Muscovites, a race to whom, probably, her ancient art and literature appeal less strongly than they do to any other European people. But she has so turned. "Wait till *Russia* comes down here!" she appears to be saying, with deferred menace, to Turkey to-day.

These various monuments of the esplanade do not, however, make Corfu in the least modern. They are unimportant, they are inconspicuous, when compared with the old streets which meander over the slopes behind them, fringed with a net-work of stone lanes that lead down to the water's edge. It has been said that the general aspect of the place is Italian. It is true that there are arcades like those of Bologna and Padua; that some of the byways have the look of a Venetian calle, without its canal; and that the neighborhood of the gay little port resembles, on a small scale, the streets which border the harbor of Genoa. In spite of this, we have only to look up and see the sky, we have only to breathe and note the quality of the air, to perceive that we are not in Italy. Corfu is Greek, with a coating of Italian manners. And it has also caught a strong tinge from Asia. Many of the houses have the low door and masked entrance which are so characteristic of the East; at the top of the neglected stairway, as far as possible from public view, there may be handsome, richly furnished apartments; but if such rooms exist, the jealous love of privacy keeps them hidden. This inconspicuous entrance is as universal in the Orient as the high wall, shutting off all view of the garden or park, is universal in England.

The town of Corfu has 26,000 inhabitants. Among the population are Dalmatians, Maltese, Levantines, and others; but the Greeks are the dominant race. There

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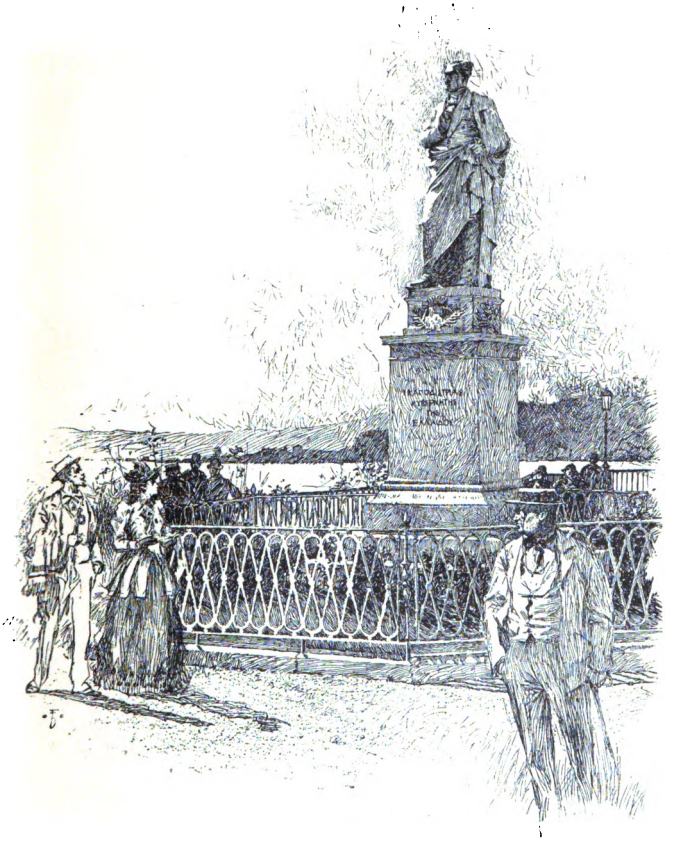

STATUE OF CAPO D'ISTRIA

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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is a Jews' quarter, and Jews abound, or did abound at the time of my visit. Since then fanaticism has raised its head again, and there have been wild scenes at Corfu. Face to face with the revival of persecution for religious opinions which is now visible in Russia, and not in Russia alone, are we forced to acknowledge that our century is not so enlightened as we have hoped that it was. I remember when I believed that in no civilized country to-day could there be found, among the educated, a single person who would wish to persecute or coerce his fellow-beings solely on account of their religious opinions; but I am obliged to confess that, without going to Russia or Corfu, I have encountered within the last dozen years individuals not a few whose flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, when they spoke of a mental attitude in such matters which differed from their own, made me realize with a thrill that if it were still the day of the stake and the torch they would come bringing fagots to the pile with their own hands.

In spite of these survivals, ceremonial martyrdom for so-called religion's sake is, we may hope, at an end among the civilized nations; we have only its relics left. Corfu has one of these relics, a martyr who is sincerely honored—St. Spiridion, or, as he is called in loving diminutive, Spiro. Spiro, who died fifteen hundred years ago, was bishop of a see in Cyprus, I believe. He was tortured during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian. His embalmed body was taken to Constantinople, and afterwards, in 1489, it was brought to Corfu by a man named George Colochieretry. Some authorities say that Colochieretry was a monk; in any case, what is certain is that the heirs of this man still own the saint—surely a strange piece of property—and derive large revenues from him. St. Spiro reposes in a small dim chapel of the church which is called by his

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name; his superb silver coffin is lighted by the rays from a hanging lamp which is suspended above it. When we paid our visit, people in an unbroken stream were pressing into this chapel, and kissing the sarcophagus repeatedly with passionate fervor. The nave, too, was thronged; families were seated on the pavement in groups, with an air of having been there all day: probably Christmas is one of the seasons set apart for an especial pilgrimage to the martyr. Three times a year the body is taken from its coffin and borne round the esplanade, followed by a long train of Greek clergy, and by the public officers of the town; upon these occasions the sick are brought forth and laid where the shadow of the saint can pass over them. "Yes, he's out today, I believe," said a resident, to whom we had mentioned this procession. He spoke in a matter-of-fact tone. After seeing it three times a year for twenty years, the issuing forth of the old bishop into the brilliant sunshine to make a solemn circuit round the esplanade did not, I suppose, seem so remarkable to him as it seemed to us. There is another saint, a woman (her name I have forgotten), who also reposes in a silver coffin in one of the Corfu churches. At first we supposed that this was Spiro. But the absence of worshippers showed us our mistake. This lonely witness to the faith was also a martyr; she suffered decapitation. "They don't think much of *her*," said the same resident. Then, explanatorily, "You see—she has no head." This practically minded critic, however, was not a native of Corfu. The true Corfiotes are very reverent, and no doubt they honor their second martyr upon her appointed day. But Spiro is the one they love. The country people believe that he visits their fields once a year to bless their olives and grain, and the Corfu sailors are sure that he comes to them, walking on the water in the darkness, when a storm is ap-

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proaching. Mr. Tuckerman, in his delightful volume, *The Greeks of To-Day*, says, in connection with this last legend, that it is believed by the devout that seaweed is often found about the legs of the good bishop in his silver coffin, after his return from these marine promenades. There is something charming in this story, and I shall have to hold back my hand to keep myself from alluding (and yet I do allude) to a shrine I know at Venice; it is far out on the lagoon, and its name is Our Lady of the Seaweed. The last time my gondola passed it I saw that by a happy chance the high tide had left seaweed twined about it in long, floating wreaths, like an offering.

The name of the national religion of Greece is the Orthodox Church of the East, or, more briefly, the Orthodox Church. Western nations call it the Greek Church, but they have invented that name themselves. The Orthodox Church has rites and ceremonies which are striking and sometimes magnificent. I have many memories of the churches of Corfu. The temples are so numerous that they seem innumerable; one was always coming upon a fresh one; sometimes there is only a façade visible, and occasionally nothing but a door, the church being behind, masked by other buildings. My impressions are of a series of magnified jewel-boxes. There was not much daylight; no matter how radiant the sunshine outside, within all was richly dim, owing to the dark tints of the stained glass. The ornamentation was never paltry or tawdry. The soft light from the wax candles drew dull gleams from the singular metal-incrusted pictures. These pictures, or icons, are placed in large numbers along the walls and upon the screen which divides the nave from the apse. They are generally representations of the Madonna and Child in repoussé-work of silver, silvered copper, or gilt. Often the face and hands of the Madonna are

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painted on panel; in that case the portrait rises from metal shoulders, and the head is surrounded by metal hair. The painting is always of the stiff Byzantine school, following an ancient model, for any other style would be considered irreverent, and nothing can exceed the strange effect produced by these long-eyed, small-mouthed, rigid, sourly sweet virgin faces coming out from their silver-gilt necks, while below, painted taper fingers of unearthly length encircle a silver Child, who in His turn has a countenance of panel, often all out of drawing, but hauntingly sweet. These curious pictures have great dignity. The churches have no seats. I generally took my stand in one of the pew-like stalls which project from the wall, and here, unobserved, I could watch the people coming in and kissing the icons. This adoration, commemoration, reverence, or whatever the proper word for it may be, is much more conspicuous in the Greek places of worship than it is in Roman Catholic churches. Those who come in make the round of the walls, kissing every picture, and they do it fervently, not formally. The service is chanted by the priests very rapidly in a peculiar kind of intoning. The Corfu priests did not look as if they were learned men, but their faces have a natural and humane expression which is agreeable. In the street, with their flowing robes, long hair and beards, and high black caps, they are striking figures. The parish priest must be a married man, and he does not live apart from his people, but closely mingles with them upon all occasions. He is the papas, or pope, as it is translated, and a lover of Tourguenieff who meets a pope for the first time at Corfu is haunted anew by those masterpieces of the great Russian — the village tales across whose pages the pope and the popess come and go, and seem, to American readers, such strange figures.

In the suburb of Castrades is the oldest church of

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the island. It is dedicated to St. Jason, the kinsman of St. Paul. St. Jason's appeared to be deserted. Here, as elsewhere, it is not the church most interesting from the historical point of view which is the favorite of the people, or which they find, apparently, the most friendly. But when I paid my visit, there were so many vines and flowers outside, and such a blue sky above, that the little Byzantine temple had a cheerful, irresponsible air, as if it were saying: "It's not my fault that people won't come here. But if they won't, I'm not unhappy about it; the sunshine, the vines, and I—we do very well together." The interior was bare, flooded also with white daylight—so white that one blinked. And in this whiteness my mind suddenly returned to Hellas. For Hellas had been forgotton for the moment, owing to the haunting icons in the dark churches of the town. Those silver-incrusted images had brought up a vision of the uncounted millions to-day in Turkey, Greece, and Russia who bow before them, the Christians of whom we know and think comparatively so little. But now all these Eastern people vanished as silently as they had come, and the past returned—the past, whose spell summons us to Greece. For conspicuous in the white daylight of St. Jason's were three antique columns, which, with other sculptured fragments set in the walls, had been taken from an earlier pagan temple to build this later church. And the spell does not break again in this part of the island. Not far from St. Jason's is the tomb of Menekrates. This monument was discovered in 1843, when one of the Venetian forts was demolished. Beneath the foundations the workmen came upon funeral vases, and upon digging deeper an ancient Greek cemetery was uncovered, with many graves, various relics, and this tomb. It is circular, formed of large blocks of stone closely joined without cement, and at present one

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stands and looks down upon it, as though it were in a roofless cellar. It bears round its low dome a metrical inscription in Greek, to the effect that Menekrates, who was the representative at Corcyra (the old name for Corfu) of his native town Eanthus, lost his life accidentally by drowning; that this was a great sorrow to the community, for he was a friend of the people; that his brother came from Eanthus, and, with the aid of the Corcyreans, erected the monument. There is something impressive to us in this simple memorial of grief set up before the days of Æschylus, before the battle of Marathon—the commemoration of a family sorrow in Corfu two thousand five hundred years ago. The following is a Latin translation of the inscription:

"Tlasiadis memor ecce Menecrates hoc monumentum,
Ortum Œantheus, populus statuebat at illi,
Quippe benignus erat populo patronus, in alto
Sed periit ponto, totam et dolor obruit urbem.
Praximenes autem patriis huc venit ab oris
Cum populo et fratris monumentum hoc struxit adempti."

Two thousand five hundred years ago! That is far back. But it is not the oldest date "in the world." Americans are accused of cherishing an inordinate love for the superlative—the longest river, the highest mountain, the deepest mine in the world, the largest diamond in the world; there must always be that tag "in the world" to interest us. When ancient objects are in question we are said to rush from one to the next, applying our sole test; and we drop at any time a tomb or a temple, no matter how beautiful, if there comes a rumor that another has been discovered a little farther on which is thought to be a trifle more venerable. Thus they chaff us—pilgrims from a land where Nature herself works in superlatives, and where there is no antiquity at all. In Italy our mania, exercising itself

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upon smaller objects than temples, brings us nearer the comprehension (or non-comprehension) of the contemptuous natives. "What hideous" (she called it hee-dee us) "things you *do* buy!" I heard an Italian lady exclaim with conviction some years ago, as she happened to meet three of her American acquaintances returning from a hunt through the antiquity-shops of Naples, loaded with a battered lamp, a square of moth-eaten tapestry with an indecipherable inscription, and a nondescript broken animal in bronze, without head, tail, or legs, who might have been intended for a dragon, or possibly for a cow. After a while we pass this stage of antiquity-shops. But we never pass the Etruscans, or, rather, I should speak for myself, and say that I never passed them; I was perpetually haunted by them. There was one road in particular, a lonely track which led from Bellosguardo (at Florence) up a steep hill, and I was forever climbing this stony ascent because, forsooth, it was set down on an Italian map as "the old Etruscan way between Fiesole and Volterra," two strongholds of this mysterious people. I was sure that there were tombs with strangely painted walls close at hand, and when there was no one in sight I made furtive archæological pokes with my parasol. In Italy an Etruscan tomb seems the oldest thing "in the world." And at Corfu the unearthed Greek cemetery became doubly interesting when I learned that among the relics discovered there was a lioness couchant, concerning which the highest authorities have said, "After the lions of the gates of Mycenæ, there is no Greek sculpture older than this." (The lioness is now in the vestibule of the palace in the esplanade.) This was exciting, for Mycenæ is a name to conjure with still, in spite of the refusal of the learned to accept, in all their extent, Dr. Schliemann's splendidly romantic theories and dreams. But when one goes on to Egypt, to have searched at

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all for that enticing "oldest" in Greece appears to have been a mistake. For what is B.C. 1000, which the German authorities say is an approximate date for the Mycenæ relics—what is that compared with King Menes of the Nile, with his B.C. 4400 according to Brugsch-Bey, and B.C. 5000 according to Mariette? And there are rumors of civilized times far older. But if we can bring ourselves to cease our chase after age and turn to beauty, then it is not in the sands of Egypt that we must dig. For beauty we must come to the clear light country of the gods.

But leaving history, some of us suffer greatly nowadays from mental dislocations of another sort. The Mycenæ lions and the grim lioness of Corfu are ascribed with a calmness which seems brutal to "pre-Homeric times." Surely there were no pre-Homeric times except chaos. Surely those were the first days of the world when all the men were sure-footed, and all the women white-armed; when the sea was hollow (it has remained that to this day), and when the heavenly powers interested themselves in human affairs upon the slightest occasion. Leave us our faith in them. It can be preserved, if you like, in the purely poetical compartment of the mind. For there are all sorts of compartments: I have met a learned geologist who turned pale when a mirror was broken by accident in his house; I know a disciple of Darwin who always deprecates instantly any reference to his good health, lest in some mysterious way it should attract ill-luck. It seems to me, therefore, that the dear belief that Homer's heroes began the world may coexist even with the bicycle. (Not that I myself have much knowledge of this excellent vehicle. But its tandem wheels, swift and business-like, personify the spirit of the age.)

At Corfu one is over one's head in the Odyssey. "The island is not what it has been," said the English

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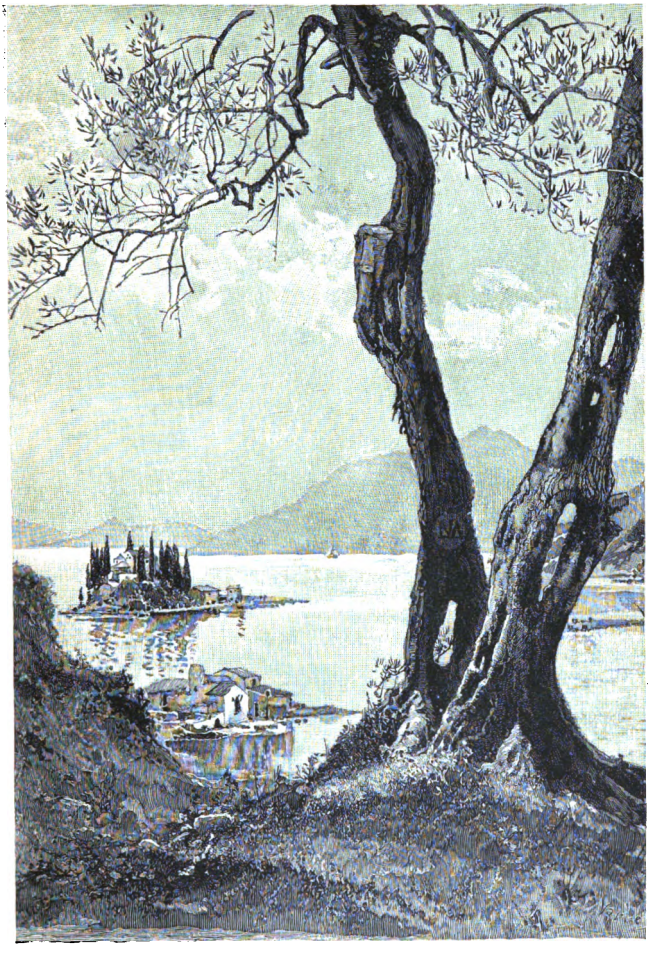

THE ISLET CALLED "THE SHIP OF ULYSSES"

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lady of the Indian Mail. It is not, indeed! She referred to the days of the Lords High. But the rest of us refer to Nausicaa; for Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey, the home of King Alcinous. Not far beyond the tomb of Menekrates, at the point called Canone, we have a view of a deep bay. On the opposite shore of this bay enters the stream upon whose bank Ulysses first met the delightful little maiden—"the beautiful stream of the river, where were the pools unfailing, and clear and abundant water." And also (but this is a work of supererogation, like feminine testimony in a court of justice) we have a view of the Phæacian ship which was turned into stone by Neptune: "Neptune s'en approcha, et, le frappant du plat de la main, le changea en un rocher qu'il enracina dans le sol," as my copy of the Odyssey, which happens rather absurdly to be a French one, translates the passage. The ship, therefore, is now an island; its deck is a chapel; its masts are trees. Of late the belief that Corfu is the Scheria of the Odyssey has been attacked. Appended to the musical translation of the episode of Nausicaa, which was published in 1890, there is the following note: "It will be seen that the writer declines to accept the identification of Corcyra, the modern Corfu, with Scheria. In this skepticism he is emboldened by the protecting shield of the Ajax among English-speaking Hellenists. See Jebb's Homer." It is not possible to contest a point with Ajax. But any one who has seen the gardens and groves of this lovely isle, who has watched the crystalline water dash against the rocks at Palæokastrizza, who has strolled down the hill-side at Pelleka, or floated in a skiff off the coast at Ipso—any such person will say that Corfu is at least an ideal home for the charming girl who played ball and washed the clothes on the shore, king's daughter though she was. To quote the translation:

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"Father dear, would you make ready for me a wagon, a high one,
Strong in the wheels, that I may carry our beautiful garments
. . . to be washed in the river?"

One wishes that this primitive princess could have had another name. Nausicaa; no matter how one pronounces the syllables, they are not melodious. Why could she not have been Aglaia, Daphne, or Artemidora? Standing at Canone and looking across at her shore, one is vexed anew that she should have given her heart, or even her fancy, to Ulysses—a man who was always eating. Instead of Ulysses, we should say Odysseus, no doubt. That may pass. But the sentimental, inaccurate persons who read Homer in English (or French) will not so easily consent to Alkinoos. No; Alcinous (which reminds them vaguely of halcyon) will remain in their minds as the name of the king who lived "far removed from the trafficking nations," among his blossoming gardens in the billowy sea; and to this faith will they cling. The clinging evidently exists at Corfu. One of the most comical sights there is a modern "detached villa," of course English, which might have come from Cheltenham; it is planted close to the glaring road, and over its dusty gate is inscribed imperturbably, "Alcinous Lodge."

One wonders whether the princesses of to-day (who no longer dry clothes upon the shore) amuse their leisure hours with Homer's recitals concerning their predecessors? One of them, at any rate, has chosen Corfu as a place of sojourn; the Empress of Austria, after paying many visits to the island, has now built for herself a country residence, or villino, at a distance from the town, not far from Nausicaa's stream. The house is surrounded by gardens, and from the terrace there is a magnificent view in all directions; here she enjoys the solitude which she is said to love, and the Corfiotes

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VILLAGE OF PELLEKA

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see only the coming and going of her yacht. I don't know why there should be something so delightful, to one mind at least, in the selection of this distant Greek island as the resting-place of a queen, who takes the long journey down the Adriatic year after year to reach her retreat. The preference is perhaps due simply to fondness for a sea-voyage, and to the fact that a yacht lying at Trieste lies practically at Vienna's door. Lovers of Corfu, however, will not be turned aside by any of these reasons; they will continue to believe that the choice is made for beauty's sake; they will extol this perfect appreciation; they will praise this modern Nausicaa; they will purchase her portrait in photographed copies. When they have one of these representations, they can note with satisfaction the accordance between its outlines and a taste in islands which is surely the best in the world.

The casino of the Empress is not the only royal residence at Corfu. About a mile from the town is the country-house called "Mon Repos," the property of the King of Greece. King George and Queen Olga, with their children, have frequently spent summers here. The mansion is ordinary as regards its architecture—it was built by one of the Lords High. The situation is altogether admirable, with a view of the harbor and town. But the especial loveliness of Mon Repos is to be found in its gardens; their foliage is tropical, with superb magnolias, palms, bananas, aloes, and orange and lemon trees. There are flowers of all kinds, with roses clambering everywhere, and blossoming vines. The royal family who rule, or rather preside over, the kingdom of the Hellenes are much respected and beloved at Corfu. The King, who was Prince William of Denmark—the brother of the Czarina of Russia and of the Princess of Wales—took the name of George when he ascended the throne in 1863.

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He was elected by the National Assembly. Now that he has been reigning nearly thirty years, and has a grandson as well as a son to succeed him, it is amusing to turn back to the original candidates and the votes; for it was an election (within certain limits) by the people, and all sorts of tastes were represented. Prince Alfred of England, the Duke of Edinburgh, was at the head of the list; but as it had been stipulated that no member of the reigning families of England, France, or Russia should have the crown, his name was struck off. There were votes for Prince Jerome Napoleon. There were votes for the Prince Imperial. There were even votes for "A Republic." But Greece, as she stands, is as near a republic as a country with a sovereign can be. Suffrage is universal; there is no aristocracy; there are no hereditary titles, no entailed estates; the liberty of the press is untrammelled; education is free. Everywhere the people are ardently patriotic; they are actively, and one may say almost dangerously, interested in everything that pertains to the political condition of their country. This interest is quickened by their acute intellects. I have never seen faces more sharply intelligent than those of the Greek men of to-day. I speak of men who have had some advantages in the way of education. But as all are intensely eager to obtain these advantages, and as schools are now numerous, education to a certain extent is widely diffused. The men are, as a general rule, handsome. But they are not in the least after the model of the Greek god, as he exists in art and fiction. This model has an ideal height and strength, massive shoulders, a statuesque head with closely curling hair, and an unruffled repose. The actual Greek possesses a meagre frame, thin face, with high cheek-bones, a dry, dark complexion, straight hair, small eyes, and as for repose, he has never heard of it; he is overwhelmingly, never-endingly restless.

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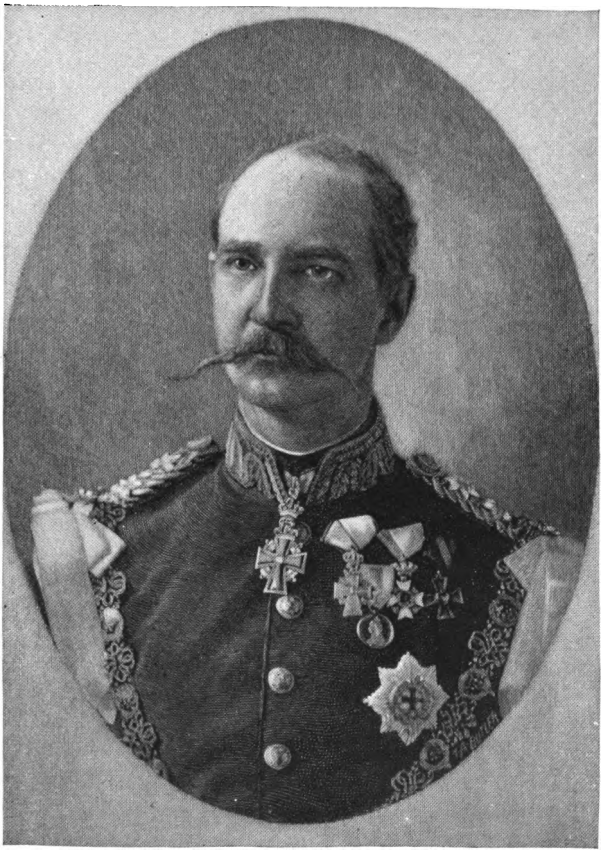

KING GEORGE OF GREECE

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With this enumeration my statement that he is handsome may not appear to accord. Nevertheless, he is a good-looking fellow; his spare form is often tall, the quickly turning eyes are wonderfully brilliant, the dark face is lighted by the gleam of white teeth, the gait is very graceful, the step light. The Albanian costume, which was adopted after the revolution as the national dress for the whole country, is amazing. We have all seen it in paintings and photographs, where it is merely picturesque. But when you meet it in the streets every day, when you see the wearer of it engaged in cooking his dinner, in cleaning fish, in driving a cart, in carrying a hod, or hanging out clothes on a line, then it becomes perfectly fantastic. The climax of my own impressions about it was reached, I think, a little later, at Athens, when I beheld the guards walking their beats before the King's palace, and before the simple house of the Crown Prince opposite; they are soldiers of the regular army, and they held their muskets with military precision as they marched to and fro, attired in ordinary overcoats (it happened to be a rainy day) over the puffed-out white skirts of a ballet-dancer. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his recent letters from the South Seas, writes that "the mind of the female missionary" (British) "tends to be constantly busied about dress; she can be taught with extreme difficulty to think any costume decent but that to which she grew accustomed on Clapham Common, and, to gratify this prejudice, the native is put to useless expense." And here it occurs to me that it is high time to explore this Clapham Common. We go as worshippers to Shakespeare's Avon; we go to the land of Scott and Burns; we know the "stripling Thames at Bablockhithe," where "the punt's rope chops round"; but to Clapham Common we make, I think, no pilgrimages, although it has as clearly marked a place in English literature as the

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Land of Beulah or the Slough of Despond. I fancy that Americans are not so closely tied to a fixed standard in dress as are the missionaries who excite Mr. Stevenson's wrath. A half of our population seeks its ideal in Paris, but as a whole we are easy-going. We accept the Chinese attire in our streets without demur; the lack of attire of the Sioux does not disconcert us; when abroad we admire impartially the Egyptian gown and the Cossack uniform, and we adorn ourselves liberally with the fez. But the Greek costume makes us pause; it seems a bravado in whimsicality. One can describe it in detail: one can say that it consists of a cap with a long tassel, a full white shirt, an embroidered jacket with open sleeves, a tight girdle, the white kilt or fustanella, long leggings with bright-colored garters, and, usually, shoes with turned-up toes. The enumeration, however, does not do away with the one general impression of men striding about in short white ballet petticoats.

In spite of their skirts, the Greeks have as martial an air as possible; an old Greek who is vain, and they are all vain, is even a fierce-looking figure. All the men have small waists, and are proud of them; their belts are drawn as tightly as those of young girls in other countries. From this girdle, or from the embroidered pouch below it, comes a gleam which means probably a pistol, though sometimes it is only the long, narrow inkhorn of brass or silver. Besides the Albanian, there are other costumes. One, which is frequently seen, is partly Turkish, with baggy trousers. The Greek men are vain, and with cause; if the women are vain, it must be without it; we did not see a single handsome face among them. It was not merely that we failed to find the beautiful low forehead, full temple, straight nose, and small head of classic days; we could not discover any marked type, good or bad; the feat-

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QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

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ures were those that pass unnoticed everywhere. I speak, of course, generally, and from a superficial observation, for I saw only the people one meets in the streets, in the churches, in the fields, olive groves, and vineyards, on the steamers, and at the house doors. But after noting this population for two weeks and more, the result remained the same—the men who came under our notice were handsome, and the women were not. The dress of the women varies greatly. The Albanian costume, which ranks with the fustanellas or petticoats of the men, is as flat, narrow, and elongated as the latter are short and protruding. It consists of a sheath-like skirt of a woollen material, and over this a long, narrow white coat, which sometimes has black sleeves; the head is wrapped in loose folds of white. This was the attire worn by the girls who were at work in the fields. On Christmas Day I met a number of Corfiote women walking about the esplanade arrayed in light-colored dresses, with large aprons of white lace or white muslin, and upon their heads white veils with bunches of artificial flowers; in addition, they wore so many necklaces, pins, clasps, buckles, rings, lockets, bracelets, pendants, and other adornments of silver and silver-gilt that they clanked as they walked. This was a gala costume of some sort. We did not see it again.

The island of Corfu is about forty miles long. Its breadth in the widest part is twenty miles. The English, who have a genius for road-making which is almost equal to that of the Romans, have left excellent highways behind them; it is easy, therefore, to cross the island from end to end. In arranging such an expedition, that exhaustive dialogue about buying a carriage, which (to one's bewilderment) occupies by far the most important place in all the Manuals of Conversation for the Traveller, might at last be of some service.

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"Have you a carriage?" it begins (in six languages).

"Yes; I have berlins, vis-à-vis, gigs, calashes, and cabriolets." (What vehicles are these?)

"Are the axle-trees, the nave, the spokes, the tires, the felloes, and the splinter-bars in good condition?" it goes on in its painstaking polyglot. Possibly one might be called upon to purchase splinter-bars in a remote island of the Ionian Sea.

Seated, then, in a berlin, or perhaps in a calash, one goes out at least to visit the olive groves, if not to cross the island. These groves are not the ranks of severely pruned, almost maimed, trees which greet the traveller in parts of southern Europe—groves without shade, without luxuriance; viewed from a distance, their gray-green foilage forms a characteristic part of the landscape, but at close quarters they have but one expression—namely, how many coins are to be squeezed out of each poor tree, whose every bud appears to have been counted. At Corfu one strolls through miles of wood whose foliage is magnificent; it is possible to lounge in the shade, for there is shade, and to draw a free breath. No doubt the Corfiotes keep guard over their leafy domain; but the occasional visitor, at least, is not harassed by warnings to trespassers set up everywhere, by children following him with suspicious eyes, by patrols, dogs, stone walls, and sometimes by stones of another kind which do not stay in the walls, but come flying through the air to teach him to keep his distance. It is difficult, probably, for people from the New World to look upon a forest as something sacred, guarded, private; we have taken our pleasure "in the woods" all our lives whenever we have felt so inclined; we do not intend to do any harm there, but we do wish to be free. In the olive groves of Corfu the wish can be gratified. Their aisles are wonderful in every respect: in the size of the trees (some of them are sixty feet

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"MON REPOS," SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF GREECE

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high), in the picturesque shapes of the gnarled trunks, in the extent of the long vistas where the light has the color which some of us know at home—that silvery green under the great live-oaks at the South, when their branches are veiled in the long moss.

But Athens was before us; we must leave the groves; we must leave Nausicaa's shore. We did so at last in the wake of a departing storm. For several days the wind had been tempestuous. The signal, which is displayed from the Citadel, had become a riddle; it is an arrangement of flags by day and of lanterns by night, and no two of us ever deciphered it alike. If the order was thus and so, it meant that something belonging to the Austrian-Lloyd company was in sight; if so and thus, it meant the Florio line; if neither of these, then it might possibly be our boat—that is, the Greek coasting steamer which we had decided to take because we had been told that it was the best. I have never fathomed the mystery as to why our informant told us this. If he had been a Greek, it would have been at least a patriotic misrepresentation. We were dismayed when we reached the rough tub. But, after all, in one sense she was the best, for she dawdled in and out among the islands, never in the least hurry, and stopping to gossip with them all; this gave us a good chance to see them, if it gave us nothing else. I have said "when we reached her," for there were several false starts. We rose in the morning in a mood of regretful good-bye, expecting to be far away at night. And at night, with our good-bye on our hands, we were still in our hotel. But it is only fair to add that with its garlands of flowers and myrtle for the Christmas season; with its queer assemblage of Levantines in the dining-room; with its bath-room in the depths of the earth, to which one descended by stairway leading down underground; with its group of petticoated Greeks in the hall, and, in its

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rooms of honor above, a young Austrian princess of historic name and extraordinary beauty—with all this, and its cheerful lies, its smiling, gay-hearted irresponsibility, the Corfu inn was an entertaining place. The Greek steamer came at last. She had been driven out of her course by the gale, so said the pirate, ostensibly retired from business, who superintended the embarkations from the hotel. This lithe freebooter had presented himself at frequent intervals during the baffling days when we watched the signal, and he always entered without knocking. He could not grasp the idea, probably, that ceremonies would be required by persons who intended to sail by the coaster. When we reached this bark ourselves, later, we forgave him—a little. Her deck was the most democratic place I have ever seen. We think that we approve of equality in the United States. But the Greeks carry their approval further than we do. On this deck there were no reserved portions, no prohibitions; the persons who had paid for a first-class ticket had the same rights as those which were accorded to the steerage travellers, and no more; and as the latter were numerous, they obtained by far the larger share, eating the provisions which they had brought with them, sleeping on their coverlids, playing games, and smoking in the best places. There was no system, and little discipline; the sailors came up and washed the deck (a process which was very necessary) whenever and however they pleased, and we had to jump for our lives and mount a bench to escape the stream from the hose, as it suddenly appeared without warning from an unlooked-for quarter. The passengers, who came on board at various points during a cruise of several days, brought with them light personal luggage, which consisted of hens tied together by the legs, a live sheep, kitchen utensils, and bedding, all of which they placed everywhere and anywhere, according to

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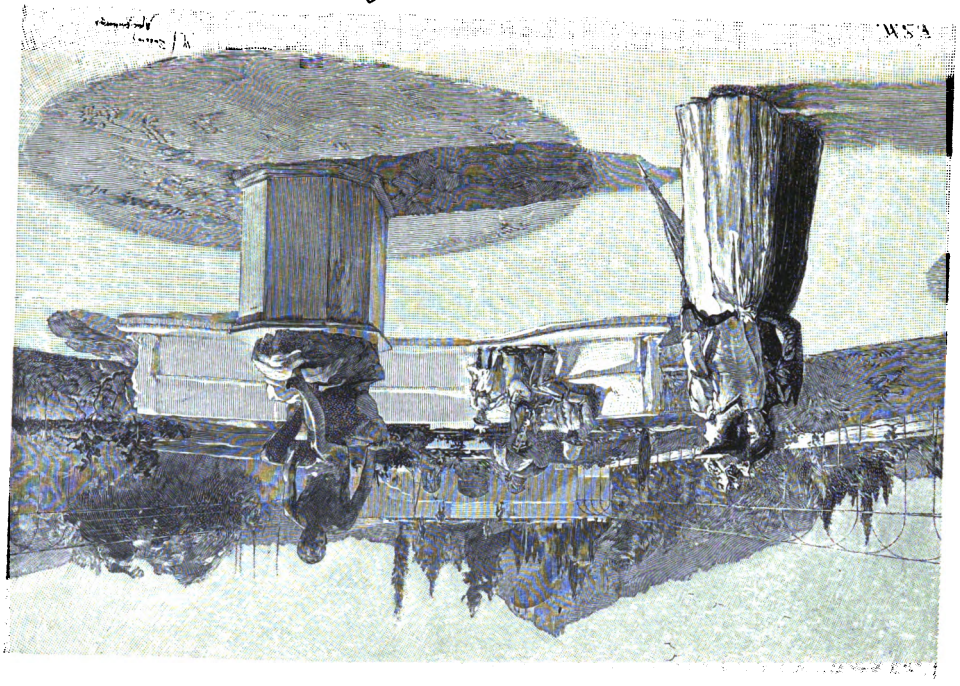

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their pleasure. A Greek dressed in the full national costume accompanied us all the way to Missolonghi so closely that he was closer than a brother; save when we were locked in our small sleeping-cabins below (the one extra possession which a first-class ticket bestows), we were literally elbow to elbow with him. And his elbows were a weapon, like the closed umbrella held under the arm in a crowded street—that pleasant habit of persons who are not Greeks. The Greek elbow was clothed in a handsome sleeve covered with gold embroidery, for our friend was a dandy of dandies. His petticoats and his shirt were of fine linen, snowy in its whiteness; his small waist was encircled by a magnificent Syrian scarf; his cream-colored leggings were spotless; and his conspicuous garters new and brilliantly scarlet. He was an athletic young man of thirty, his good looks marred only by his over-eager eyes and his restlessness. It was his back which he presented to us, for his attention was given entirely to a party of his own friends, men and women. He talked to them; he read aloud to them from a small newspaper (they all had newspapers, and read them often); he stood up and argued; he grew excited and harangued; then he sat down, his inflated skirts puffing out over his chair, and went on with his argument, if argument it was, until, worn out by the hours of his eloquence, some of his companions fell asleep where they sat. His meals were astonishingly small. As everything went on under our eyes, we saw what they all ate, and it was unmistakable testimony to the Greek frugality. Our companion had brought with him from Corfu, by way of provisions for several days, a loaf of bread about as large as three muffins in one, a vial containing capers, a grape-leaf folded into a cornucopia and filled with olives, and a pint bottle of the light wine of the country. The only addition which he made to this store was a salted

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fish about four inches long, which he purchased daily from the steward. There was always a discussion before he went in search of this morsel, which represented, I suppose, the roast meat of his dinner, and when he returned after a long absence, bearing it triumphantly on the palm of his hand, it was passed from one to the next, turned over, inspected, and measured by each member of the group, amid the most animated, eager discussion. When comment was at last exhausted, the superb orator seated himself (always with his chair against our knees), and placed before him, on a newspaper spread over the bench, his precious fishlette divided into small slices, with a few capers and olives arranged in as many wee heaps as there were portions of fish, so that all should come out even. Then, with the diminutive loaf of bread by his side and the bottle of wine at his feet, he began his repast, using the point of his pocketknife as a fork, eating slowly and meditatively, and intently watched by all his friends, who sat in silence, following with their eyes each mouthful on its way from the newspaper to his lips. They had previously made their own repasts in the same meagre fashion, but perhaps they derived some small additional nourishment from watching the mastication of their friend. When his fish had disappeared, accompanied by one slender little slice of bread, our neighbor lifted the wine-bottle, and gave himself a swallow of wine; then, after a pause of a minute or two, another. This was all. The bottle was recorked, and with the remaining provisions put carefully away. All foreign residents in Greece, whether they like the people or dislike them, agree in pronouncing them extraordinarily abstemious. Drunkenness hardly exists among them.

At one of the islands a prisoner was brought on board by two policemen. He was a slender youth—an apprentice to a mason, probably, for his poor clothes

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ALBANIAN MALE COSTUME

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were stained with mortar and lime. He held himself stiffly erect, making a determined effort to present a brave countenance to the world. He was led to a place in the centre of the deck, and then one of his guardians departed, leaving the second in charge. The steamer lay in the harbor for an hour or more, and four times skiffs put out from the shore, each bringing two or three young men—or, rather, boys—who came up the ladder furtively. Reaching the deck, they edged their way along, first to the right, then to the left, until they perceived their comrade. Even then they did not approach him directly; they assumed an air of indifference, and walked about a little among the other passengers. But after a while, one by one, they came to him, and, taking bread from under their jackets, they put it hastily and silently into his pockets, the policeman watching them, but not interfering. Then, moving off quickly, they disappeared down the ladder in the same stealthy way, and returned to the shore. Through all their manœuvres the prisoner did not once look at them; he kept his eyes fixed upon a distant point in the bay, as though there was something out there which he was obliged to watch without an instant's cessation. All his pockets meanwhile, and the space under his jacket, grew so full that he was swathed in bread. Finally came the whistle, and the steamer started. Then, as the island began to recede, the set young face quivered, and the arm in its ragged sleeve went up to cover the eyes—a touching gesture, because it is the child's when in trouble, the instinctive movement of the grief-stricken little boy.

Ten miles south of Corfu one meets the second of the Ionian Islands, Paxo, with the tiny, severe Anti-Paxo lying off its southern point, like a summary period set to any romantic legend which the larger isle may wish to tell. As it happens, the legend is a striking

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one, and we all know it without going to Paxo. But it is impossible to pass the actual scene without relating it once more, and, for the telling, no modern words can possibly approach those of the old annotator. "Here at the coast of Paxo, about the time that our Lord suffered His most bitter Passion, certain persons sailing from Italy at night heard a voice calling aloud: 'Thamus?' 'Thamus?' Who, giving ear to the cry (for he was the pilot of the ship), was bidden when he came near to Portus Pelodes" (the Bay of Butrinto) "to tell that the great god Pan was dead. Which he, doubting to do, yet when he came to Portus Pelodes there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea, unmoored, and he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead. Whereupon there were such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By the which Pan, of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered; for at that moment all oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, henceforth held their peace."

Those of us who read Milton's Ode on Christmas Eve will recall his allusion to this Paxo legend:

> "The lonely mountains o'er,
> And the enchanted shore,
> A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
> From haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplar pale,
> The parting Genius is with sighing sent."

Anti-Paxo is one of the oddest spots I have seen. It is a small, bare, stone plain, elevated but slightly above the surface of the water. The rock is of a tawny hue, and there is a queer odor of asphaltum. At certain seasons of the year it is covered so thickly with quail that "you could not put a paper-cutter between

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them." There were no quail when we passed the rock. The sun shone on the flat surface, bringing out its rich tint against the azure of the sea, and in its strange desolation it looked like a picture which might have been painted by a man of genius who had gone mad in his passion for color. Though I mention the Ionian group only, it must not be supposed that there were no other islands. Those of us who like to turn over maps, to search out routes though we may never follow them except on paper—innocent stay-at-home geographers of this sort have supposed that it was a simple matter to learn the names of the islands which one meets in any well-known track across well-known seas. This is a mistake. From Corfu to Patras, and, later, on the way to Egypt and Syria, and back through the Strait of Messina to Genoa, I saw many islands—it seemed to me that they could have been counted by hundreds —which are not indicated in the ordinary guide-books, and whose names no one on the steamers appeared to know, not even the captains. The captains, the pilots, and all the officers were of course aware of the exact position in the sea of each one; that was part of their business. But as to names, these mariners, whether Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Turks, or Greeks (and we sailed with all), appeared to share the common opinion that they had none; their manner was that they deserved none. But I have never met a steamer captain who felt anything but profound contempt for small islands; he appears to regard them simply as interruptions—as some Ohio farmers of my acquaintance regard the occasional single tree in their broad, level fields.

Abreast of Paxo, on the mainland, is the small village of Parga. The place has its own tragic history connected with its cession to the Turks in 1815. But I am afraid that its principal association in my mind is

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the frivolous one of a roaring chorus, "Robbers all at Parga!" This song may be as much of a libel as that bold ballad concerning the beautiful town at the eastern end of Lake Erie; the ladies of that place are not in the habit of "coming out to-night, to dance by the light of the moon," and in the same way there may never have been any robbers worth speaking of at Parga. It is Hobhouse who tells the story. "In the evening preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. After eating, they began to dance round the fire to their own singing with an astonishing energy. One of their songs begins, 'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us.' Then comes the chorus: 'Robbers all at Parga! Robbers all at Parga!' As they roared out this stave, they whirled round the fire, dropped to and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round in a wild circle, repeating it at the top of their voices:

"'Robbers all at Parga!
Robbers all at Parga!'"

At Parga we met the Byronic legend, which from this point hangs over the whole Ionian Sea. Parga is not far from the castle of Suli, and with the word "Suliote" we are launched aloft into the resplendent realm of Byron's poetry, which seems as beautiful and apparition-like as the Oberland peaks viewed from Berne—shining cliffs, so celestially and impossibly fair, far up in the sky. (We may note, however, in passing, that these lofty limits are, after all, as real as a barn-yard, or as an afternoon sewing society.) The country near Parga is described at length in the second canto of "Childe Harold."

The third island of the Ionian group is Santa Maura, the Leucadia of the ancients. It looks like a chain of mountains set in the sea. Here there are earthquakes, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu would have expressed

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GALA COSTUME, CORFU

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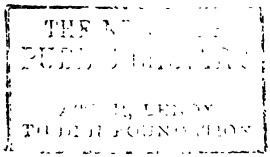

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it. The story is that at Santa Maura and at Zante there is a severe shock once in twenty years, and a "small roll" twice in every three months. It is at least true that slight earthquakes are not uncommon, and that the houses are built to resist them, with strong beams crossing from side to side to hold the walls together, so that the interiors look like the cabins of a ship. The rolling motion, when it comes, must make this resemblance very vivid. The impression of Santa Maura which remains in my own mind, however, does not concern itself with earthquakes, unless, indeed, one means moral ones. I see a long, lofty promontory ending in a silvery headland. I see it flushed with the rose-tints of sunset, high above a violet sea. Of course I was looking for it; every one looks for the rock from which dark Sappho flung herself in her despair. But even without Sappho it is a striking cliff; it rises perpendicularly from deep water, and it is so white that one fancies that it must be visible even upon the darkest night. All day its towering opaline crest serves as a beacon from afar. The temple of Apollo which once crowned its summit can still be traced in sculptured fragments, though there are no marble columns like those that gleam across the waves from Sunium. "Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe," Byron calls it. But it does not look woful. One fancies that exaltation must flood the soul of the human creature who springs to meet Death from such a place. The memory of the Greek poetess has nothing to do with these reflections, unless one refers to the ladies who are announced to the public from time to time as "the modern Sappho," in which case one might suggest to them the excellent facilities the rock affords. As to the greatest of women of letters, I do not know that there is anything more to say about her in the language of the United States. If she had flourished and perished last year, M. Jules

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Lemaître (her name would have been Léocadie, probably) would doubtless have written an article about her: "The career, literary and other, of Mademoiselle Léocadie, a été des plus distinguées, bien qu'un peu tapageuse."

As the steamer crossed from Santa Maura to Cephalonia we had a clear view of little Ithaca, the Ithaca which Ulysses loved, "not because it was broad, but because it was his own." Except Paxo, Ithaca is the smallest of the sister islands. The guide-book declares "No steamer touches at Ithaca, but there is frequent communication by caique." This announcement, like others from the same authority, is false, though it may have been true thirty years ago. The very steamer that carried us stopped regularly at the suitors' island upon her return voyage to Corfu. We could not take this voyage; therefore we were free to wish (selfishly) that this particular one, among the many deceptive statements which we had read, might have been veracious. For "communication by caique" is surely a phrase of delight. It brings up not only the Ionian, but the Ægean Sea; it carries the imagination onward to the Bosporus itself.

Sir William Gell and Dr. Schliemann between them have discovered at Ithaca all the sites of the Odyssey, even to the stone looms of the nymphs. Other explorers, with colder minds, have decided that at least the author of the poem must have had a close acquaintance with the island, for many of his descriptions are very accurate. We need no guide for Penelope; we can materialize her, as the spiritualists say, for ourselves. Hers is a very modern character. One knows without the telling that she had much to say, day by day, about her sufferings, her feelings, her duty, and her conscience — above all things, her conscience. Her confidantes in that upper room were probably extremely familiar with her point of view, which was that if she

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should choose any one of her suitors, or if she should cruelly drive the whole throng away, suicide on an overwhelming scale would inevitably be the result. It would amount to a depopulation of the entire archipelago! Would any woman be justified in causing such widespread despair as that?

The next island, Cephalonia, is the largest of the Ionian group. There is much to say about it. But I must not say it here. The truth is that one sails past these sisters as slippery Ulysses sailed past the sirens; they are so beautiful that one must tie one's hands to the mast (or the bench) to keep them from writing a volume on the subject. But I must permit myself a word about Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles was Governor of Cephalonia during the period of the British Protectorate, and officially he was a subordinate of the Lord High at Corfu. One of these temporary kings appears to have felt some jealousy regarding the vigorous administration of his Cephalonian lieutenant. It was not possible to censure his acts; they were all admirable. It was permissible, however, to censure a mustache, which at that time was considered a wayward appendage, not strictly in accordance with the regulations. Ludicrous as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that this sapient Lord High actually issued an order saying that the offending ornament must be shaved off. The witty lieutenant's answer was conveyed in four words: "Obeyed—to a hair." Napier constructed good roads throughout his rough, mountainous domain. "I wish I could be buried at the little chapel on the top of the mountain," he said to one of his friends. "At the last day many a poor mule's soul will say a good word for me, I know, when they remember what the old road was." One regrets that this wish was not carried out. But as for the souls of the poor mules, I for one am sure that they will remember him.

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At Zante, for some unexplained cause, the classic associations suddenly vanished: Homer faded, Theocritus followed him; Pliny and Strabo disappeared. The later memories, too: Lord Guildford and his university, Byron and his Suliotes, Napier and his mules—all these left us. We were back in the present; we must have some Zante flowers and Zante trinkets; we thought of nothing but going ashore. By pushing a bench, with semi-unconscious violence, against the Greek, we succeeded in making him move a little, so that we could rise. Then we landed (but not in a caique), and went roaming through the yellow town. Zante is the most cheerful-looking place I have ever seen. The bay ripples and smirks; it is so pretty that it knows it is pretty, and it smirks accordingly. The town, stretching, with its gayly tinted houses, round a level semicircle at the edge of the water, smiles, as one may say, from ear to ear. And this joyful expression is carried up the hill, by charming gardens, orange groves, and vineyards, to the Venetian fort at the top, which, as we saw it in the brilliant sunshine, with the birds flying about it, seemed to be throwing its cap into the sky with a huzza.

> "O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!
> Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

sang Poe, borrowing his chimes this time, however, from an Italian song—"Zante, Zante, fior di Levante!" This flower of the Levant exports not flowers, but fruit. The currants, which had vaguely presented themselves at Santa Maura and Cephalonia, came now decisively to the front. One does not think of these little berrylettes (I am certainly hunted by "ette") as ponderous. But when one beholds tons of them, cargoes for ships, one regards them with a new respect. It was probably the brisk commercial aspect of the currants which made

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the port look so modern. All the Ionian Islands except Corfu export currants, but Zante throws them out to the world with both hands. I must confess that I have always blindly supposed (when I thought of it at all) that the currant of the plum-pudding was the same fruit as the currant of our gardens—that slightly acrid red berry which grows on bushes that follow the lines of back fences—bushes that have patches of weedy ground under them where hens congregate. I fancied that by some process unknown to me, at the hands of persons equally unknown (perhaps those who bring flattened raisins from grapes), these berries were dried, and that they then became the well-known ornament of the Christmas-cake. It was at Zante that my shameful ignorance was made clear to me. Here I learned that the dried fruit of commerce is a dwarf grape, which has nothing in common with currant jelly. Its English name, currant, is taken from the French "raisin de Corinthe," or Corinth grape, a title bestowed because the fruit was first brought into notice at Corinth. We have stolen this name in the most unreasonable way for our red berry. Then, to make the confusion worse, as soon as we have put the genuine currants into our puddings and cakes, we turn round and call them "plums"! The real currant, the dwarf grape of Corinth, is about as large as a gooseberry when ripe, and its color is a deep violet-black; the vintage takes place in August. It is not a hardy vine. It attains luxuriance, I was told, only in Greece; and even there it is restricted to the northern Peloponnesus, the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, and the Ionian Islands. M. About, confronted with the 195,000,000 pounds of currants which were exported in 1876, dipped his French pen afresh, and wrote: "Plum-pudding and plum-cake are typical pleasures of the English nation, pleasures whose charms the Gaul cannot appreciate." He adds that if other countries

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should in time be converted to "these two pure delights," Greece would not need to cultivate anything else; she would become rich "enormément."

Zante is the sixth of the islands, and as the steamer leaves her, still smiling gayly over her dimpling bay, it seems proper to cast at least one thought in the direction of the seventh sister, upon whom we are now turning our backs. For "We are seven" the islands declare as persistently as the little cottage girl, though the seventh has gone away, if not to heaven, at least to the very end of the Peloponnesus. Why Cerigo should have been included in the Ionian group I do not know; it lies off the southernmost point of Greece, near Cape Malea, and might more reasonably be classed with the Cyclades, or with Crete. Birthplace of Aphrodite, Cythera of the ancients, though it is, I have never met any one who has landed there in actual fact (I do not include dreams). People going by sea to Athens from Naples, or from Brindisi, pass it in their course, and if they read their Murray or their Baedeker, to say nothing of other literature, no doubt their thoughts dwell upon the goddess of love for a moment as they pass her favorite shore. A photograph of the minds of travellers, as their eyes rest upon this celebrated isle, would be interesting. To mention (with due respect) typical names only, what would be the vision of Mr. Herbert Spencer, or of Prince Bismarck? of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of Ibsen? of General Booth, Tolstoï, or Miss Yonge? We can each of us think of a list which would rouse our curiosity in an acute degree. To come down to an unexciting level, I know what the apparition in my own mind would be—that picture in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence: Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." I should inevitably behold the fifteenth-century goddess coming over the waves in her very small shell; I should see her high cheek-bones, her sad eyes, her discontented

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mouth, her lank form with the lovely slender feet, and her long, thick hair; and at last I should know (what I do not know now) whether she is beautiful or ugly. On the shore, too, would appear that galloping woman, who, clothed in copiously gathered garments which are caught up and tied in the wrong places, brings in haste a flowered robe to cover her melancholy mistress. Such are the idle fancies that come as one watches the track of churned water, like a broad ribbon, stretching from the steamer's stern — water forever fleeing backward as the boat advances. Scallops of foam sweep out on each side; their cool fringe dips under a little as the wavelet which comes from the opposite direction lifts its miniature crest and curls over in a graceful sweep.

The voyage northward to Missolonghi is beautiful. The sea was dotted with white wings. The Greeks are bold sailors; one never observes here the timidity, the haste to seek refuge anywhere and everywhere, which is so conspicuous along the Riviera and the western coast of Italy. Throughout the Ionian archipelago, and it was the same later among the islands of the Ægean, it was inspiring to note the smallest craft, far from land, dashing along under full sail, leaning far over as they flew.

Missolonghi is a small abortive Venice, without the gondolas; it is situated on a lagoon, and a causeway nearly two miles long leads to it, across the shallow water. Vague and unimportant as it is upon its muddy shore, it was the soul of the Greek revolution. It has been through terrible sieges. During one of these Marco Botzaris was in command, and his grave is outside the western gate. A few years ago all the schoolboys in America could chant his requiem; perhaps they chant it still. After the death of Botzaris, Byron took five hundred of the chieftain's needy Suliotes, and

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formed them into a body-guard, giving them generous pay. This is but one of many instances. It is the fashion of the day to paint Byron in the darkest colors. But when you stand in the squalid, unhealthy little street where he drew his last breath you realize that he came here voluntarily; that he offered his life if need be, and, in the end, gave it, to the cause which appealed to him; he did not stay safely at home and write about it. He died nearly seventy years ago, but at Missolonghi he is very real and very present still—with his red coat, and his bravery and penetration. Napier said that, of all the Englishmen who came to assist the Greek revolution, Byron was the one who comprehended best the character of the modern Greek—"all the rest expected to find Plutarch's men." It is another fashion of the moment to put aside as of small account the glittering cantos which stirred the English-speaking world in the early days of this century. But it is not while the wild, beautiful Albanian mountains are rising above your head that you think meanly of them. "Remember all the splendid things he said of Greece," says some one. When you are in Greece, you do remember.

The only brigands we saw we met at Patras. Missolonghi is on the northern shore of the bay; to reach Patras the steamer crosses to the Peloponnesus side. It was a dark night, and I don't know where we stopped, but it must have been far out from land. The barges which came to meet us were rough craft, with loose boards for seats and water in the bottom. We obtained places in one of them, and after twenty minutes of pitching up and down, shouting, tumbling about, and splashing, the crew bent to their big oars, and we started. Swaying lights glimmered through the darkness here and there; they came from vessels at anchor in the roadstead. We plunged and rolled, apparently making no progress; but at last a long, wet breakwater,

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dimly seen, appeared on the right, and finally we perceived the lights of the landing-place, which is the water-side of one of the squares of the town. Our crew jumped out in the surf, and drew the heavy boat up to the steps of the embankment, Here were assembled the brigands. There were a hundred of them at least, all yelling. Probably they were astonished to see ladies landing from the Greek coaster. This was part of our original misconception in the selection of that steamer (a mistake, however, which had turned out to be such a picturesque success); but it was part also of a general error which came from our nationality. For we were natives of the one land on earth where to women is always accorded, without question, a first place. It had never occurred to us that we could be jostled. After Patras we were more careful (and more proud of our country than ever). But at the moment, as we were pulled first to the right by men who wished to carry us and our travelling-bags in that direction, and then to the left by others who had attacked the first party, felled them, and captured their prey—at the moment when we were closely pressed by a throng of wild-looking, dancing, shrieking figures, dressed in strange attire, and carrying pistols, it was not a little alarming. The fray had lasted six or seven minutes, and there were no signs of cessation, when there appeared on the edge of the throng a neatly dressed little man in spectacles. He made his way within, and rescued us by the simple process of repeating something that sounded like "La, la, la, *la!* La, la, la, *la!*" Breathless, freed, we stood, saved, in the square, while our preserver went back and captured our bags, bringing them out and depositing them gently, one after the other, on the ground by our side. We then waited until a handcart, trundled by a petticoated porter, appeared, when the little man led us quietly to the custom-house near by, where, after some delay, we

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obtained our luggage, which was piled upon the cart. Followed by this cart, we walked across the square to the hotel. Throughout the whole of this process, which lasted twenty minutes, the brigands surrounded us in a close, scowling circle that moved as we moved. When its line drew too near us the little man walked round the ring—"La, la, la, *la!* La, la, la, *la!*"—and it widened slightly, but only slightly. We reached refuge at last, and escaped into a lighted hall. It was a real escape, and the hotel seemed a paradise. It was not until the next day that we recognized it as a mortal inn, with the appearance of the well-known tepid soup in the dining-room; but the coffee was excellent. And this showed that there was a German influence somewhere in the house; it proved to emanate from our preserver, who was also the landlord, and an exile from the Rhine. I think he was homesick. But at least he had learned the dialect of his temporary abode, and also the way to treat the last remnants of the pirate and brigand days, as its spirit reappears now and then, though faintly, among the hangers-on of a Greek port town.

Though I have talked of brigands, for Greece as a whole, for the young nation, I have but one feeling—namely, admiration. The country, escaping at last from its bondage to Turkey, after a long and exhausting war, had everything to do and nothing to do it with. There was no agriculture, no commerce, no money, and only a small population; there were no roads, no schools, no industries or trades, and few men of education. (I quote the words of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, written in 1891.) The Greeks have done much, and under the most unfavorable conditions. They will do more. The struggle upward of an intelligent and ambitious people is deeply interesting, and the effort in Greece appeals especially to Americans, because the country, in spite of its form of government, is a democracy.

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When we left Patras we left the Ionian Sea, and ought therefore to bring these slight records to a close. But it was the same blue water, after all, that was washing the shores of the long, lake-like gulf beyond, and the impression produced by its pure, early-world tint, lasts as far as Corinth; here one turns inland, and the next crested waves which one meets are Ægean. They rouse other sensations.

There is now a railroad from Patras to Athens. On the morning when we made the transit there was given to us for our sole use a saloon on wheels, which was much larger than the compartments of an English railway carriage, and smaller than an American parlor car. In its centre was a long table, and a cushioned bench ran round its four sides; broad windows gave us a wide view of the landscape as we rolled (rather slowly) along. The track follows the gulf all the way to Corinth, and we passed through miles of vineyards. But I did not think of currants here; they had been left behind at Zante. There is, indeed, only one thing to think of, and the heart beats quickly as Parnassus lifts its head above the other snow-clad summits. "The prophetess of Delphi was hypnotized, of course." This sudden incursion of modernity was due no doubt to the mode of our progress through this sacred country. We ought to have been crossing the gulf in a Phæacian boat, which needs no pilot, or, at the very least, in a bark with an azure prow. But even upon an iron track, through utilitarian currant fields, the spell descends again when the second peak becomes visible at the eastern end of the bay.

"Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee,
But where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea—"

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How many times, in lands far from here, had I read these lines for their mere beauty, without hope of more!

And now before my eyes was Helicon itself.

THE END

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